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POETICAL DIXAMERON

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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON

TEN CONVERSATIONS

ENGLISH METS AND POETRY

TRANSLATED BY THE

REV. J. H. STODOLSKY

THE

POETICAL DECAMERON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:

1854.

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POTENTIAL DECAY

AND CONTRAST

ENGLISH POETS AND POETRY

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE

POETICAL DECAY

POTENTIAL DECAY

THE POETICAL

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON,
OR
TEN CONVERSATIONS
ON
ENGLISH POETS AND POETRY,
PARTICULARLY OF THE
Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER,
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

“ So long they read in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate.”
Spenser F. Q. B. II. c. 10.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

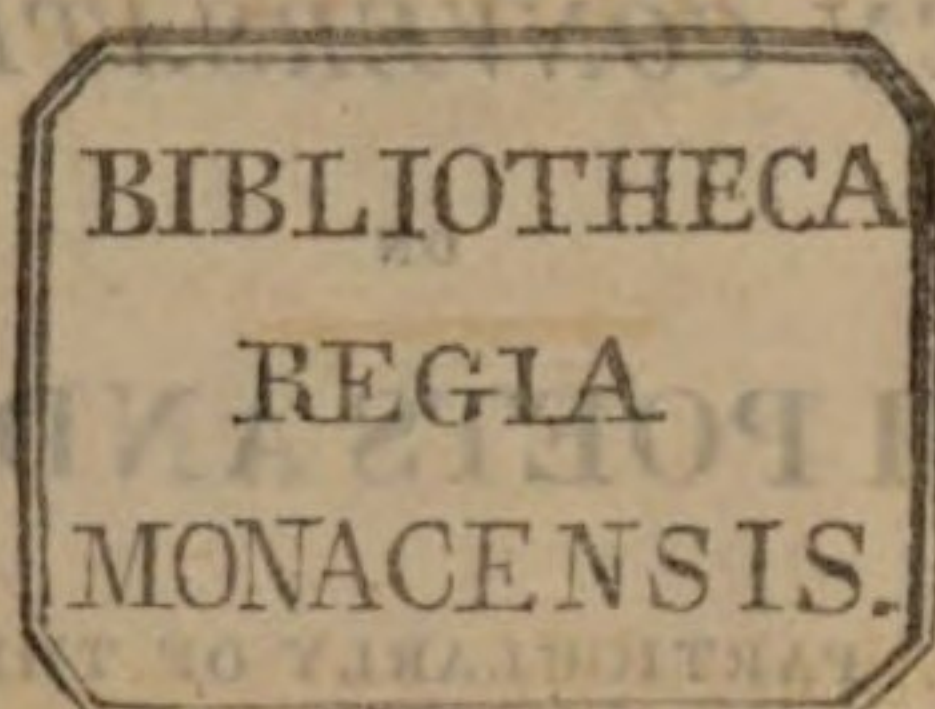
VOL. I.

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1820.

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON

OR



BY J. PAYNE COLLIER

THE GENERAL SUCCESS OF THE POETICAL DECAMERON

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PREFACE.

THE intention of the author has been to treat an antiquarian subject in a popular way: he has found in his progress that he has not been able to accomplish that purpose to the extent of his wishes. If he had accomplished it, he might, perhaps, have made a better speculation, but a worse book:—it would have possessed even less substance than in its present shape belongs to it.

The general success which attended the publication of such works as *Censura Literaria*, the *British Bibliographer*, and *Restituta*, the numerous reprints made of late years from judiciously selected productions of our early writers, without taking into view the prices which original specimens of the poetry of our ancestors now uniformly obtain, may be considered tests of the public taste in this respect. Though the author's

plan is different, his design is the same: neither in his title, nor in his object, does he claim any novelty, nor is it of consequence that he should. The general scheme of this work was formed long before the appearance of the Rev. Mr. Dibdin's "Bibliographical Decameron," a work of far deeper research and far wider learning than the author can pretend to. Yet the subject of these inquiries, if not as curious and recondite, is at least as inviting and important, for, as a living critic has well said, "poetry is 'the stuff of which our life is made:' it is not a mere frivolous accomplishment—the trifling amusement of a few idle readers or leisure hours—it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages."

As to the matter of the work before him, the reader will find it more fully explained in the Induction; but it may be necessary here to remark that where other writers have gone before him in extracts from or criticisms upon any of our old poets, the author has either shunned the track, or has freely admitted his obligation to his precursors. He knew that the chief recom-

mendation of his work, after all, would be its originality, as far as respects the various books of which specimens are introduced; and it has therefore been a principle with him to avail himself as little as possible of other men's labours.

With regard to the manner, the form of dialogue has been selected, as allowing more ease and familiarity of observation, and at the same time a greater facility of excursion from one book or from one subject to another. It is a saying of refined antiquity, that a meeting of friends should never consist of more than the Muses, or of fewer than the Graces: the latter has been chosen in this instance for greater convenience and simplicity, and as much diversity of character has been displayed as the nature of the conversations would easily allow. Congeniality of feeling was of course necessary, and different modifications of it was nearly all that could be attempted.

There is but one of the succeeding conversations, the seventh, which can be properly called miscellaneous, for all the rest have one leading object, more or less strictly pursued. Thus in

the first, a very rare poem of much talent by Fitzgeffrey, may be said to be the ground-work ; all the digressions in their degrees contributing to illustrate it. The second treats particularly of the rise and progress of undramatic blank verse in English, used at least a century before the publication of *Paradise Lost*. The four next conversations are devoted to the origin and improvement of satirical poetry, of which Bishop Hall, with a little of what Lord Bacon calls “the varnish of boasting,” falsely claims and has been generally admitted to be the earliest inventor or practiser, when, in truth, he was preceded by several celebrated writers. The seventh contains a collection of curious poems, independently of such as the author had introduced in his progress in furtherance of the main designs. The eighth criticises an original novel, on which Shakespeare founded his “*Twelfth Night*,” very recently discovered, and unknown to all his numerous editors : it also adverts to other productions to which our great dramatic bard was indebted. The ninth and tenth conversations

embrace a review of many of the most rare productions for and against theatrical performances from the earliest times to the Restoration: it of course includes not a few interesting particulars illustrative of the history of the stage, and some tracts that have hitherto escaped notice.

In executing this task, the author has been chiefly indebted to his own industry aided by good fortune, which, as a reward for his early and zealous attachment to the pursuit, seemed to throw in his way valuable relics and sources of information that others, who might have been more competent to apply them to advantage, had not enjoyed. He was unknown to the literary world; and though, had he stated any important object, the libraries of many collectors would no doubt have been freely thrown open to him, yet where he had no claim, he was unwilling to ask a favour. With one gentleman, indeed, equally distinguished for his enterprise in purchasing and his liberality in lending his rarities, he was personally acquainted; and two of the most valuable tracts reviewed in the course of the work, were derived

from his beautiful assemblage of curiosities. The name of this gentleman is only not inserted, because he would think a public acknowledgment one of the worst returns for an act of private friendship.

It may be right to forewarn the reader, unaccustomed to the examination of old books, that he must be prepared to meet with, and allow for certain uncouthnesses in the orthography of most of the extracts in these volumes. For the phraseology of our ancestors no excuse is made, because it is generally better than our own, and the many existing glossaries of obsolete words have rendered such an appendage here unnecessary.

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

INDUCTION.

THE manner in which these conversations originated was the following :

Bourne, Elliot, and Morton were very intimate friends ; they had been “ fellow collegers,” and since the marriage of Bourne they had been in the habit of meeting frequently : within the last year or two, however, Elliot had been much abroad, and Morton chiefly with his relations in the neighbourhood of Dorchester ; yet when in London, the latter had not failed often to participate in Bourne’s pursuits, directed to obtain a knowledge of the lives and productions of the earlier writers of our country. Of course, regarding such men as Spenser, Shakespeare, and Jonson, every body knows a little, and any body may know a great deal ; but Bourne thought that there must be something about their friends, acquaintances, and literary contemporaries,

worth learning, and he thought rightly. Morton could only enter into the subject at intervals, but such lights as he could procure from our bibliographical miscellanies and other ordinary sources, he did not omit to avail himself of in the country; giving them their chief use and application when in company with his friend, who only went before him in knowledge, not in ardour.

From these inquiries the absence of Elliot from England had excluded him, but before he went abroad he was tolerably well versed in the more popular writers of the period to which we have referred: of course all gentlemen now-a-days would justly consider it a scandal not to have Shakespeare at their fingers' ends, but Elliot, though a man of the world, had read Spenser through, and of Ben Jonson, Massinger, and our re-published dramatists, he knew more than many. The difference, therefore, between him and Bourne was exactly this: he was acquainted with what every other person may acquire without difficulty, and Bourne by his perseverance had gained a knowledge of not a few facts of importance and books of value, that had escaped the researches of some of the most indefatigable antiquaries. Yet it could not be said that the latter was more than very slightly infected with what has been termed the black-letter mania, for he always endeavoured to form an estimate of a literary curiosity, independent of the extrinsic circumstances

of its price and rarity: indeed, of the two, who had devoted time to these inquiries, Morton was much the most likely, from his sanguine disposition, to be afflicted with this harmless species of insanity.

Our modern poets found an admirer in Elliot, and undoubtedly since the era the writers of which Bourne had particularly studied, there never has been a time when the laurel has flourished in this kingdom with greater beauty or vigour. Of late years it has made many new and hardy shoots, and every day fresh burgeons are forcing themselves through the rind, giving fair promise of successful progress.

About a fortnight after the return of Elliot from Germany, and during one of Morton's longest visits to London, the three friends had appointed a place of rendezvous, for it was agreed that they should spend ten days or a fortnight together at Bourne's house at Mortlake: they took a boat at Westminster-bridge and embarked for their destination, on one of the serenest evenings of August. The sky was perfectly clear, and the majestic river, swollen to the edge of its banks by what is termed a spring tide, was almost its exact counterpart: both were equally bright and transparent, and as the wherry, by the assistance of a light breath that seemed to evaporate from the water without ruffling its surface, delicately cut its way, the voyagers might almost have fancied themselves in mid air in that ship of heaven so lately and so delightfully described. As this was not, by

several, the first time they had met since the arrival of the "tongue-gifted traveller," the topics which would of course earliest occur had been, in a great degree, exhausted, and the conversation involuntarily turned by the habits of the party, and the natural influence of the scene, upon that subject which, unlike all others, affords something new and delightful whenever it is introduced—poetry. Besides, supposing no absolute novelty in the way of illustration, criticism or quotation be offered, what other matter of discussion can be found that will so well bear repeating? But in truth it is as impossible to exhaust such a source of enjoyment, as that the great stream on which the three friends were embarked should run dry: it may be higher or lower, more or less powerful, at different times, but with its influx it bears tidings from distant shores, and with its reflux it brings down the cultivated beauty of domestic provinces.

The many poets who had made the Thames "their great example as it was their theme," were mentioned by the three friends in succession; Elliot dwelling chiefly upon Gray and Collins; Bourne not forgetting the several tributes of the venerable but neglected Drayton; and Morton repeating with fervour some of the finest descriptive stanzas of the marriage of the Thames and Medway, in the fourth book of the *Fairy Queen*. This introduced a short discussion, commenced by Elliot, who remarked

that he did not exactly understand the distinction Spenser had taken between "the noble Thames with all his goodly train," destined to wed "the proud Nymph" Medway, and "the ancient Thame," who was represented as the father of "the jolly bridegroom." He was not sufficiently acquainted with the genealogy of river gods to be able to solve the difficulty. It was very easy to know why the Ouse,

"Almost blind through eld that scarce her way
could see,"

should be considered the mother of the Thames.

Morton, without addressing himself to remove the objection, observed upon the inconsistency of which the poet had been guilty, in afterwards representing the Ouse as a "plenteous" river, drawing many smaller streams "into his waters." Bourne replied by casting some little good-humoured ridicule upon these hypercritical remarks, adding that the last would be found answered by Spenser himself, in the line "The Ouse whom men do Isis rightly name," and the first, in his view, was perfectly intelligible, allowing but a little latitude to the imagination of the reader. As he had read the description, "the ancient Thame," father of the bridegroom, was that higher and more remote part of the river towards the source, which might, without any thing very forced or unnatural, be considered

the origin or parent of the wide and powerful stream, such as the Thames exhibited itself at its junction with the Medway.

Well then (said Elliot) where will you fix your imaginary line of separation? where does the son begin and the father end? are we to fancy ourselves at this moment upon the vigorous back of the son, or as adding a new burden to the decrepitude of the father? Hudibras, we know, was famous for his distinctions—he could split “a hair ’twixt south and south-west side,” but you must have a nicer judgment than he to divide the “still-closing waters.” As Massinger has it in his “Fatal Dowry,”

“Crystal rivers individually
Flow into one another, make one source
Which never man distinguish, less divide.”

It was here inserted by Morton, that there would, at least, be as much difficulty in doing so as Hector found in “Troilus and Cressida,” when he alleged, as a reason for not persevering in his contest with Ajax, that though he would willingly hew away every Grecian inch in his body, he could not make distinction, or preserve the Trojan and destroy the Greek.

It seems to me (observed Bourne, in the same joking spirit), that for such a matter of fact critic, who will have the limits of every thing so exactly defined, the architect of London Bridge has been

the best commentator, and has done all that can be required in the way of separation between old and young Thames : at least he seems to have thought that all parts of the river above bridge were to be considered as the father, and all below as the son ; for you will observe the difference between the burden he has imposed upon the one and upon the other : nothing heavier than a barge can proceed upwards through the arches, while ships of war and merchantmen of immense tonnage hourly sail downwards upon their distant voyages. Besides, we have Spenser's own authority for saying that the ancient river god reaches at least as far as Oxford,

“ But Oxford thine doth Thame most glorifie ;”
and neither you nor any of us imagined how venerable a deity we were insulting in our earlier pranks upon the waters in that neighbourhood. Drayton, in the 18th song of his “ Poly-olbion,” where he has expressly mentioned Spenser's 11th Canto of his fourth book, has not dreamt of starting this objection.

And I should have wondered if he had (interrupted Morton), for he was a poet, and knew in what spirit such personifications ought to be received.

I understand your sarcasm (added Elliot, smiling), but though I may not be quite so deeply read in old poets as yourselves, you must not fancy that you engross all faculty of judging of the productions of

the "divine infusion." I take it that the moderns know quite as well what good poetry is as the ancients (I mean the ancients of our own country), and write much better, with two or three exceptions.

"With two or three exceptions!" Indeed! (said Bourne) is that all you can allow? Omitting Spenser and Shakespeare as out of the question, what say you to Fletcher and Jonson, to Chapman, Drayton, and Nash, to Greene, Lodge, Hall, Marston, Peele, Marlow, Daniel, and perhaps a hundred others?

You may spare yourself the trouble of going through a list of names, many of which are quite as new to me as their works (resumed Elliot). I do not mean to contend with you on the merits of authors I never heard of. When I spoke of two or three exceptions, I alluded to such men as Spenser, Shakespeare, and Jonson, who assuredly have never been equalled, perhaps never can be excelled, and very rarely if ever approached. For the rest, generally speaking, I think the common observation unanswerable, that had they deserved to be as well known as the poets I have mentioned, they would not for so many years have been consigned to "dusty death." As it is, nearly all that people hear of them is what the commentators on Shakespeare have been pleased to quote in the way of illustration in their precious notes. Dr. Johnson might well say, in reference to this subject, that "the great

contention of criticism was to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients." Critics are always ready enough to "raise the tardy bust" to "buried merit," but it is with the utmost reluctance, and never without the hard compulsion of general approbation, they admit that a living poet deserves to be read :

————— *Vivis quod fama negatur,
Et sua quod rarus tempora lector amat.*

You have little reason to say so now (replied Morton), however true it might be in the time of Martial : do we not every day see poems that might be included in small volumes, at the price of a few shillings, sold in immense numbers for about as many guineas ? Besides, it is somewhat strange, that, confessing your ignorance of our old poets, you venture to pronounce upon them so dogmatically. To be acquainted with Spenser, Shakespeare, and Jonson is unquestionably to know the three best poets of their age, but they were not the only poets, nor the only good poets, as you would yourself allow even with the information you possess regarding several of the writers who have found a place in our popular collections, or whose dramatic or undramatic works have been recently reprinted. You have been so much abroad of late that though of course you must have heard and read a great deal of our Byrons, our Southneys, our Scotts, and our Campbells (four names always united in the mind

of a devourer of modern poetry), you know little or nothing of the advance that has been made within only the last few years in the acquisition of a knowledge of those, who, for the sake of distinction, I will call the minor poets of the reigns of Elizabeth and James; minor only in comparison with those poets whom you separated from the rest, and who of themselves would make (and, indeed, in the opinion of many up to this day have made) an era in the literature of this country. There is scarcely any praise that you can bestow upon them that I will not immediately allow to be well deserved: so far are they above rivalry, that others will seldom bear even comparison. I do not know any quotation more applicable to Shakespeare, than three lines in one of his own exquisite sonnets, I think the 150th.

———“ In the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds!”

This, however, I may say, that an author who can write as well as Shakespeare when he wrote his worst, deserves examining and preserving.

Your enthusiastic admiration of Shakespeare (added Bourne), in my opinion carries you a little too far. You think, in the words of Fletcher (for though this is another confirmatory coincidence, I do not believe that Shakespeare had any hand in the first act of the “Two Noble Kinsmen),”

“The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others.”

Yet I can neither concur that other writers will not bear comparison with him, nor that if others wrote no better than his worst they would merit preservation, confining the remark merely to poetry.

“For out of the old fields, as men saith,
Cometh all this new corn fro year to year,
And out of old books, in good faith,
Cometh all this new science that men lere;”

is the language of Chaucer in his “Assembly of Foules,” and if it were true at the time he wrote, how much more likely is it to be true at the time when we are speaking? But putting poetry out of the question for the moment, is there nothing else to be gained from studying our early English authors? As to our language, I am well convinced, though I may be charged with partiality, that it was never more copiously, more vigorously, or more purely written than in the age of Shakespeare. If the minds of men received an impulse from the Reformation, as Warton contends, the language, the vehicle of the mind, kept equal pace: words were then used in their original and forcible senses, and were not clipped, filed, and perverted as at the present moment, when all figurative meaning is lost in common-place application, and all marked distinction broken down and confounded. On this subject, often adverted to, I will not dwell, but

merely repeat a stanza by an old poet of the name of Arthur Golding (the translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*), which was prefixed to a dictionary printed near the middle of the reign of Elizabeth:

“ No doubt but men shall shortly find there is
As perfect order, as firm certainty,
As grounded rules to try out things amiss,
As much sweet grace, as great variety
Of words and phrases, as good quantity
For verse or prose in English every way
As any common language hath this day.”

Here, you see, is the opinion of a man of considerable classical attainments, living at that time, on this point; and I might quote Chapman, the translator of Homer, and various others, who have borne testimony to the fulness, strength, dignity, and beauty of their native tongue—testimony too, that to the present hour has not been contradicted. But dismissing this advantage to be derived from studying the venerable well-springs of our language, surely the history, manners, and customs of our forefathers, do not form an uninteresting or an unimportant object of inquiry, and a knowledge of them can only be derived from our elder writers*. The learned authority of Lambarde, in his *Perambulation of Kent*,

* If this opinion wanted confirmation, it has received it from the pen and practice of Mr. Walter Scott, who not long since edited a small reprint of a scarce volume of *Satires*, written about the year 1600, observing, in his preface, upon the great utility of such undertakings.

as to the knowledge to be derived from old books, I have already seen somewhere quoted.

Painter, too (subjoined Morton), in his "Palace of Pleasure," that work to which Shakespeare and several of our old dramatists were so much indebted, has a remarkable sentence on the pious necessity of preserving old books: he is speaking of Tarquin and the Sybil, "A good example (says he) for wise men to beware how they despise or neglect ancient books and monuments: many the like in this realme have been defaced, found in religious houses which no doubt would have conduced great utility and profit both to the commonwealth and country if they had been reserved and kept, which books by the ignorant have been torn and rased to the great grief of those that are learned and of those that aspire to learning and virtue."

Montaigne says (observed Elliot), *la difficulté donne prix aux choses*, and it is as true of books as of every thing else; because so much pains have been bestowed in raking and sifting dust and rubbish for some neglected relic, it is considered by the discoverer much more valuable than its real worth. I admit the truth of much that you have advanced, but to put it to a sort of test, let me just ask, for instance, what have the laborious commentators on Shakespeare been able to do for the poet, with all their knowledge (not to dignify it by the name of learning), of old English literature? I do not say that they have

accomplished absolutely nothing, but it is nothing compared with what might have been expected, if all you represent of the value of old books were true. It is almost a proverb in Germany, especially since the publication of the Lectures of Schlegel has shown off our illustrators to such disadvantage, that as it has pleased heaven to bestow upon England the best dramatic poet that ever lived, so, in its justice, it has endeavoured in some degree to counterbalance the benefit, by afflicting the nation with the most puerile and incompetent annotators and critics upon that poet. Scarcely one of those individuals whose names are ostentatiously appended to the comments of what is called the *Variorum* Edition of Shakespeare, seems to have had an idea beyond the particular word or syllable he was discussing. Yet they congratulate themselves, and belaud each other upon their fancied discoveries, with much more zeal than they bestow upon the poet. They constantly bring to one's mind Steele's shrewd remark in the *Tatler*, when he says that "there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and to cry up one another's parts."

That may very fairly be charged against Dr. Johnson (said Morton), who, as if determined to go beyond all precedent in this respect, bursts out in a note on Hamlet (in reference to one of Warburton's changes), "this is a noble emendation, which almost sets the critic on a level with the author."

Though Warburton (continued Bourne) took some unwarrantable *Bentleyan* liberties, and was as deficient as Dr. Johnson in the kind of knowledge required for the task he undertook, he had learning and considerable ingenuity, even in his blunders. It is unfortunate that so many qualifications should be necessary for a commentator, and that so few should ever have been united in one individual. Steevens, "the coryphæus of annotators," as Mr. Gifford calls him, is generally considered one of the best, and yet what an uninformed mass was he—what a chaos of confused quotations and pedantic allusions, without one ray of taste to cast even a faint illumination through "the palpable obscure."

Is it not he (asked Morton), who asserted that he thought Watson as good a writer of sonnets as Shakespeare?

The same (rejoined Bourne); adding elsewhere, I think, that the force of an act of Parliament could not compel the reading of Shakespeare's minor poems. This fact alone, without any of the other thousand proofs he has afforded, is sufficient to satisfy those who have even looked at Watson's "*Εκατομπαθία*, or passionate Century of Love," that Steevens had not the slightest feeling of poetry, and admired Shakespeare's plays only because he found all the world in one sentiment regarding him. Now, at the time he pronounced this absurd opinion upon his sonnets, they had been little spoken of by men of letters, and Wat-

son's productions were not at all known ; being left to himself, therefore, he took the earliest opportunity of showing his incompetence. I am satisfied that nothing has so much contributed to bring our old poets into disrepute, as the insignificant notes and tasteless remarks of the commentators upon Shakespeare*.

It was said just now (observed Elliot), that there was no kind of applause that might not deservedly be applied to Shakespeare; and I follow it up by subjoining, that there is no kind of abuse in which I cannot heartily join against his commentators: I could find in my heart to hack and hew every one of them with as much coolness as Friar John, in *Rabelais*, did the guard that was placed over him. It would do us good to be up to the elbows in the destruction of them and their laborious nothings, until, as Lucan bombastically describes the consequences of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, the slayers had scarcely room to wield their weapons, or the slain to fall. I can scarcely except one of the annotators, but least of all such a punctilious puny

* In the preface, reprints "from judiciously selected productions of our early writers" are spoken of, but the late republications of not a few of them have neither been judicious in the manner nor in the matter, and have contributed, in some degree, to injure the cause they might be intended to support: literary "nothings" have been "monstered" with all the pomp of the press, while the editors, generally, could not venture to pronounce a just opinion upon their authors, lest they should discredit the labour and expense bestowed on their revival.

as Malone, such a dull dust-raking drudge as Theobald, or such an overweening witling as the self-worshipping Steevens.

Theobald was a drudge, it is true (remarked Bourne), but I by no means think him the worst of the annotators; as for Malone, he was quite as self-conceited as Steevens, with as little capacity of deciding what was or was not really good in poetry. One proof may be taken out of a hundred; what he says of Henry VI. is amply sufficient.

You mean (said Elliot) his long and firm persuasion, that all three parts were so full of what he terms "*evident Shakespearianisms*," that he never could bring himself to advert to the arguments against the genuineness of any one of them.

I do (replied Bourne), and his subsequent sapient discovery, that not one of his "*evident Shakespearianisms*" were to be found in the first part. The fact was, that in the mean time it had been found that the first part of Henry VI. was probably not Shakespeare's, and then all the passages which this sagacious annotator had before been convinced were "*evident Shakespearianisms*," became the efforts of some "*sweet creature of bombast*." Yet these are the men who in their *grandia certamina* take upon them to decide on the merits of Shakespeare.

"Have some forbearance towards the dead," said Morton.

If they are dead, that is all the good that can be said of them, (continued Elliot, borrowing the point

of an epigram by one who might have been a worthy annotator): and why are they to be spared when dead, who in their lifetime spared neither dead nor living; torturing their author, and tormenting his readers? There is scarcely a page or a line in Shakespeare that has not been made the subject of feeble and futile comment, or of needless illustration. I have seen it said of some writer of the middle age, who had met with a really learned and efficient scholiast, that the book itself well deserved to be burnt but for the notes upon it; and really had the plays been written by any other man than Shakespeare, one would almost be tempted to throw them into the fire, for the sake of getting rid of the irksome and impertinent commentary.

You are almost hot enough (interposed Morton) to consume them yourself; but if you disturb the trim of the boat in your vehemence, you are likely soon to have your fire most effectually quenched.

Of course (continued Elliot, without taking any notice of this friendly caution), you recollect that passage in Hamlet, as excellent in the sentiment as appropriate in the expression of it,

“ ‘There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.’—

It seems to want no remark; but what do you think is the ridiculous, the absurd, the degrading comment of Steevens upon it—I think you must remember it?

As for me (said Morton), there is nothing of

which I am so laudably and satisfactorily ignorant as of the notes upon Shakespeare.

I well recollect the very expressions of this paltry pretender (added Elliot): he is alluding to the trade of Shakespeare's father as a wool dealer or butcher, and to the conjecture that the poet followed the same business before he came up to London; and how do you imagine he draws an argument in favour of the supposition from the lines I just quoted? You might guess to eternity: all the ingenuity of the riddle-solvers, from Œdipus down to Dame Partlett, would be of no avail. He first gives the passage, and then he adds, with solemn gravity, "Dr. Farmer informs me that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*" (and he takes care that the point shall not be lost for want of italics), "lately observed to him, that his nephew, an idle lad, could only assist in making them—he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*. Whoever recollects the profession of Shakespeare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wool pinned up with *skewers*."

An involuntary fit of laughter, that made the very shores re-echo, here burst from Bourne and Morton, in which Elliot joined. The boatmen looked up astonished, and so much forgot their steerage that the wherry nearly ran foul of Putney-bridge. This circumstance suspended the mirth for a few mo-

ments, but after the boat had passed the arch, the conversation was renewed.

I have always thought that Dr. Farmer, who was a man of learning and judgment (resumed Bourne), was playing off a joke upon the credulity of poor Steevens, never imagining that it could be taken seriously that Shakespeare had put into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark, in reference to the superintending wisdom of Providence, a figure taken from the exalted occupation of a skewer-maker. I recollected the note immediately after you repeated the first sentence ; and I remember too, that Dr. Drake, in his late volumes on Shakespeare and his times, quotes it with as much solemnity as Steevens inserts it. Dr. Drake's work is an industrious and useful congregation of facts, and his dissertations on Fairies, Witches, &c. have some novelty, and learning ; but I do not think he introduces a single anecdote of, or line regarding our great dramatist that had not been discovered before : his chief merit is, that he has collected scattered materials into one body. Nearly all his knowledge of the literature of the age of Shakespeare is derived from the British Bibliographer, and productions of the same class.

His illustrations of the manners of the age (said Morton) are amusing, and it is but justice to admit that he does not pretend to any great originality, for he freely cites his authorities. The most defective and ill-judged part of his labours seems to me, the

list he supplies of no less than one hundred and ninety-three minor poets of the reigns of Elizabeth and James; to whose names he ventures to affix a certain mark, denoting whether they were above or below mediocrity, when probably the most laborious antiquary that ever existed never had an opportunity even of seeing more than half of their productions.

That is a pretence of learning (continued Bourne) almost offensive; nor can I agree with you, that he always cites his authorities: I know that he over and over again quotes from the *British Bibliographer* or *Restituta* without naming it, and as if he had before him the original book there reviewed. In this way he has made up his table of one hundred and ninety-three minor poets.

You quite astonish me (cried Elliot) when you talk of such a number of minor poets, not including, I suppose, many who made a greater figure in the world of letters at that time.

Yet the minor poets, I apprehend, exceed that amount, and the major poets (added Bourne), some of whom are about as little known, would of themselves almost fill a library. To these the editors of Shakespeare have resorted; some of them were the first to make discoveries in this unploughed Atlantic, however insignificant may be the use they have generally made of them. Yet such a man as Mr. Douce knew how to employ them in his "*Illustrations of Shakespeare*," and I might name others who have made industry, learning, taste, and acuteness

combine in investigating the literary history of what has been often called "the Golden age of English poetry." Among the most distinguished of these you will allow is the editor of the recent reprints of Ben Jonson and Massinger. Can you wonder then, notwithstanding the admitted disgrace brought upon the pursuit by unlearned knowledge, and the blind zeal of bibliomaniacs, who judge only of the value of books by their scarcity; that I and others, with such a field for inquiry before us, should enter upon it with ardour, in the certainty of finding something in the productions of between two and three hundred poets, and innumerable prose writers, that would well reward our

"Pains without toil, and labours without pain."

You make me envious of your knowledge (returned Elliot) if not ashamed of my own ignorance; and I should be ashamed too, if I were not aware how many thousands are in the same predicament to keep me in countenance.

You know other, if not better things; better in respect to general utility (answered Morton) than, as Bishop Earle expresses it, to be "a surgeon of old authors, and heal the wounds of dust and ignorance."

Perhaps I know a little more about foreign authors (continued Elliot), but it is a knowledge which every body may attain; and surely it is some disgrace for a man to be wholly ignorant of so many writers of his own country, while he has bestowed

his pains almost solely upon those of other nations. It may turn out that many of our early poets are over-estimated; it is natural that it should be so, but this will not be the case with all. Besides, the knowledge you both possess cannot be acquired by every body, and those who have the means of obtaining it are therefore doubly to be envied. The fervour, too, you display in speaking on the subject, and the earnestness with which it is pursued, convince me that at least there is a great deal of pleasure merely in the process of acquiring.

There certainly is (rejoined Bourne), but you are mistaken if you suppose there is much greater difficulty in obtaining this sort of information than any other: the chief difference is that the books to be resorted to are sometimes not easy to be procured, but I have had many assistances from the libraries of such of my friends as are collectors of old English literature*. In the same way you might lay your friends under contribution, and I for one should be most happy in making common between us the little information I possess on this interesting and far from useless study. You remember the old saw,

* He might have added that there are booksellers whose peculiar business it is to deal in old English literature, and among the most industrious and best informed is Mr. T. Rodd, of Little Newport-street: to him the author has been more than once indebted, not only for useful books, but for useful knowledge about them.

that knowledge is of no value unless it be communicated.

You are now affecting humility (said Morton): if you know only a little, I can know nothing at all; my vanity would not willingly allow me to arrive at that conclusion.

Credonsi molti molto sapendo, che altri non sappia nulla (said Elliot, addressing himself to Morton), but he reverses the censure of Boccacio, and knowing much, he believes that his knowledge little exceeds that of other people. I dare say I shall find myself in the condition of some travellers, who having spent years abroad in seeing the wonders of the Continent, are surprised when they come home to find that there were any objects worthy notice in their own country.

We "home-keeping youths" (rejoined Morton), are always very happy in employing our "homely wits" upon those vain voyagers, who, like horses in malt mills (to borrow a simile from Francis Meres, upon whose enumeration of Shakespeare's plays in 1598, so much has been founded), are as far at night as they were in the morning, coming home just as wise as they went. Of course, I do not mean to apply my reference to you, but how many of our modern travellers well merit the censure!

Or worse (added Bourne), for not a few might even come under the severer lash of Roger Ascham,

when he asserts, that in his time some returned to England forgetting all the good they had learnt in their youth, and its place supplied by “spruce affectations” of foreign fopperies; who only

“Learn tongues, keep note-books, all to feed the
tumours

Of vain discourse at home.”

That very quotation is from one of our fine vigorous old poets, about whom little is known but that he translated Homer, yet there is no writer in our language that had it more at his command, who was more full and harmonious in his style, more grand and stately in his imagery, or more bold and dignified in his conceptions.

What can be finer in their kind (added Morton) than his two plays of the Conspiracy and Tragedy of the Duke of Byron? I think I do not speak with too much partiality when I say that they contain as noble passages as are to be found in any dramatic poet, scarcely excepting even Shakespeare himself. Chapman was unquestionably unequal, it would be a miracle if he were not, but an unfounded prejudice has been created against him in some minds, which know nothing more of his writings than what Dryden says of his Bussy d'Ambois.

I do not reckon Dryden the most competent judge of what is good or bad in dramatic poetry (re-

sumed Elliot), and without having my interest further excited, I will candidly say that few things would give me more pleasure than to have my ignorance removed upon these subjects: a new mine will thus be opened to me.

That you will find much dross mixed with the native ore you will be prepared to expect (rejoined Bourne), but as I said before, the gratification of these researches is not confined to poetry only—antiquities, manners, language, modes of thinking, the condition and progress of the human mind under particular circumstances, will be included, and we shall find in almost every old book something to illustrate one or other of these points. The biography of literary men will also frequently be introduced, and trifling particulars rise into importance in proportion to the eminence of the individual to whom they relate. You will not therefore expect that our inquiries will be confined only to poetry, though that will be the leading subject.

Certainly not (replied Elliot), I should be sorry if they were: at the same time I cannot help expressing the contempt I feel, in common with many others, for absolute relics; I mean those book-rarities, the value of which consists only in their extreme scarcity: into these I hope you do not intend to deviate—I have no patience when I see men of taste and knowledge wasting their time upon that

écrivainerie, which Montaigne says is always *quelque symptôme d'un siècle débordé*; which, perhaps, had some little interest at the time it was published, but now has entirely lost it.

On that score you will have little to complain of (answered Bourne), though I give you fair warning that you must take your chance.

Besides (said Morton), we ought to recollect that some rare tracts that have no immediate interest are often not unimportant as illustrating the state of feeling, opinion, or society at the time they were written. I agree with you thus far, that mere rarity, unconnected with all other claims to notice, ought never to attract the attention of any but an unredeemable book-worm—such a man as Fuller talks of in his *Worthies*, when he says, that he “lives like a moth in a library, not being better for the books, but the books the worse for him, which he constantly only soils with his fingers.”

The party was now approaching the landing-place, for they had reached Mortlake before they were aware; yet the latter part of their voyage would have been shorter had not the stream been against them. The three friends immediately proceeded to Bourne's house, and it is only necessary to add that in the course of the evening it was agreed, as the weather was intolerably hot at this season, that they should spend the middle of the day in the

library (if so small but choice a collection of books might be so termed), while the mornings and evenings were devoted to other occupations and amusements: among the last was that most picturesque of all enjoyments, sailing, to which Bourne, Elliot, and Morton, had all a very strong partiality.

NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

VOL. I.

P. viii. l. 9. THE mention of the name of Robert Greene gives me an opportunity of correcting a mistake which has crept into all the lists of his productions, and particularly into that of Mr. Haslewood, in his *Cens. Lit.* (VIII. 387, 1st Edit.). He is not the author of "The ground work of Cony-catching, 1591," there introduced, for that is nothing more than a reprint of Harman's "Caveat for Common Cursetors," with two preliminary pages, and an address by the printer, John Danter, to the reader. In the introductory matter it is expressly acknowledged to be the work of "Maister Harman:" the title is this, "The Groundworke of Conny-catching; the manner of their Pedlers French and the meanes to vnderstand the same, with the cunning slights of the Counterfeit Cranke," &c. From hence we learn also that Harman was "a Justice of Peace." In the same way Greene's "Ghost haunting Conny-catchers" is not by Robt. Greene, but by S. R., who expressly refers to Greene's "notable discovery," and his "last part of Conny-catching," stating in a sonnet prefixed,

"I tell not I, what forraine men haue done,
But follow that which others have begun."

P. 5, l. 18. It is necessary to state, that the whole of this conversation was written very long before the late reprint at the Lee Priory Press of Fitzgeffrey's poem on Sir F. Drake.

P. 13, l. 25. Some extracts from Barnabe Barnes's "Parthenophil and Parthenophe," may be found in Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books."

P. 15, l. 16. The following may be taken as a short specimen of the most interesting portion of B. Barnes's "Four Books of Offices," 1606. The author has been alluding to the gradual growth and improvement of the English language under Chaucer, Gower, and Lidgate, and the writers of old rhymes and romances: he afterwards proceeds thus: "But since the dayes of blessed Queene Eliza-

beth (whose happie reigne is as the dayes of heauen) what seas of paper haue been alwayes furthering polishing and encreasing this honourable enterprise—First by that holy Bibles more exquisite and polite translation than before: after by the bookes of Monuments, Chronicles, Treatises, and Translations, Theological and humane, by most ingenious Poets, and other Poeticall pamphlets, alwayes with studious addition and curious composition, words phrases and sentences.” From thence he goes on to particularise the merits of Sir P. Sidney, “that diuine starre of sweete wit and inuention,” and to prove the obligations of the language to his pen, as producing a “rich vintage of English knowledge.”

P. 19, l. 13. In following the authority of Mr. T. Park in the Brit. Bibl. (II. 120), an error has been committed in assigning some lines before T. Storer’s “Cardinal Wolsey” to Fitzgeffrey, which belong, in fact, to a person signing himself Johannes Sprint.

P. 66, l. 7. It was omitted to be stated, when speaking of Whetstone’s very rare tract on the death of Sir P. Sidney, where Spenser’s “Shepherd’s Calendar” is unaccountably attributed to Sidney, that the author, in an address prefixed, excuses the delay that had taken place, and mentions one advantage arising from it, that he had been able to avoid the errors “some hasty writers commit for lacke of true instruction.”

P. 77, l. 16. Mrs. Anna Hume’s translation of Petrarch’s Triumphs was printed at Edinburgh in 1644.

P. 97, l. 14. For “Twelfth Night,” read “Loves Labour lost.”

P. 113, l. 28. *Dele* “immediately.”

P. 118, l. 11. Among the writers of undramatic blank verse, T. Campion might have been included; but I did not extract the specimen he has given in his “Observations in the Art of English Poesie,” 1602, because that tract has been recently and faithfully reprinted.

P. 128, l. 26. *Restituta* ought to have been mentioned as containing the specimens of Marlow’s translation of Lucan.

P. 134, l. 23. The name of *Auberón* given to the Fairy King, confirms, in some degree, the pleasing etymology from the French word *Aube*, day-break.

P. 155, l. 18. Even down to 1640 Dr. Donne, in some verses before John Tatham’s “Fancies Theatre,” is called *Dun*.

P. 161, l. 21. When Mr. Fry printed, in 1814, his “Pieces of Ancient Poetry” from MS., he was not aware that his first song was that of Lord Essex in Douland’s “Musical Banquet,” 1610, with certain corruptions, to which MS. transcripts are so liable. His two last specimens in Sect. I. are literally copied from Lodge’s “Rosalynd,” with variations almost *ad lib*.

P. 166, l. 26. For “Portugal” read “Rome.”

P. 189, l. 7. Every body knows what a contest took place about

this date on the merits and demerits of tobacco; and when King James threw his weight into the balance against it, it was soon held in as much contempt as before it had been esteemed.

P. 199, l. 13. It is to be regretted that in the late elegant reprint of Sir J. Harington's "Metamorphosis of Ajax," &c. the old spelling has been deserted: in the extracts here furnished it has been followed.

P. 215, l. 2. Mr. Malone bought a copy of "the Returne of the Knight of the Poste from Hell," at the sale of Mr. Isaac Reed's books, but it is plain that its contents had not been examined, as in *Cens. Lit.* VII. 11. (1st edit.) it is mentioned as one of Nash's own productions. In the same article, p. 19, the reader will find Nash's own description of his Knight of the Post, as given in his "Pierce Pennilesse," 1593.

P. 229, l. 21. The title is thus stated in *Cens. Lit.* "Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, in certaine Epigrams and Satyres," London, 1598, 12mo.; probably, in fact, 8vo., a mistake often made in consequence of a want of comparison with the size of the small quartos. Some of the epigrams are there quoted, but no specimen is afforded of the satires.

P. 231, l. 5. The reader is desired to observe, that the quotations from Marston are from a MS. made by the author from the original edition some years ago: he has every reason to believe however that his transcript is accurate.

P. 276, l. 6. Those who wish to see the nature of H. Hutton's "Follies Anatomie," are referred to *Cens. Lit.* VIII. 347, (1st edit.) It will be found that it has an allusion to G. Wither's celebrated production.

P. 291, l. 25. A number of new military terms appear to have been affectedly brought into conversation about this date. Sir J. Davies, in his epigrams published with Ovid's Elegies by Marlow at Meddleburg before 1600, has one, *In Gallum* 24, which enumerates them, adding, that if he as ostentatiously brought forward his technical terms of law,

———"of fourching vouchers and counterpleas,
Of withernams, essoynes and champarty,
So neither of vs vnderstanding one an other
We part as wise as when we came together."

P. 302, l. 21. A. Nixon's "Strange Foot-post" has not been wholly unnoticed: it has not escaped the appropriating industry of Mr. Gifford, who uses it in his Massinger, I. 170.

P. 305, l. 21. I was not aware, when speaking of Goddard's "Satyricall Dialogue," &c. between Alexander and Diogenes, that the title was inserted (though incorrectly) in *Cens. Lit.* IV. 216,

(1st edit.). Another tract by the same author, "A Neaste of Waspes," &c. of which I had not heard, is also there noticed.

P. 328, l. 21. S. Rowland's "Letting of Humours blood in the head-vaine," 1600, has been reprinted in Edinburgh, under the superintendence of Mr. Walter Scott, from a copy dated in 1611, with a preface and illustrative notes which show the editor to be "well seen" in the literature and habits of the times to which the epigrams and satires refer.

VOL. II.

P. 37, l. 22. Whetstone's "Rocke of Regard" was printed in 1576, Part IV. of which contains what is here alluded to; it is under the title of the "Inventions of P. Plasmos, touching his hap and hard fortune, vnto the which is annexed the sundrie Complaintes of foure notable Couseners the instrumentes of his greatest Troubles," &c. The same part also contains "Whetston's Inuectiue against Dice."

P. 39, l. 11. The list of Whetstone's pieces has been noticed in Mr. T. Park's *Heliconia*, but he there states, that a funeral poem included in the enumeration, called "The lyfe and death of the good L. Dyer," is not known. This is a mistake, for I have seen a copy of the tract very lately: it bears date in 1582, and purports to be a Remembrance of Sir James Dyer, the judge. It opens with these lines in allusion to well known works,

"Lidgate, Bawldwin, and many writers more
The heauie faules of naughtie men haue showne," &c.

It may be added, that the list is very inaccurately quoted in *Heliconia*, even to the substitution of one word for another.

P. 71, l. 4. "The Booke of Demeanor and the Allowance and Disallowance of certaine Misdemeanors in Companie" in R. Weste's "Schoole of Vertue," might, perhaps, have afforded the party a useful hint or two in some of the dryer points of these conversations:

"To gape in such vnseemely sort
with vgly gaping mouth
Is like an image pictured,
a blowing from the south:

Which to avoyd, then turne about
and with a napkin hide
That gaping foule deformity,
when thou art so aside."

P. 71, l. 5. For "1589" read "1598."

P. 72, l. 22. The celebrated Porson thought this moving epitaph worthy a Greek translation.

P. 72, l. 28. The burlesque of the story of Hero and Leander was printed at London in 1651 and again in 1653.

P. 88, l. 29. Churchyard's notice of his intention to publish "the Miserie of Flaunders, Calamitie of Fraunce," &c. 1579, in his "Lamentable and pitifull description of the wofull warres in Flaunders," 1578, is actually quoted by one of our most industrious antiquaries, Mr. Haslewood, in *Cens. Lit.* (IX. 245), but without being put upon the alert for the former work. To the other proofs of its great rarity may be added, that Mr. Bliss, neither in his "Bibliographical Miscellanies," nor in his new edition of Wood's *Ath. Ox.*, has any reference to such a tract.

P. 104, l. 3. I mention, as an excuse for my own lapses, which will be found too frequent, that Mr. P. Bliss, the very learned and industrious editor of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, has made a mistake in his "Bibliographical Miscellanies," p. 64, in attributing to Sir P. Sidney two sonnets, found in a MS. in the Bodleian, which, in fact (with a few not unimportant variations), are the property of Henry Constable, being printed in his "Diana," 1594; Son. 4 and 5 of Decad. III.

P. 120, l. 22. Francis Meres, in his often quoted *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, (fo. 283. a.) speaks of "Dr. Edes of Oxforde" as among "our best for Tragedie."

P. 167. l. 22. I might have added, as connected with "the Merchant of Venice," a reference to Lazarus Piot's translation of Silvayn's "Orator," 1596, where two harangues are given "Of a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian," and the Christian's "Answer;" but I doubt if Shakespeare used them, or the old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*. I may here remark, that Mr. Douce, in his "Illustrations," when speaking of the various versions of the stories in the *Gesta Romanorum*, omits one in "*Les Comptes du Monde aventureux*," Lyons, 1572. "*De la folle superstition des Juifs, qui faisans leur sabbath, par faute de charité cuiderent laisser mourir l'un de leur synagogue, qui par fortune estoit tombé en vn retrait.*"

P. 171. l. 24. In his poems 1646, Shirley has the same thought, and almost similar expressions,

"No more, for shame! How hath thy fancy straid;
What a Chimera hast thou made
To dote upon! What would I give
Old Michael Angelo revive,
Make Titian, Vandyke or bold Ruben live!"

with several stanzas more, in which the thought is carried out.

P. 177. l. 28. In the list of R. Greene's pieces in *Cens. Lit.* (VIII. 386.) is one called "Pandosto, the triumph of Time," 1588. It is not impossible that this is the same as "Dorastus and Fawnia," 1588, under a different title, as Pandosto is a principal character in the latter, and the words, "the triumph of Time," are very applicable to the event of the story. The earliest title may have been subsequently altered, like Lodge's "Rosalynde," but this can best be determined by those who have seen both pamphlets.

P. 182. l. 15. *Dele* "MORTON."

P. 256. l. 12. The following tract appears to allude to Dr. Gager, and it would follow from thence, that as late as 1608 he had not recanted on the subject of university plays, as he is charged in 1629 with having done. "An Apologie for Women or an opposition to Mr. Dr. G. his assertion, who held in the Act at Oxforde, Anno 1608, that it was lawfull for husbands to beat their wives. By W. H. of Ex. in Ox. At Oxford, by Joseph Barnes, 1609." The title promises more amusement than the body of the pamphlet performs.

P. 274. l. 20. A strong confirmation in favour of the opinion I have given, that T. B. the translator of the "French Academie" alluded to C. Marlow and R. Greene as disbelievers in God, &c. is derived from Greene's own words in his "Groatsworth of Wit bought with a million of Repentance," 1592, which was published by H. Chettle, as he admitted in his "Kindhearts Dreame." Greene's expressions are these, speaking of Marlow: "Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne) thou famous gracer of Tragedians, that *Greene*, who hath said with thee, like the fool in his heart, 'There is no God,' should now giue glory vnto his greatnesse. . . . It is pestilent *Macheavilian* pollicie that thou hast studied." It is to be observed also, that T. B. just before the passage quoted on p. 274, charges the atheist, of whom he is speaking, with being one of the "students of Machiauels principles." This circumstance further fixes the passage upon Marlow.

P. 277 l. 3. It is not impossible that by the words "poysonfull platforms of loue and deuellish discourses of fancies fittes," some allusion may be intended to such books as A. Copley's "Wits Fittes and Fancies," &c. the earliest edition of which, however, yet discovered is in 1595. The reference may however only be general to R. Greene's light amorous productions.

P. 288. l. 8, for "plays" read "play."

P. 294. l. 4. after "Gabriel" *dele* the comma.

P. 294. l. 5. Singer and Pope are known to have been celebrated players of the clown's part, and from the following quotation from S. Rowland's fourth satire in his "Letting of Humours blood in the head-vaine," 1600, it appears that the country clown, and not the court jester, was their forte.

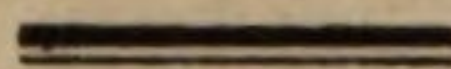
————— "How dee like the phrase
Are plough-men simple fellowes now a dayes?
Not so my masters: what meant *Singer* then
And *Pope* the clowne to speak so boorish, when
They counterfaite the clownes vpon the stage," &c.

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.



THE FIRST CONVERSATION.

VOL. I.

B

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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE FIRST CONVERSATION.

BOURNE. Let us begin our conversations by an interesting and a much lauded poem, perhaps lauded beyond its merits.

ELLIOT. That is nothing very uncommon, whatever there may be remarkable in the poem : what is that little performance called ? If the matter be no heavier than the manner, it is likely to be light reading.

BOURNE. And so it is, though a great many stanzas are printed in a small compass.

MORTON. Come, the title ; otherwise we shall have preface enough for a book ten times as large. At all events the preface, if we must have one, ought to follow the title : what is it ?

BOURNE. It is Charles Fitzgeffrey's poem on the death of Sir Francis Drake ; the production obviously of a very young man, but with a great deal about it that is both admirable and reprehensible. There are few pieces that have greater defects or more

striking beauties. The title-page is this: "Sir Francis Drake, his Honorable life's commendation, and his Tragicall Deathes lamentation." It was printed at Oxford, by Joseph Barnes, in the year 1596.

ELLIOT. You say that Fitzgeffrey was a very young man when he wrote it?

BOURNE. Yes; the dates supply the fact; but even without them there is internal evidence of the boyishness of the writer—a want of restraint of thought, and a fearlessness of expression so characteristic of a youth whose mind is beginning to partake of the same freedom that his body enjoys when first emancipated from scholastic trammels.

MORTON. Let us postpone criticism till we know more about the book. Let us read, and then criticise.

ELLIOT. At all events let us not, like modern reviewers (according to the vulgar notion of them), criticise without reading at all.

BOURNE. George Chapman, in his *Ἐκταυχολος* (1594), has one of the severest and boldest sentences I remember, not against critics by profession, but critics by choice—hypercritical readers, who read not to enjoy, but to find fault: "How then may a man stay his maruailing to see passion-driuen men reading but to curtoll a tedious houre, and altogether hide-bound with affection to great men's fancies, take upon them as killing censures as if they were

iudgements butchers, and as if the life of truth lay tottering in their verdicts."

ELLIOT. A hard hit, certainly ; but it seems principally aimed at the flatterers of noble authors—at those who are "altogether hide-bound with affection to great men's fancies."

MORTON. Very true—I think I have seen some notice or other of this production by Fitzgeffrey.

BOURNE. He was often applauded by contemporary writers ; but what you refer to is probably in the *British Bibliographer*. The article is here, Vol. II. p. 116, and signed T. P.

MORTON. I believe it is ; but I see that no quotations are supplied to enable us to judge of the merits or defects of the poem, excepting the Dedicatory Sonnet to the widow of Sir Francis Drake.

ELLIOT. It is something ludicrous to give us that as a specimen of the body of the work.

MORTON. The preface, however, dated from Broadgate Hall, Nov. 17, 1596, is quoted, and it seems curious. I do not perceive that your copy has any preface or introductory matter of the kind in prose : after the title comes the sonnet here quoted by T. P. "to the beavteous and vertuous Lady Elizabeth late wife to the highly renowned Sir Francis Drake deceased ;" and then follow some commendatory poems, but no preface : is not your copy imperfect ?

BOURNE. Certainly not : you do not perceive that there must have been two editions of the book :

observe, the title, as inserted in the Brit. Bib. has these remarkable words, “*Newly printed with additions:*” my copy has them not, and it exactly corresponds with that in the British Museum. I wonder that this circumstance has never been remarked before. The preface was added at the time when the poem was “newly printed,” as well as the complimentary lines by Tho. Mychelborne, with another citation or two from Latin poems on the death of Sir Francis Drake. Mine has only one Latin piece, “*In Dracum redivivum Carmen.*” It has also verses by Richard and Francis Rous, and three stanzas subscribed D. W.

ELLIOT. Ritson’s *Bibliographia Poetica* gives merely the first part of the title with the date, 1596.

BOURNE. And it says nothing of the commendatory poems by Rous and Mychelborne: this looks as if he had never seen the book.

ELLIOT. The omission is not very important.

BOURNE. No: these solicited panegyrics are seldom of much value. Chapman, whom I before quoted, is rather severe upon the poets, his contemporaries, who rarely gave the most trifling piece to the world without such scraps of preliminary praise: it is introduced into his play of Byron’s *Conspiracie*, Act. 3. (1608).

“Be circumspect, for to a credulous eye
He comes inuisible, vail’d with flatterie ;

And flatterers looke like friends, as wolues like
dogges :

And as a glorious Poeme fronted well
With many a goodly herrald of his praise,
So farre from hate of praises to his face,
That he praies men to praise him, and they ride
Before with trumpets in their mouths, proclaiming
Life to the holy furie of his lines ;”

and so on for about eight or ten lines further. I do not recollect any poem or play by Chapman, which has verses prefixed by friends “proclaiming life to his holy fury.” It is in omitting such pieces before prose works that Ritson’s compilation is principally defective.

MORTON. The labour of one man, however learned, was unequal to the task which was new at the time he undertook it.

ELLIOT. Are not these questions about complimentary verses and variety of editions silly points of controversy?

BOURNE. Sometimes they are necessary matters : a man with the true spirit of a lover of old books would think them the most inviting questions in the world : some have devoted their lives and labours to nothing else.

ELLIOT. But can you give any satisfactory reason why we should do so ? If you cannot, let us return to Fitzgeffrey’s poem.

MORTON. Recollect that you were the first to refer to Ritson, and to call him to task for an omission.

ELLIOT. Then let me be the first to dismiss him, and all matters connected with dates and editions.

BOURNE. With all my heart; but before we close the *British Bibliographer*, let us read the preface to the edition T. P. employed in writing that article: at least one part of it is interesting. You will see that Fitzgeffrey calls the period at which he wrote "the golden age of poetry," though his testimony may not be so impartial as the judgment of critics of the present day, who can look with more equal eyes upon the rival reigns of Elizabeth and Anne. Read the preface—the book is before you.

ELLIOT. I recollect two excellent lines in an old play, quoted in the critical selection by Mr. C. Lamb, perhaps not inapplicable to what you and others term "the golden age of poetry" in the reign of Elizabeth:
"Glories like glow-worms a-far-off shine bright,
But look'd to near—have neither heat nor light."

BOURNE. They are by John Webster; but nobody has carried his scepticism upon the merits of our earlier poets so far as to say, that they have no heat and no light.

ELLIOT. Perhaps not; but I cannot be without suspicions that it will frequently turn out, as it did with some of the earliest English adventurers to North America—they brought home a great quantity

of micaceous earth, and found out to their dismay, in the words of the venerable proverb, "all is not gold that makes a golden show."

MORTON. It is not that you do not admire our old poets, but that you do not know as much of them now as you will by and by.

ELLIOT. I may be converted into an admirer when my ignorance is lessened; only I am not a blind lover of a beauty I have never seen.

BOURNE. In this view, I doubt whether I have made altogether a very judicious choice of Fitzgeffrey's work as a sort of initiation: we must now take our chance, and let us begin with the preface.

MORTON. He says, "I deprecate the note of improvident, if not impudent audacitie, in that I who never slept in Parnassus with Hesiod; neither with the Satyrist ever liquorisht my chamfred lips with the pure christaline Aganippe, should take on me (especially in this golden age of poetry) to bring owles to Athens and swans to Thames, whose castalian bankes are embordered with more Muses then Helicon, more admirable conceited poets than the flourishing age of Augustus."

BOURNE. That is all that is to our purpose. You will see presently, when we come to read parts of his work, what an enthusiastic admirer he was of the poets of his own time—yet he "looked near upon their glories." I will not interrupt our progress more than a moment, while I show you a list of the

chief writers whom he has more or less applauded in his *Affaniæ*, or three books of Epigrams, and some Cenotaphs, published in 1601, five years after the poem before us: they are Sir P. Sidney, Edm. Spenser, Sam. Daniel, Mich. Drayton, Benj. Jonson, George Chapman, Joshua Sylvester, John Marston, Will. Percy, Tho. Nash, and several others. The names and works of some of these are sufficiently notorious.

ELLIOT. Of course nobody is ignorant of a few of them, and I have read Sir Philip Sidney's beautiful defence of poetry. Of some of the remainder I have only heard.

MORTON. Their names seem all pretty familiar to me, excepting one that caught my ear, I mean Will. Percy: who was he, and what did he write?

BOURNE. Ritson will answer the last question, but I do not know who will be able to answer the first. He published, in 1594, "Sonnets to the fairest Cælia," of which I have seen several in MS.; they were copied from a printed edition, long supposed to be unique, until another was by accident found on some stall in Holland, and brought into England. Of his family or history nothing has been collected, though I have reason to know that the industry of Sir Egerton Brydges has long been applied to the discovery.

MORTON. Does not Ellis, in his *Specimens*, say any thing regarding Percy?

BOURNE. Not a syllable: indeed Ellis omits all mention of a poet as celebrated as Fitzgeffrey, though he introduces such men as Still, Wastell, and Burton.

ELLIOT. This makes me more desirous to see something of this poem of Sir Francis Drake, regarding which we have talked a good deal, but yet read nothing.

MORTON. And I would fain hear one of those rare sonnets by W. Percy, if you have preserved any of them in MS.

BOURNE. I regret that I have not, but two of them may be found in *Censura Literaria* (III. 374), though it is to be lamented, that more favourable specimens could not be chosen. W. Percy is the first author, that I remember, who published on his own account: his Sonnets were "printed by Adam Islip for W. P."

ELLIOT. W. P. being the initials of the writer William Percy?

BOURNE. Yes: I was going to add regarding him, that in the address prefixed to his "Sonnets to his fairest Cælia," he undertakes "ere long to impart vnto the world another poeme which shall be more fruitfull and ponderous," but like many others, it has never come to light. It is worth a remark, that Barnabe Barnes's "Parthenophil and Parthenophe, Sonnettes, Madrigals, Elegies, and Odes," which was in the collection of Doctor Dampier, late Bishop of Ely (the date and printer's name being torn off,

but "the Printer's address to the Reader" dated 1593), is dedicated "to the right noble and vertuous gentleman, M. William Percy," perhaps the author of "Sonnets to the fairest Cælia."

MORTON. Of course that is only conjecture.

BOURNE. Not exactly: we have evidence to prove that Barnes had a friend of the name of W. Percy, who was a poet, or at least a rhymester; for in an edition of Barnes's "Foure Bookes of Offices," dedicated to King James, and printed in 1606, I found the following commendatory "Madrigal," signed "W. Percy, *Musophilus*," which I will read on account of its rarity, as it has not been quoted or referred to by any body since the work was published.

ELLIOT. Is it not noticed in *Censura Literaria*, in the British Bibliographer, nor in *Restituta*?—Have not the industrious editors, Sir E. Brydges, or Mr. Haslewood, those literary resurrection-men who present us with the half-rotten carcasses of books long dead, mentioned this Madrigal?

BOURNE. No; and what is a little singular is, that in *Restituta* an extract is given from Barnes's work, but nothing is said regarding the Madrigal by Percy nor the other commendatory verses by Tho. Campion, Tho. Mychelborne, and Robert Hasill.

MORTON. Ritson also omits them; but I recollect seeing in the British Museum what appeared to be the presentation copy to King James of Barnes's

“Foure Bookes of Offices;” but I am very certain that there were no preliminary poems.

BOURNE. There were probably two editions of the work in the same year: if you should meet with it again, let me recommend to your perusal a long passage in the second book, where Barnes speaks of the English language, and of English poets: it is the most interesting part of the whole, and has never been quoted either in *Restituta* or elsewhere.

ELLIOT. Let us hear Percy's Madrigal, and then return to Fitzgeffrey.

BOURNE. I wish it better deserved reading: it is worth preserving principally as a curiosity.

“*To Master Barnabe Barnes, this Madrigall vpon
his Booke.*”

If all the world were sought from Malta to Mone,
From candid Gaule to black-browd Calicute,
No frame more various mought have been made one,
In euery ioynt or point like absolute.
For as some spirits, while they haue beene attent
On states of Princes and on earthly right,
Haue follow'd the worldly side with that intent,
And yet vnmindfull of the highest Sprite;

Others againe (too much I ween yblent
With heauenly zeale and with Religion)
Haue for the time Secular forwent;
So if a meane there be (as meane but one,
To twine the Crossier with the sword atone)

O let me then (with licence) to avow
T'will, right Paladine, be by onely you.

W. PERCY

Musophilus

Spes calamo occidit."

ELLIOT. Spare us the hearing of any more such curiosities—such half-witted stuff!

BOURNE. I admit that it is bad; but the best have failed in this sort of effort, if effort it may be called—witness Spencer's Sonnet before the Life of Scanderbeg (1596), only discovered of late years by Waldron.

ELLIOT. If it had never seen the light, perhaps both we and the poet should have been gainers—at least no losers. I see no more reason for reviving the bad works of dead poets, than for publishing the bad acts of dead men. The old worn-out Latin proverb is as applicable to the one as to the other.

BOURNE. Now, indeed, you open a wide field for argument.

MORTON. Which for the present, if you please, we will leave unexplored.

ELLIOT. At least Spenser's Sonnet has good grammar and good measure to recommend it, which Percy's Madrigal has not. But let us proceed to something better—Fitzgeffrey's poem.

MORTON. Ought we not first to know a little more about the author?

BOURNE. Anthony Wood's account of him is, I apprehend, in the main correct: indeed, nobody has been able to add much to it, though Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, and others after him, have taken away what Wood claimed for Fitzgeffrey, viz. that he was the compiler of this work, "*England's Parnassus*," 1600, which contains, as you will perceive, selections from all the chief poets who wrote before that date.

MORTON. That collection has been given to Robt. Allot.

BOURNE. And probably justly, though only that writer's initials are subscribed to an introductory sonnet. Robt. Allot is a joint sonneteer with E. Guilpin before Markham's "*Devereux*," 1597. They were probably friends, and though Guilpin's name occurs in no other book, he is not unfrequently quoted in "*England's Parnassus*." This affords some slight confirmation that Allot was the compiler of it.

MORTON. I have often regretted that in the late fine reprint of it, the works of the various authors were not appended to their names.

BOURNE. That would be no easy undertaking at this distance of time; besides, it sometimes happens that lines are assigned to one author, that, in fact, belong to another: as one instance, I will read the following stanza attributed in "*England's Parnassus*" to *J. Weeuer*.

“ Among the many rare and speciall gifts
That in the female sexe are found to sitte,
This one is cheefe, that they are meerest shifts
Giue best aduise and shew most readie witte :
But man except hee chews and thinks and sifts
How euery part may aunswere to their fit
By rash aduise doth often ouer-shoote him
And doth accept the things that doe not boote him.”

Now that, with a verbal alteration or two, is the opening stanza of the 27 Book of Sir J. Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591.

MORTON. This circumstance would, of course, render what I suggested still more difficult.

ELLIOT. Is Fitzgeffrey quoted in “England's Parnassus?”

BOURNE. Frequently, as often as any author, which proves the popularity of his poem. Besides stating that he was the compiler of that collection, Anthony Wood tells us that Fitzgeffrey became a commoner of Broadgate Hall in 1592, and as he was then only seventeen years old, he was but in his one and twentieth year when he hazarded the publication of the work before us: had he been older and more discreet, he would most likely have omitted some parts, and chastened and moderated a good deal of the rest; but a correct taste was not to be expected from such youth.

MORTON. Wood's criticism, I observe, is, that it is written "in lofty verse," and he remarks that by those of his time he was called "the high-towering falcon."

BOURNE. On account of the ambitious, perhaps inflated, style in which some stanzas are written. But before we go further, let me quote to you a single stanza prefixed by him to Storer's "Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey," 1599; a satire more keen or more just was perhaps never uttered, nor better expressed. It is this: he is speaking of the reward of poets:

"Great Patrons giue us leaue their brass to gild,
And from deserued graues dead names to raise,
Crowning Minerua for her speare and shield
With golden wreath—*her booke with onely bayes*:
Because they think that fitter for the field,
And men of learning *well repaid with praise*:
They giue the spurr of praise, but adde the reine
And curb of *want*, to check them back againe."

ELLIOT. Very good indeed, but something too pungent to obtain him many patrons, I dare say. I wonder, considering how much men of letters in that day must have depended on the countenance of the great, that he would venture such a biting reproof.

MORTON. I do not exactly understand what Fitzgeffrey means in this preface in the Brit. Bibl. when

he states, "I write not voluntarily, but fatally. Neither did I seeke the occasion, but the occasion sought me."

BOURNE. Probably nothing more than that as others did not write upon that occasion, he was in a manner compelled to take his pen in hand: the Latin quotation he makes, *Ecce tacent omnes, Nævole dic aliquid*, implies as much. You observe, that in the dedicatory sonnet to Lady Drake, he calls her husband by the poetical, yet etymological name of the dragon: Lope de Vega termed him *Il Dragon marino*, but with a very different purpose.

ELLIOT. The line is not a little curious; "Loe! England's Dragon, thy true turtle-dove:" in the course of six words he makes Sir Francis the fiercest and gentlest of creatures.

BOURNE. It is not in good taste, but, as I said, his years may easily excuse that and greater defects.

"If men's youthful faults should iudge them,
T'would be the generalst execution
That ere was seene in England;"

(Mid. and Decker's Roaring Girl.)

especially the youthful faults of authors, and the long list of precocious poets who seem to have felt the force of that fine passage in Sir John Harington's *Apologie of Poetrie*—"What better and more meete studie is there for a young man then poetrie? specially Heroicall Poesie, that with her sweet state-

linesse doth erect the mind and lift it vp to the consideration of the highest matters : and allureth them, that would otherwise loth them, to take and swallow and digest the holosome precepts of Philosophie, and many times euen of the true diuinitie."

ELLIOT. The last line of Fitzgeffrey's sonnet is a paltry conceit without force or correctness.

" So may heroique DRAKE whose worth gaue wings
Vnto my Muse that nere before could flie,
And taught her tune these harsh discordant strings,
A note aboue her rurall minstralsie,
Live in himself, and I in him may live :
Thine eies to both vitalitie shall give."

Excepting for the sake of a gross piece of flattery, the line was wholly unnecessary, and has, in fact, nothing to do with those that precede.

MORTON. " A note above her rural minstrelsy," would indicate that he had written something before.

BOURNE. Most likely he had : a young man devoted to the " sweete Ladie Muses," begins his courtship long before he is one and twenty. Nothing, however, that I am aware of, has survived either in print or in MS. Very early in his poem he refers to his youth and boldness in this undertaking : he says ;

" Audacious infant, proud presumptuous boye,
That dares presume to name with faltring tongue,

And voice vntaught to tune an humble laye,
A name which thundring Zephrus hath songe,
And thousand Echos through the world have ronge:
With fames triumphant trumpet often spread
From th' Antique to th' Antartique famosed."

ELLIOT. "Thundering Zephyrus" is at least rather new: if he had applied the epithet to Boreas or Notus, it would have sounded better: a thundering Zephyr we do not understand.

MORTON. There may be a propriety in the use of Zephyrus, the west wind, on account of Sir F. Drake's expeditions to the western hemisphere.

BOURNE. Here, I think, is a tolerably fair specimen of Fitzgeffrey's more restrained style.

ELLIOT. Read it. Dr. Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, says, that those who endeavour to recommend our great dramatist by select passages, would "succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen;" but in criticising every work this is more or less unavoidable.

BOURNE. Dr. Johnson alludes to mere sententious quotations, detached from all the connecting portions of the scene: our extracts shall be longer.

ELLIOT. The Brit. Bibl. did not even present us with a brick of the house: the writer of the article thought it necessary to bring only the branch of a tree that grew before it—the dedicatory sonnet.

BOURNE. What I am about to read is from the body of Fitzgeffrey's poem.

“ O dire mischance ! o lamentable losse !
Impov'rising the riches of our Ile ;
O wherefore should sinister dest'nie crosse
And with her frowne incurtaine fortunes smile ?
O now I see she smiles but to beguile !
O Fortune alwaie to deserts unkinde ;
That England lost, not all the world shall finde !

O let us loose our sight with shedding teares,
And with eternall weeping loose our eies :
Loose breath with sighes, loose minde with dreerie
feares,

Loose sense with terror, and loose voice with cries :
Still meditating on our miseries,

Since we haue found our losse, he lost his breath ;
Since we haue lost his helpe, he found his death !

But oh ! why do we break our hearts with griefe,
And to the sencelesse aire sigh forth our grones ?
Sith all in vaine, heavens send us no reliefe,
But stop their eares against our piteous mones ?

Our sighes as soone may penetrate the stones
As heauens hard eares ; therefore do we plaine,
And therefore weepe because we weepe in vaine !”

ELLIOT. I confess that what you have just read seems to me but a few degrees above mediocrity ;

nor do I see much of that ambitious effort of which you spoke.

MORTON. The last stanza appears to me the best. I am pretty sure that I have seen somewhere plagiarised that line, "and therefore weep because we weep in vain;" the copier has, I think, a little altered it, "and weep *the more* because we weep in vain."

BOURNE. It is familiar also to my ear. I will give you a quotation or two presently, in rather a more animated and aspiring style.

ELLIOT. In what you read just now there is an obvious anxiety to say something good, without the accomplishment.

BOURNE. We ought to recollect that in all poems of this kind, on the deaths of persons in high stations, with whom the writer in all probability is unconnected, there must be more or less of what appears forced and unnatural; a pumping up for tears, sighs, and groans, and this defect belongs to Fitzgeffrey: even George Chapman, one of the most eloquent writers of that day, and a little later, and a fine majestic poet, betrays the same fault upon as fine a subject as could well be chosen, I mean in his "Epicede on the death of Henry Prince of Wales," 1612.

MORTON. There is a poetical and a private grief, if one may so say; in proportion as the last prevails the first cannot operate: a good poem on a subject of this kind is the result of strong feeling, no doubt,

but it must not be immediately acted upon: the mind must be something like the sea, which still continues its noble swell and picturesque motion after the loud winds that produced that swell and motion have subsided.

ELLIOT. Very just. A good poem in this kind is the effect not merely of passion, but of reflection—of feeling regulated by thought: while passion rages, reflection, of course, is banished; the helm and rudder are carried away in the storm.

BOURNE. Fitzgeffrey's lines have had the effect of making you both figurative and poetical: the first is the most new, and the last, perhaps, the most applicable. But to advert for a moment to the subject of plagiaries, which you mentioned just now, I will show you one of the most impudent I ever remember, and which I discovered only the other day. Here is Feltham's "Resolves," a book you well know, *the third edition* bearing date in 1628. In the address to the reader is this passage: "I haue so vsed them" (authorities and quotations) "as you may see I do not steale but borrow. If I do, let the Reader trace me, and if he will or can, to my shame discouer; there is no cheating like the Felony of Wit: Hee which theeves that, robbes the Owner, and coozens those that heare him:" an excellent sentiment, expressed with the force and terseness that belong to Feltham. Here, on the other hand, is a book called "The Drunkards Character, or a true Drunkard with such

sins as raigne in him," &c. by *R. Junius*, and the date, observe, is 1638, ten years after the third edition of *Feltham's Resolves*: the first sentence of the Dedication to Bishop Hall, the satirist, is this: "I see many make vse of your lines, few acknowledge, none return to giue thanks: but *no cheating like the felony of wit, for he which theeues that, robs the owner, and coosens all that heare him.*"

ELLIOT. A most unblushing thief and cheat by his own confession; at the moment too, when this Mr. R. Junius was accusing others of making use of Hall's lines without acknowledgment.

BOURNE. Yet Junius's book has many eloquent passages in it, and upon the whole merits much of the praise bestowed upon it by the Rev. Mr. Todd, in the introductory matter to his new edition of *Johnson's Dictionary*, where he devotes the following sentence to the "*Drunkard's Character*,"—"an octavo of near 900 pages, in many of which are very acute and forcible passages and descriptions. It is dedicated to Bishop Hall, to whom, *as to other authors*, he professes his obligations; commencing his address with this just and pithy remark," quoting the very words stolen from *Feltham*. Had the reverend editor been aware of the theft, he might have been less sparing of his applause of the thief.

ELLIOT. And might have entertained some doubt whether some other "acute and forcible passages" might not also have been bare-faced plagiaries.

BOURNE. Among all the authors cited by Mr. Todd, there is not one who receives such lengthy and distinguished approbation as R. Junius.

MORTON. I have been turning over the leaves of his book, and I find here a curious passage on which Cowley may have founded his *Naufragium Jocularé*.

ELLIOT. Indeed; let us hear it.

MORTON. "And have you not heard what *Athenæus* relates, how a tavern was by the fancy and imagination of a drunken crew turned into a gally; who having a tempest in their heads, caused by a sea of drinke within, verily thought this tap-house on land a pinnace at sea, and the present storm so vehement, that they unladed the ship, throwing the goods out at window, instead of overbord, calling the constable *Neptune*, and the officers *Tritons*; whereupon some got under the tables, as if they lay under hatches, another holding a great pot for the maste; all crying out, that so many brave gentlemen should be cast away."

BOURNE. It is not very likely that this should have given the hint to Cowley, as his Latin play was printed in the same year, 1638; he might have read the original, or most probably he had seen Thomas Heywood's play "The English Traveller," (1633), in which the scene described by Athenæus is humorously brought upon the stage.

ELLIOT. But, methinks, we are at sea ourselves, and shall soon be beyond our reckoning: if we go

out of our course for the sake of giving chase to pirates in this way, we shall never reach the end of our present voyage—the end of Fitzgeffrey's poem.

MORTON. Our pilot led us out of our track.

BOURNE. I beg pardon; the crew mutinied and ran away with the ship:—however, the joke is not worth keeping up; we are now again in a direct course, with the greatest navigator of the world to steer us—Sir Francis Drake.

ELLIOT. Do not suppose from my interruption, that I am generally averse to these digressions, excepting when we are really wandering too far.—*“C'est être,”* (observes Montaigne), *“mais ce n'est pas vivre, que se tenir attaché et obligé par nécessité à un seul train.”*

BOURNE. I think so too, but the difficulty is first to fix bounds, and afterwards to observe them.—Here is another quotation from about the middle of Fitzgeffrey's work, the excellence and poetical beauty of which I do not think you will deny: it is an address to the spirits of the great English discoverers and circumnavigators, whom he has previously enumerated.

*“Sleepe on securelie, ô thrise blessed bones,
The sacred reliques of so fair a saint,
In your rich tombe, enchas'd with precious stones,
Till honour shall your destinie prevent,
And Fame revive the breath that Fates have spent:”*

And if no *Homer* will displaie your name,
Accept a *Cherilus* to doe the same.

Live, ô live ever, ever-living spirites,
Where ever-live the sp'rites of vertuous livers;
Heavens have your soules, the earth your fame in-
herits;

But when earth's massie apple turnes to shivers,
And fire conioines that nature now dissevers,

That holds your souls shall then your fames con-
taine,

For earth shall end, your praise shall still remaine.

What though you left your bodies far from home,
And some on seas, some died on the land,

Loosing the honour of your fathers tombe,

Which manie seeke, few have, none understand;

Heaven is as neare from sea as from the land:

What though your costly tombe you could not
have,

You sought your countries good, not countries
grave."

ELLIOT. I admit that that is a considerable im-
provement upon what you read before; yet there
are several lines that might be altered to ad-
vantage.

BOURNE. And more that could not be improved:
the subsequent stanza upon Drake's birth is also
good, particularly the closing couplet.

“ A glorious splendour of a luckie star
 Lightened upon his birth a luckie smile,
 Portending valour and successe in war;
 A thought which no dishonour should defile;
 All crosse aspects his wisdom did beguile;
 For whatsoever stars seem to importune,
 Wisdom predominates both fate and fortune.”

MORTON. John Higgins, one of the authors of the Mirror for Magistrates, has a line with a similar sentiment, “ Each man, they say, his fate hath in his hands.”

ELLIOT. Shakespeare, you know, says, “ Men at some time are masters of their fates.”

BOURNE. Thomas Nabbes, a too obscure poet, who wrote a little afterwards, has a fine passage in his play of Scipio and Hannibal (1637).

“ Fortune’s an under power that is her selfe
 Commanded by desert. ’Tis a meere vainesse
 Of our credulity to give her more
 Then her due attribute, which is but servant
 To an heroick spirit.”

And Ben Jonson, in his Underwoods unless I mistake, says still better;

“ Minds that are great and free
 Do not on fortune pause;
 Enough for virtue is her own applause!”

ELLIOT. They are all admirable: I know not which

is best, though Ben Jonson's last line is a translation. Fitzgeffrey certainly improves upon us as we proceed: what more of him have you?

BOURNE. I could go on selecting passages all day, but for the sake of brevity I will only read, from that part of his poem which is general, two more sentences equally good, I think, in the thought and in the language. He is speaking of the daring spirit Drake displayed in all his enterprises:

“ Even in the jaws of Death did valour beare him,
That Death himself might know DRAKE did not
feare him.”

And in the next stanza—

“ Valour in greatest dangers shines most bright
As full-fac'd *Phæbe* in the darkest night.”

Perhaps the last is a little common-place.

ELLIOT. And the simile false, for when the moon shines the night is not dark.

MORTON. The epithet *full-faced* is objectionable, but that is a trifle.

BOURNE. There is one part of this production that will and ought to excite peculiar attention, and which has never been quoted or remarked upon by any extractor from “ the musty relics of old time ;” I mean the passages where Fitzgeffrey eulogises the great poets of his own day—Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton.

MORTON. Any thing relating to such men must be interesting.

ELLIOT. Let us hear it: the opinions of contemporaries, if not always impartial, must be always worth listening to.

BOURNE. The following stanzas refer to the three celebrated poets I have mentioned: Fitzgeffrey is pursuing the apology with which he set out for attempting so high a subject, and he does so with great eloquence and energy.

“ Then you, sweet-singing Sirens of these times,
Deere darlings of the Delian deitie,
That with your Angels-soule-enchanting rimes
Transport *Parnassus* into Britanie;
With learning's garland crowning Poesie;
'Sdaine not that our harsh complaints should beate
your eares;
Arts want may stop our tongues, but not our
teares.

SPENSER whose hart inharbours *Homers* soule
If Simian Axioms be autenticall:
DANIEL who well may *Maros* text controule
With proud *plus ultra*, true note marginall:
And golden-mouthed DRAYTON musicall,
Into whose soule sweete SIDNEY did infuse
The essence of his Phoenix-feather'd Muse.
Types of true honour, *Phæbus Tripodes*,
Hell-charming Orphei, Syrens of the sence,

Wits substance, Ioves braine-borne *Pallades*,
 Soules *Manna*, heavens Ambrosian influence,
 True centers of renownes circumference,
 The graceful *Graces* faire triplicitie;
 Of moderne Poets rarest trinarie!

Imbath your Angel-feathers loftie quill
 In fluent amber-dropping Castalie,
 That liquid gold may from your pen distill,
 Encarving characters of memorie,
 In brazen-leav'd books of eternitie :

Be *DRAKES* worth royalized by your wits,
 That *DRAKES* high name may coronize your writs!
 Let famous Red Crosse yeld to famous *DRAKE*,
 And good Sir Guion give to him his launce;
 Let all the Mortimers surrender make
 To one that higher did his fame advance;
 Cease Lancasters and Yorkes iars to enhaunce;
 Sing all, and all too few to sing *DRAKES* fame;
 Your poems neede no laurel save his name!"

In the last stanza is a particular reference to some of the works of Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton.

MORTON. What a fondness he shows for compound words, "golden-mouthed Drayton,"—"Phoenix-feather'd Muse,"—"Hell-charming Orphei,"—"Amber-dropping Castaly," and others not quite so musical.

BOURNE. But still forcible and expressive.

ELLIOT. What think you of the epithet "Angels-

soul-enchancing rhimes?" That is tolerably laborious, is it not?

BOURNE. It is, yet like the effort of a young man, who has spent most of his time in studying the dead languages, particularly

———"the learned Greek,

Blest in the lovely marriage of sweet words;"

as Middleton beautifully expresses it in that odd play of his with an odd title, "A Mad World, my Masters."

MORTON. A partiality for compound epithets is the ordinary fault of young poets who are fond of the Greek Classics.

BOURNE. It has been observed by the critics of Milton that the alteration, if not the improvement, of his style, in this respect, can be regularly traced as he advanced in life: in truth, though in Greek the "marriage of sweet words" may be "lovely" enough, in English the parties are generally a little too coy and discordant to make the union a happy one.

ELLIOT. I doubt the correctness of the common opinion that English is ill suited for compound words.

MORTON. The superabundance of monosyllables, one would think, ought to render their conjunction less difficult.

BOURNE. But probably less harmonious; on the

other hand I recollect a remarkable passage in the address to the reader by Chapman, before his translation of Homer, where he not only defends but eulogises the monosyllabic structure of the English language.

MORTON. And if my memory serves me, he also justifies the use of the long fourteen-syllable verse employed in his Iliad.

BOURNE. He does in the same place.

ELLIOT. Read what he says: at present I do not feel inclined to agree with him.

BOURNE. The praise of monosyllables follows that of the long verse, as you will see.

“ But grant it cleere; yet hath detraction got

My blinde side in the forme my verse puts on?

Much like a dung-hill Mastife that dares not

Assault the man he barks at, but the stone

He throwes at him, takes in his eager iawes,

And spoyles his teeth because they cannot spoyle.

The long verse hath by prooffe receiu'd applause

Beyond each other number, and the foile

That squint-ey'd Enuie takes, is censur'd plaine.

For this long Poeme askes this length of verse,

Which I my selfe ingenuously maintaine

Too long our shorter Authors to reherse.

And for our tongue, that still is so empayr'd

By trauailing linguists, I can proue it cleare

That no tongue hath the Muses vtterance heyr'd
 For verse, and that sweet Musique to the eare
 Strooke out of rime, so naturally as this :
 Our Monosyllables so kindly fall
 And meete opposde in rime, as they did kisse :
 French and Italian most immetricall ;
 Their many syllables in harsh Collision,
 Fall as they brake their necks ; their bastard Rimes
 Saluting as they iustl'd in transition,
 And set our teeth on edge ; nor tunes nor times
 Kept in their falles."

ELLIOT. Chapman could surely know nothing of Italian, "that language formed for poetry and love," when he calls it "most immetrical." French I do not defend, though *Boileau*, in his second satire, says a great deal in its favour in this respect, especially when employed by *Moliere*. The general praise of English I am willing to admit, though it is a little extravagant.

MORTON. Thomas Churchyard, who was Chapman's contemporary, but began to write long before him, is perhaps still warmer in his applause of his native tongue as the vehicle of poetry: yet when he penned the following lines, which are quoted in the *Muse's Library*, neither Spenser, Daniel, nor Drayton, had probably written in it.

" I pray you then, my friends,
 Disdaine not for to vewe

The works and sugred verses fine
Of our raer poetes newe.
Whoes barbarous language rued,
Perhaps ye may mislike;
But blame not them that ruedly playe
If they the ball do strike.
Nor skorne your mother-tunge
O babes of Englishe-breed!
I haue of other language seene,
And you at full may read
Fine verses trimly wrought,
And coucht in comly sort,
But neuer I nor you, I troe,
In sentence plaine and short,
Did yet beholde with eye
In any forraine tonge
A higher verse, a staetlyer style,
That may be read or sung,
Then is this daye in deede
Our Englishe verse and ryme,
The grace wherof doth touch the Gods
And reach the cloudes sometime."

ELLIOT. High-flown indeed!—Do you recollect any persons besides Chapman, who praise the fourteen syllable verse?

BOURNE. Not any other poets at this moment; but all, or nearly all, our oldest translators used it:

Phaer perhaps set the example in his Virgil, Golding followed it in his Ovid, and Googe in his Palingenius's Zodiac of Life; besides many others.

ELLIOT. I observe, on taking Chapman's Homer into my hand for the first time, that notwithstanding his eulogy of the long verse which he has used in the Iliad, he has abandoned it in the Odyssey, which I presume he translated afterwards, and has adopted the common ten-syllable heroic measure: his practice therefore disproves his theory.

BOURNE. They are conflicting; but, on the other hand, his choice of the long verse seems to have been upon second thought: In 1598, he put forth "Seauen Bookes of the Iliades of Homere," and in the same year he added, in a separate pamphlet, "Achilles Shield. Translated as the other seuen Bookes of Homer;" but the first was in fourteen-syllable, and the last in ten-syllable verse, and not, in fact, "as the other seuen Bookes:" you may judge by the following four lines from it.

"Bright-footed Thetis did the spheare aspire,
(Amongst th' Immortals) of the God of fire,
Starrie, incorruptible, and had frame
Of ruddie brasse, right shaped by the lame."

When Chapman published the Iliad altogether afterwards, in fourteen-syllable verse, he altered them thus:

“ And now the siluer-footed Queene, had her ascension made
To that incorruptible house, that stary golden court
Of fiery Vulcan; beautiful amongst th’ immortal sort
Which yet the lame god built himselfe”——

“ Bright-footed,” in the first, is not nearly so chaste a compound epithet as “ silver-footed” in the last: the last, too, is the original.

ELLIOT. In Germany, a very learned professor of the name of Voss, who has translated Homer, and indeed nearly all the poetical classics, Greek and Latin, into their original measures, has adopted the compound epithets of Homer, and they have both grace and force in German.

MORTON. In this respect, whether English be or be not well adapted to the purpose, I think Chapman has been very successful with them in his version.

ELLIOT. Let us have a few of them.

MORTON. He has “ the silver-footed Nereids”——
“ the thousand-coloured Iris,”——“ the swift-foot Achilles,”——“ the white-fleeced clouds,” and others.

ELLIOT. And they have the additional merit of being all literal translations.

BOURNE. Some of his contemporaries did not admire, or pretended not to admire, his version; and that they endeavoured to detract from his merit, is clear from what he inserts in the preface to the folio edition, without date. “ But,” says he, “ there is

a certaine enuious Windsucker, that houers vp and downe, laboriously engrossing al the aire with his luxurious ambition; and buzzing into euery eare my detraction, affirming I turne Homer out of Latine only. . . . One that, as he thinkes, whatsoeuer he giues to others, he takes from himselfe; so whatsoeuer he takes from others he addes to himselfe. . . I haue striken, single him as you can."

MORTON. To whom does he refer? I should not at all wonder if it were a hit at Ben Jonson.

ELLIOT. It is a severe one at all events; but I am afraid it would be vain for us, at this distance, to attempt "to single him"—Chapman is purposely obscure in his allusion.

BOURNE. Of this at least we are certain—that Ben Jonson was in possession of the "Seven Books" first published, because the copy in the British Museum bears his autograph upon the title-page—*Sū Ben Jonsonij*. Others had found fault with Chapman's prose as well as with his verse; and in the preface to his "Achilles Shield" he defends himself most strenuously.

ELLIOT. But to return to that interesting part of Fitzgeffrey's poem where we left off: has he any further mention of the contemporaries whom he so enthusiastically admires?

MORTON. Yes; here I find a passage, in which, as far as I have read, he seems to be quite as enthusiastic in his applauses of the writers for the

stage of his day: he rates them above Euripides and Sophocles.

“ O you the quaint Tragedians of our times
Whose statelie shanks embuskind by the Muses,
Draw all the world to wonder at your rimes;
Whose sad Melpomene robs Euripides,
And wins the palme and price from Sophocles;
While Poe and Seine are sick to think upon
How Thames doth ebbe and flowe pure Helicon.”

ELLIOT. That is absurdly extravagant; but he seems to be too much of an enthusiast to do any thing in moderation. Go on.

MORTON. Here again we come to a passage which I wonder some of the annotators on Shakespeare have not employed: probably, however, they never read the poem before us. I recollect a line in one of Shakespeare's plays in these words—“ For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.”

BOURNE. It is in the first part of Henry IV.

MORTON. Fitzgeffrey has it thus:—

“ Who at your pleasures drawe or else let downe
The floud-hatches of all spectators eies;
Whose full-brain'd temples deckt with lawrel crowne,
Ore worlds of harts with words do tirannize,
To whom all Theaters sing Plaudities;
While you with golden chaines of well-tun'd songes
Link all mens eares and teares unto your tongues.

“ Cease to eternize in your marble verse
 The falls of fortune-tossed Venerists,
 And straine your tragicke Muses to rehearse
 The high exploits of Iove-borne Martialists ;
 Where smoakie gun-shot clouds the air with mists,
 Where groves of speares pitch'd ready for the fight
 Dampe up the element from Eagles flight !”

BOURNE. You must admit that many of these lines are considerably above the level of ordinary poetry. Here Fitzgeffrey has left behind him his manufactured grief, and is upon a subject that inspires him.

ELLIOT. “ Dam up the element from Eagle's flight” is certainly a bold and noble figure.

MORTON. The whole flow of the lines is majestic : the compound epithets, though too often repeated, give a dignity and elevation to the language.

ELLIOT. His principal fault is certainly a want of simplicity—an obtrusive effort to say something fine. *Magno conatu magnas nugas dicere*. At the same time he by no means avoids vulgarisms, such as “ *stately shanks* embuskin'd by the Muses,” which would much better become a burlesque than a serious heroic poem.

BOURNE. I think I can show you a specimen of the mock-sublime, or serious burlesque, to your heart's content. It is a poem upon one of the ex-

ploits of the same individual to whose memory Fitzgeffrey's work is dedicated.

MORTON. Few men seem to have afforded more employment to the Muses than Sir Francis Drake. I recollect in a list of the works of George Peele there is a poem upon his sailing from England on one of his expeditions.

BOURNE. There is, and it well merits reading; but we will come to it presently. First look at this glorious sample of the mock sublime, by a man of the name of Thomas Greepe.

ELLIOT. I hope it is that sort of unconscious burlesque which makes the reader almost die with laughter, while the author imagines that he has produced something uncommonly fine.

BOURNE. It is of that kind, though you will probably be able to keep your laughter within bounds. Greepe's ridiculous Ballad, for I can call it no better, was published in 1587, nine years before Fitzgeffrey wrote. The title will explain the subject: it is called "The true and perfect newes of the woorthy and valiaunt exploytes performed and doone by that valiant Knight, Syr Frauncis Drake: not onely at Sancto Domingo and Carthagena, but also now at Cales and vpon the Coast of Spayne." Observe what a glorious wood-cut of the ship Bonaventure is upon the title page.

MORTON. Magnificent!

ELLIOT. Of a piece with the poem, I hope.

BOURNE. That is quite as magnificent: witness the following extract:—

“ This famous fleete sayles on their way
To *Sancto Yuago* they were bent;
Short of this Towne three leagues, I say,
Twelue hundred men on shore were sent.

On Nouember the seauenteene day,
With Captaines stoute to keep the way.”

ELLIOT. “ On November the seventeen day” is a noble line, and with all the exactness of history.

MORTON. I wonder the author omitted to state at what hour.

BOURNE. Further on it improves; and if before Mr. Greepe has been very precise as to dates, he now becomes most minute as to circumstances.

“ Their enemies fled with such great hast,
They left their roastmeate on the spit;
Hens and Chickens well crom’d and baste,
Tables couered ready to sitte:

Wine and suger they found good store
Their guests were come vnlooked for.”

ELLIOT. He is quite facetious in the last line.

BOURNE. And the whole is told with such a solemn seriousness.

ELLIOT. In its kind I have seldom seen any thing better. They had not only roast-meat, but hens and

chickens ; and he does not omit to let us know that they were well crumbed and basted.

MORTON. It has been often said, that one great beauty in a poet is to remark and detail *minutiæ* that escape vulgar eyes : this qualification seems to have been possessed by our worthy friend in perfection.

ELLIOT. I rather think that “ hens and chickens well crumbed and basted ” are *minutiæ* that would not easily escape vulgar eyes. Is there any more of this delectable stuff ?

BOURNE. Yes, a great deal : here is a comparison between Drake and Ulysses.

“ Vlysses with his Nauie great
In ten yeares space great valour wonne ;
Yet all this time did no such feate,
As Drake within one yeere hath doone.
Both Turk and Pope and all our foes,
Doe dread this Drake where ere he goes.”

MORTON. I remember to have read somewhere an Epigram, if it deserve the name, upon Sir Francis Drake, and the defeat of the Armada by him, which concluded with these lines, well worthy of the pen of Greepe :—

“ Yet more by valour than good luck,
Unto this *Drake* the Spaniards *duck*.”

BOURNE. But the best part of the joke yet remains behind, for observe in the Epistle to the Reader

we have a special sentence. Greepe admits that his poem "is not pend in lofty verse, nor curiously handled."

ELLIOT. There he is mistaken.

BOURNE. And then he adds, with a tolerable spice of presumptuousness, "nothing can more profite thy posteritie hereafter, than the bearing in memory so worthy a thing; for how should we know the woorthy deedes of our Elders, if those learned Poets and Historiographers had not set them downe in wryting?" enumerating Homer, Euripides, and Josephus, with whom of course he ranks himself, by virtue of this special production.

ELLIOT. There is no end to the self-delusion which poor conceited authors practise upon themselves. When we find Spenser asserting—

"Even this verse, vowed to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal monument;"

(Son. lxix.)

and Shakespeare declaring—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monument
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;"

(Son. lv.)

we hold it a glorious consciousness of their own immortality; but when, on the other hand, we find such a poor mistaken being as Percival Stockdale, for the satisfaction of future ages, describing minutely where he stood at the time he wrote certain lines on

a lady's goldfinch, he only makes himself pitifully ridiculous. We read with a mixture of contempt and compassion.

BOURNE. Greepe, at all events, has survived the day in which he wrote, if it be only to show himself "immortally absurd."

MORTON. For aught we know he might prefer that to perfect oblivion; something like those to whom the idea of everlasting torments is more tolerable than that of complete extinction.

BOURNE. Here is another stanza worth reading in Mr. Greepe's production.

MORTON. Another stanza worth laughing at, you mean.

BOURNE. Hear it for a *finale*.

"When tidings came vnto the Courte
Sir Frauncis Drake was newe come home,
Her Highness hearing this reporte,
Her grace was glad that he was come:
And all her Lords with one accord
For hys safe returne praysed the Lord."

and then it ends in the true ballad style, "God saue our Queene of merry England." Yet an imperfect copy of this tract lately sold for many guineas.

ELLIOT. We have spent time enough now about such trash: we must not make the joke tedious.

MORTON. Well, then, to something else. You said

that you would show us Peele's poem on Sir Francis Drake. Peele, Nash, Greene, and Marlow, are four contemporaries I take great interest about.

BOURNE. They were all what we now call high fellows, and all admirable poets: men of more wit than prudence, and who ran through all the pleasures of the town in their day.

MORTON. If we may credit the book called "The merrie conceited Iests of George Peele," he was quite as much of a sharper as a joker.

BOURNE. He was the veriest knave that ever escaped transportation, if they represent the truth, and we have some reason to think they are not much exaggerated: in one instance he invited a gentleman of property to sleep at his house, and next morning ran away with his guest's clothes and money. Several of these jests form the incidents of a comedy attributed to Shakespeare, called "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling-Street," the earliest known edition of which is in 1607, though most likely acted some time earlier. The principal character is George *Pieboard*, obviously a pun upon *Peele*, and the jests are followed pretty exactly.

MORTON. I suppose the "Merry conceited Jests" were not printed until the subject of them was dead.

BOURNE. I suppose not; and throughout Peele is spoken of as a person then dead, though Wood and Tanner inform us that they were written by himself; and he died, unquestionably, before 1598.

MORTON. They were reprinted not long ago?

BOURNE. They were, from an edition without date: but no doubt there were many impressions of so amusing a little pamphlet about so notorious a man. One of the date of 1627 was sold among the books of Sir Robert Gordon two years ago for six pounds. I have not had a sufficient opportunity to examine the subject minutely, which, considering the resemblance between Peele's Jests, and the "Puritan," might be worth while. When I first read that play, and observed the correspondence, I imagined that I had made a discovery.

MORTON. But afterwards perhaps you made another, viz. that your discovery was not new?

BOURNE. I found that Steevens refers to the point in a note—that is to say, he hazards a conjecture, that *Pieboard* is meant for *Peele*. However, there cannot be the least doubt about it.

ELLIOT. If you had been the original discoverer, I do not think it ought to have immortalized you, though perhaps some book-collectors, and book-critics too, may have built their fame on a foundation less stable. Have you Peele's Jests?

BOURNE. Here is a copy; and on p. 7. is a division called "The Iests of George and the Barber," which will illustrate what I was remarking. George Peele had stolen a Brentford barber's lute (for barbers in those days kept musical instruments in their shops for the amusement of their customers),

and the barber followed him to London and demanded it. George vows that he was just about to send for it from a gentleman in the city, (to whose daughter he had lent it) that he might return it. In fact, Peele had made away with it to gratify some of his extravagancies; but he promised to take the barber to the gentleman's house, to whom he had to read a mask, or pageant he had written. The barber accompanies him to the dwelling of an Alderman, whose porter Peele knew; and while the barber and porter are conversing at some distance, Peele, making action as if he were reading poetry, in fact, applies to the Alderman to let him escape at a back door. Peele pretends that he only wishes to avoid bailiffs, who are pursuing him, and "the kinde Gentleman little dreaming of George Peeles deceit, tooke him into the Parlor, gave him a brace of Angels and caused one of his seruants to let George out at the Garden doore." This is the abridgment of the jest.

MORTON. And how is the incident managed in the play?

ELLIOT. It is by no means untheatrical: the extravagant action of Peele as if reading poetry, when in fact he was making a very pitiful request, would produce an excellent effect on the stage. Let us see how it is treated.

BOURNE. The Barber is dismissed in the play, and the hero is represented as really hunted into cover

by *Puttock* and *Ravenshaw*, a bailiff and his follower, or as they were then called, “two serjeants.” He makes them believe that a gentleman of fortune is about to purchase the Device of a Mask of him for five pounds, and that he is on his way to read it to him, and to receive the money. They agree to accompany *Peele*, who resorts to the same trick of poetical action, while he is making his supplication. It is in the third act, but the play is not divided into scenes.

“*Pyebord*. I beseech you conceal me sir, I’m undone else,—I have a mask here for you sir,—look you sir,—I beseech your Worship, first pardon my rudenesse, for my extreame make me boulder then I would be: I am a poor gentleman and a schollar, and now most unfortunately false into the hands of unmercifull officers, arrested for debt, which though small I am not able to compasse, by reason I’m destitute of lands, money, and friends, so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of a prison, I am like vtterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pincht cleane to the bone. Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a gentleman, I beseech you to vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape which I have already thought vpon.”

Peele then discloses his scheme, and the gentleman exclaims, “By my troth an excellent device,” on which one bailiff observes to the other “An excellent *device* he says: he likes it wonderfully, and

his fellow replies "O theres no talk on't, he's an excellent schollar, and especially at a Mask."

MORTON. Thus the serjeants fall into the trap, and Peele escapes out of it.

BOURNE. Exactly as is related in the "Merrie conceited Jests." Several of the other anecdotes of Peele are made use of in the play, which is very entertaining; and though no doubt not written by Shakespeare, was certainly penned by a clever fellow. The last incident in Peele's Jests is incorporated in Marston's play of "Antonio and Mellida," first printed in 1602, which shows that the story was current before that date.

ELLIOT. I am almost ashamed to confess, that, excepting Pericles, I never read any of the seven plays imputed to Shakespeare.

MORTON. I fancy you are only one out of a very large proportion of readers: they are seldom perused but by antiquaries for purposes merely antiquarian.

BOURNE. Yet, take my word for it, they contain much that is beautiful, though I feel pretty well satisfied that Shakespeare had nothing to do with any of them; he probably took hints from several, especially from "the History of Sir John Oldcastle," in which is the embryo of that fine scene in Henry V., where the king discloses his knowledge of the treasons of Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray. "The History of Sir John Oldcastle" was, in fact, the production of four Poets, Munday, Drayton, Wilson,

and Hathwaye. However, we have not time to enter into this matter at present.

ELLIOT. I will certainly read them without delay.

BOURNE. One of the most striking is the "Yorkshire Tragedy," founded upon a story still current, as may be seen in Whitaker's splendid history of that county. Dr. Farmer gives it to James Shirley, which is impossible, unless it were written before he was sixteen years old : Shirley was born in 1594, and "the Yorkshire Tragedy" was printed in 1608, and acted anterior to that date. Steevens as decidedly attributes it to Shakespeare.

MORTON. And to whom do you assign it? I suppose you have a theory of your own.

BOURNE. To Thomas Nash : at least I will give you a reason which makes that position not improbable. In the play (just before the father kills his son), in the agony of his despair at having gambled away all his property, he exclaims, in the course of a speech,

"Divines and dying men may talk of Hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell!"

Now these identical lines are found in a piece of poetry undoubtedly Nash's, inserted in his "Pierce Pennilesse," printed in 1593, and they are quoted by Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's friend, three years earlier, in his "Foure Letters and certaine Sonnetts," &c. It is not likely that any author would venture to

steal two lines from so popular a writer as Nash, though Nash might not care about repeating himself.

ELLIOT. Your argument appears certainly plausible.

BOURNE. Besides, I do not think it would be difficult to prove that the style of "the Yorkshire Tragedy" much resembles that of Nash, though in many respects extremely unlike any thing in Shakespeare. Now let us go back to Sir Francis Drake.

MORTON. With all my heart; only before we proceed with Fitzgeffrey, let us look at George Peele's poem, which you undertook to produce.

ELLIOT. It is astonishing how soon one begins to take an interest in these men and their writings.

BOURNE. Before we have done, I have little doubt you will become as sincere a lover of old poetry as any of us.

ELLIOT. We shall see that hereafter: what is the title of Peele's poem?

BOURNE. It is this, "A Farewell. Entituled to the famous and fortunate Generalls of our English forces, Sir John Norrice and Sir Frauncis Drake Knights, and all their braue and resolute followers. Whereunto is annexed A Tale of Troy. Doone by George Peele, Maister of Artes in Oxforde. At London," &c. 1589: the year after the defeat of the Armada, you will observe, and Greepe's performance is the year before it.

ELLIOT. Never mind the dates : let us have the poem.

BOURNE. "Never mind the dates !" I fear you are relapsing.

MORTON. Dates are often most important.

BOURNE. That is said in the true antiquarian spirit. "Never mind the dates !" Why Herbert, Ritson, and many others of that dust-raking race, would have told you that the date and colophon were almost the only valuable parts of a book.

ELLIOT. And very often they would have told truly : for instance, what is the intrinsic value of such a poem as Greepe's ?

BOURNE. But to Ritson they were all alike.

ELLIOT. Ritson was an——

BOURNE. Antiquarian.

ELLIOT. Never mind—the term I would have applied, and that you interposed, are often nearly synonymous. But come, to Peele, whose poem you say was printed the year after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

BOURNE. I assure you it is a very spirited performance.

ELLIOT. Permit us to judge for ourselves, with all deference to your opinion, though you are something of an antiquarian.

BOURNE. You shall judge for yourself. Peele's poem begins with these lines :

“ Haue doone with care my harts, aborde amaine,
With stretching sailes to plowe the swelling waues !”
and a little afterwards,

“ Change Loue for Armes, girt to your blades my
 boyes,
Your Rests and Muskets take, take Helme and
 Targe,
And let God Mars his consort make you mirth.
The roring Cannon and the brazen Trumpe,
The angry sounding Drum, the whistling Fife,
The shrieks of men, the princelie coursers ney !
Now vaile your bonnets to your freends at home,
Bid all the louelie British Dames adiewe,
That vnder many a Standarde well aduaunc’d,
Haue bid the sweete alarmes and braues of loue.”

ELLIOT. You are right: it is certainly both spirited
and harmonious.

MORTON. But I think it is in bad taste: when he
invites them “to make them mirth” with Mars’s
concert, he tells them that a part of that concert
consists of the “shrieks of men:” that is not very
likely to have an animating effect.

BOURNE. He refers, no doubt, to the shrieks of
their enemies.

MORTON. Shakespeare has shown more judgment
in that passage, so well remembered, and of which

Peele's lines cannot fail to remind one, where Othello is summoning together the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," which he is about to abandon for ever in despair. Here are no "shrieks of men," which would render the scene terrible instead of attractive.

BOURNE. Your criticism is just: but Coleridge, the first and best of modern commentators (if he will pardon me for so classing him), has shown that Shakespeare was generally as superior to his contemporaries in judgment, as he was in imagination, and this passage is one more proof of it.

ELLIOT. What you have read from Peele, I perceive is in blank verse.

BOURNE. It is one of not a very few early pieces, not dramatic, in blank verse.

MORTON. This is a further instance to show that Milton was in an error, to a certain extent, when he said that his *Paradise Lost* was to be esteemed as "an example set, *the first in English*." Lord Surrey, as every body now knows, had translated a part of Virgil's *Æneid* into blank verse.

BOURNE. And many others had written it before the close of the sixteenth century. But this is a subject meriting further elucidation, which we will defer at present.

ELLIOT. Let us hear a little more of the poem by Peele.

BOURNE. With all my heart.

“ To armes my fellow souldiers; Sea and land
 Lie open to the voyage you intende!
 And sea and land, bold Britons, farre and neere
 Whateuer course your matchlesse vertue shapes:
 Whether to Europes boundes or Asian plaines
 To Africks shore or rich America **
 Sayle on; pursue your honours to your graues!
 Heauen is a sacred couering for your heads,
 And euery Clymat vertues 'Tabernacle!’”

ELLIOT. According to these specimens, Peele's versification had the three great requisites; it was rich, fluent, and vigorous.

BOURNE. He was a very accomplished poet; but on a future occasion I may show you several other pieces by him, well meriting to be taken out of the dust in which they have lain for about two centuries.

MORTON. What is the “Tale of Troy” mentioned in his title?

BOURNE. It is much longer, and in rhyme, somewhat homely and familiar: it is introduced, as the author tells us, to incite the English to follow the example of their “predecessors the Troyans.” It has some pretty passages; for instance, where he says of Paris when a shepherd;

“ So couth he sing his layes among them all
 And tune his pipe vnto the waters fall.”

MORTON. That is imitated from Spenser's Eclogue for April, “And tuned it unto the water's fall.”

BOURNE. I did not recollect that. This addendum was most likely made to swell the pamphlet, for the "Farewell" occupies little more than two pages: Peele wanted money, I dare say, at the time, for in his *Jests* it is observed shrewdly, that "he was of the *poetical* disposition, never to write so long as his money lasted." Now we may come back to Fitzgeffrey, though, in fact, we have arrived nearly at the end of his production; at least, at the end of what is most observable in it. I see here, however, a passage that I have marked, referring to a contemporary, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest bookmaker of his day, Gervase or Jervis Markham. I think Fitzgeffrey much over-lauds Markham's poem, printed the year before, called "the most honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile."

MORTON. He is, I suppose, the same Markham who translated Ariosto's *Satires*.

BOURNE. Who pretended to have translated them, but in fact they were done by Robert Tofte. Markham was a sort of booksellers' hack, and was up to all the tricks of trade: it seems that he, or somebody else, stole Tofte's version, and printed it boldly with his name on the title-page. He was guilty of nearly the same offence with a prose pamphlet by Barnabe Rich; only he had the prudence to wait until the real author was dead, and then republished it as his own original performance.

ELLIOT. Markham's fraud upon Tofte could not have been detected when Fitzgeffrey praised his poem on the death of Sir Richard Grenville.

BOURNE. Certainly not; for the Satires of Ariosto in English were not published until twelve years afterwards (1608). Sir Egerton Brydges was not aware of this fact when, in his new edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, he recognises Markham's false claim to the production.

ELLIOT. It makes one curious to see what Fitzgeffrey says of him.

BOURNE. This, speaking of Markham's poem on the death of Sir R. Grenville:

“ Well hath this Poet royalis'd his acts,
And curiouslie describ'd his tragedie;
Quaintlie he hath eternized his acts
In lasting characters of Memorie;
Even co-eternal with eternitie:
So that the world envies his happie state,
That he should live when it is ruinate.”

This is too extravagant, as you will allow when I show you, hereafter, some extracts from the work here spoken of. Sir Philip Sidney has been so be-lauded by poets good and bad, ancient and modern, that it is needless to repeat what Fitzgeffrey observes of him, especially as it is rather common-place. It is not necessary for us to quote much more from “ the honorable life's Commendation” of Sir Francis

Drake, which is undoubtedly over-laboured and over-long; I do not know of any elegiac piece of the kind which consists of so many stanzas.

MORTON. They were by no means uncommon about that date.

BOURNE. George Whetstone was one of the principal writers of them: he seems to have made it a rule, when any person of note died, to court the relatives by some condoling verses.

ELLIOT. Did not Spenser do the same?

MORTON. I beg your pardon: he has pieces of the kind; but one was upon the death of the wife of his particular friend, Sir A. Gorges, and the other on the fatal calamity which befel his early patron and friend, Sir P. Sidney. They both had claims upon him.

BOURNE. They are not to be ranked with Whetstone's productions, either in point of motive or execution: the latter are, however, very scarce; and in the only one I have seen (except that, reprinted, upon Gascoyne) he speaks, in an address to the reader, of his "former readiness in exposing the lives of many worthy personages." This is upon the same subject as one of Spenser's effusions—the untimely death of Sir P. Sidney—and I made an extract or two from it: it is entitled, "Sir Phillip Sidney, his honourable life, his valiant death and true vertues. A perfect Myrror for the followers of Mars and Mercury." It is dedicated by Whetstone (or, as he signs himself,

with the usual carelessness of the time, Whetstones)
“to his especial good Lord and Maister the Earl of
Warwick.”

MORTON. It was published soon after the event, I
suppose?

BOURNE. Yes, soon after; but Whetstone makes an
apology for writing so late, and Cadman, the printer,
for delaying the publication—adding, that it had been
penned before the author went into the Low Countries.

ELLIOT. Is there any thing remarkable in what
Whetstone says of Sir P. Sidney?

BOURNE. He was an eye-witness of his fall before
Zutphen, and the following stanzas are worth notice
on that account, and perhaps on that account only:
the whole piece is dull and prosaic.

MORTON. At least from that fault Fitzgeffrey is
generally free.

ELLIOT. We have done with him for the present:
we are now about Whetstone's poem.

BOURNE. These are the lines that relate imme-
diately to Sir P. Sidney's wound.

“But oh! to shade his glory with our woe,
Hardy Sidney, much like to Mars in viewe,
With furious charge did break vpon the foe;
A musket-shot his stately horse then slewe;
He horst againe, the fight did soone renewe:
But fortune that at his renowne did spight,
A billet sent that in his thigh did light.

“ The wound was deepe and shiuered to the bone,
His hart was good and manly bare the crosse;
With courage stoute he did suppress the mone,
That many made that did behold his losse.
Vdall then lite, softly to leade his horse;
“ Let goe” quoth he “ till I fall to the ground
The foe shall misse the glory of my wounde!”

ELLIOT. I think you did Whetstone injustice in your prefatory criticism, when you said that the whole piece was dull and prosaic: I have seen many poems, accounted good, that had not so much to recommend them as those two stanzas.

MORTON. I am of your mind.

BOURNE. I would rather that you should be disappointed in finding that I have under-rated, than over-rated any thing.

MORTON. There is, however, a want of judgment in Whetstone, in putting into the mouth of the unpretending Sidney, that boastful and not new sentiment—

———“ Till I fall to the ground
The foe shall miss the glory of my wound.”

BOURNE. Yet I think Fulke Greville mentions it in his life of Sidney. Those two stanzas are unquestionably the best in the whole piece: just before he dies, Sir P. Sidney is represented making a long moral address to his companions; but it is observ-

able that Whetstone omits the favourite anecdote, related by some of this hero's biographers—that he gave a cup of water to a wounded soldier, when he was himself almost expiring with thirst and loss of blood.

ELLIOT. This is told of one of the ancients.

MORTON. Of more than one, I believe.

BOURNE. But setting aside the question of its merits or demerits, this piece by Whetstone is peculiarly worth notice on one account, and it is this—that as late as the year 1587 (for it could not well have been printed earlier, as Sir Philip Sidney did not die until 1586) it was not only not universally known that Spenser was the author of the Shepherd's Calendar, but Whetstone, who must have been conversant with the writers of his day, actually asserts that it was “the reputed work of Sir Philip Sidney.”

ELLIOT. That is very curious.

BOURNE. Yet before 1587 it had gone through two editions: one in 1579, the date of E. K.'s glossary and notes, and the other in 1586.

MORTON. The singularity is not so much, that it should not be known that Spenser was the author, as that it should be supposed that Sidney was.

BOURNE. You are right: William Webbe, who in 1586 published a “Discourse of English Poesie,” does not seem at all sure that he was correct in attributing the Shepherd's Calendar to Spenser: in one place he says—“whether it was by Maister Sp. or what

rare schollar in Pembroke Hall soeuer;" though, afterwards, to avoid a periphrasis, he mentions it as the work of Master Sp—. Puttenham, in his "Arte of Englishe Poesie," talks of "that other Gentleman who wrote the late Shepheard's Calender;" therefore, as you remark, the wonder rather is, that Whetstone should assign it to Sidney, than that he should be ignorant of the real author.

ELLIOT. Read the extract where Whetstone imputes it to Sidney.

BOURNE. He first adverts to his celebrated Arcadia.

MORTON. He must have seen it in MS. because the first printed edition was in 1590.

BOURNE. According to Ritson, and indeed all the authorities, it was; but I cannot help thinking there must have been some mistake regarding it, it is so often mentioned earlier by authors: for instance Puttenham in 1589 has this sentence, which seems plainly to speak of a printed book: "Sir Philip Sidney, in the description of his mistresse, excellently well handled this figure (of resemblaunce) by imagerie, as *ye may see* in his *booke of Archadia*."

MORTON. It seems pretty clear that his poems, and perhaps his Arcadia, were handed about in MS. long before they were published: Webbe, you remember, three years before Puttenham, quotes a good many examples from him.

BOURNE. What you say derives considerable con-

firmation from the notes to the eleventh book of Sir John Harington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, first printed in 1591, where he inserts a very pretty sonnet by Sir P. Sidney, with this introduction: "And therefore that excellent verse of Sir Philip Sidney, in his first *Arcadia* (which I know not by what mishap is left out in the *printed booke*) is in mine opinion worthy to be praised, and followed to make a good and vertuous wife."

ELLIOT. You say he inserts the sonnet: let us hear it, for we are all interested in the advice it seems to contain.

BOURNE. And it is the more worth notice, because I do not find that it was ever introduced into any of the many subsequent reprints of that most popular Romance. It is this:

"Who doth desire that chast his wife should bee,
 First he be true, for truth doth truth deserue;
 Then be he such as she his worth may see,
 And alwayes one credit with her preserue:
 Not toying kind, nor causlesly vnkinde,
 Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right;
 Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blinde,
 Neuer hard hand, nor euer rayns too light.
 As far from wante, as far from vaine expence,
 Tone doth enforce, the other doth entice.
 Allow good company, but driue fro thence
 All filthy mouths that glory in their vice.—

This done, thou hast no more, but leaue the rest
To nature, fortune, time, and woman's brest."

ELLIOT. The thoughts are not very new, to be sure, though prettily expressed. But do not let us forget Whetstone, and the passage where he tells us that the Shepherd's Calendar was written by Sir P. Sidney.

BOURNE. It is not easy to judge from the first of the following stanzas, whether Whetstone means that the Arcadia was printed or not.

" In Court he liude, not like a carpet knight
Whose glory is in garments and his tongue ;
If men but knew the half that he did write,
Enough to tire a memory so young,
Needes must they say, the Muses in him sounge ;
His Arcadia, unmatched for sweete deuise
Where skill doth iudge, is held in souereign price.
What else he wrote, his will was to suppress,
And yet the darke a dyamond cannot drowne
What be his workes the finest wittes doe gesse ;
The Shepheards notes, that haue so sweete a sounde
With laurell bowghes his healme long since haue
 crownd ;
And not alone in poesie did passe
But euery way a learned knight he was."

MORTON. I think it is to be inferred, that the Arcadia was printed at that time, and with his name; but the Shepherd's Calendar we know was anonymous, though in print.

ELLIOT. But I am by no means satisfied that a distinct reference is intended to the Shepherd's Calendar, in the general words "the Shepherd's notes that have so sweet a sound."

BOURNE. I will satisfy you in an instant: "you shall be satisfied;" you shall have "the ocular proof." Look here, what is inserted in the margin.

ELLIOT. "*The last Shepherd's Calendar, the reputed worke of S. Phil. Sidney—a worke of deepe learning, iudgment and witte disguised in Shep. Rules.*" I admit that that is convincing. But why does he call it "the last Shepherd's Calendar?"

BOURNE. For the same reason that Puttenham terms it "the late Shepherd's Calendar;" because there was an older book under the same title, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and republished about twenty years before Spenser wrote his *last* Shepherd's Calendar.

MORTON. The singularity that Whetstone should attribute it to Sir P. Sidney, is not lessened by the fact, that, had it been true, the knight would have dedicated it to himself, and been his own eulogist: on the title page are the words, "Entituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry, Master Philip Sidney," and as if this self-applause were not enough, in the address "to his book," he would have called himself
 ————"the president

Of noblenesse and chivalry."

ELLIOT. True: this of itself ought to have convinced Whetstone, that Sir P. Sidney could not be the author.

BOURNE. The supposition of the contrary betrays great ignorance, not only of the fact, but of the man. That Sir P. Sidney himself highly praises the Shepherd's Calendar in his "Defense of Poesie," proves nothing, because the latter was not printed until 1595. In the next stanza, not worth reading, Whetstone mentions Sir P. Sidney's commenced translation of *de Mornay's* work on the trueness of Christianity, which was finished by Arthur Golding, at the request of Sir P. Sidney before the latter went to the wars where he was killed. It was published in 1587.

MORTON. I dare say there is often a great deal of curious matter in these tributes to the memory of the dead, whatever might be the motive for writing them.

ELLIOT. As an instance, probably but for Spenser's Tribute on the death of Sir P. Sidney, we should have lost the poem by the Countess of Pembroke, which is annexed to it, and which is well worth preserving.

BOURNE. Though productions of the kind were not uncommon at that date, they seem to have fallen a little into disuse or disesteem after the death of Prince Henry, in 1612, which formed a great subject for all the major and minor poets of the day, from

George Chapman, to Sir Henry Goodyere, the friend of Dr. Donne, who, by the by, on a future evening I will prove to have been the father of all English satirists, though the productions of Lodge, Hall, and Marston, in the same kind, were printed more than thirty years before his appeared. Richard Brathwayte, in his "Strappado for the Deuill," (1615), laments the cause of the disuse of these *post-obit* eulogies, which he asserts was the degeneracy of the nobility, and other great people: he says,

——— " Who then
Speaking no more than truth can praise such men
As rather were than liu'd? being, but not
In real Essence: 'las what fame is got
By such as write of these, whose onely good
Is to aver they were of noble blood."

ELLIOT. Exceedingly good: I could hear many more such lines, though it is growing late.

BOURNE. Then let us revert, very shortly, and say a few parting words of Fitzgeffrey. Besides the pieces I have already noticed, he printed, according to Ritson, a small volume, called "The Blessed Birth-day," in 1634. I have seen an edition of it in 1654, but not earlier, and to it are appended "Holy Raptures" on religious subjects, for he went into the church, and obtained the rectory of St. Dominic in Cornwall. From the "Blessed Birth-day" I copied the following lines:

“Lascivious songs, vain Carols now avaunt,
And whatsoere prophane throats use to chaunt;
Which through the ear pour poison to the heart:
A better subject doth this day impart. . . .
Sing we high mysteries in an humble strain,
And lofty matters in a lowly vein;
The sacred subject which we sing affords
Strong lines, but strong in matter, not in words:
For things so high they cannot be exprest
By any words, the plainest are the best.
He who was born so humble doth refuse
To have his birth sung by a swelling Muse.
Ill doth a flanting phraze devotion fit,
We sing to shew our zeal and not our wit.”

I cannot say that he performs his promise, for some part of his “Raptures” are very high-flown indeed.

ELLIOT. Is the date of his death known?

BOURNE. Yes; Wood says positively that he died on his living at St. Dominic in the year 1636.

ELLIOT. Are no more of his performances extant?

MORTON. Several sermons of various dates: two on the death of Sir Anthony Rous and his wife, perhaps father and mother to Philip and Francis Rous, who prefix commendatory poems to his Drake.

BOURNE. There is one trifle by him that I have not seen registered any where: indeed it scarcely deserves notice, excepting for the sake of completeness; I mean a copy of Latin verses addressed to

Joshua Sylvester on his translation of Du-Bartas, and prefixed to the common editions of it.

ELLIOT. I am glad that we have at last arrived at the end of Fitzgeffrey: we have had so many digressions, that at one time I almost despaired of coming to a conclusion.

MORTON. I must confess, for myself, that our episodes or digressions were sometimes the best part of our poem; *excursusque breves tentat*, and this is the peculiar advantage of conversations of this kind.

BOURNE. Before we part, hear, in conclusion, the following epitaph "On the death of Mr. Charles Fitzgeffreys, Minister of God's word," taken from the "Nocturnal Lucubrations" of Robert Chamberlain (1638).

"O thou the saddest of the Sisters nine,
 Adde to the sea of teares one teare of thine.
 Vnhappy I, that am constrain'd to sing
 His death, whose life did make the world to ring,
 With echoes of his praise. A true divine
 In's life and doctrine, which like lamps did shine
 Till they were spent and done, did never cease
 To guide our steps unto eternall peace.
 Thy habitations now the starry mount,
 Where thy great Maker makes of thee account.
 Farewell, thou splendour of the spacious West,
 Above th' æthereal clouds for euer blest!
 The losse of thee a watry mountaine reares
 With high spring-tide of our sad trickling teares."

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE SECOND CONVERSATION.

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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE SECOND CONVERSATION.

BOURNE. The work, a MS. copy of which I now hold in my hand, I can assure you is one of the greatest rarities in the literature of our country. It supplies, too, an important *hiatus* in our literary history.

ELLIOT. It has therefore a value beyond its mere rarity.—What is it called?

BOURNE. “The Tryumphes of Fraunces Petrarcke, translated out of Italian into English.”

MORTON. In Ellis’s *Specimens* it is said, I remember, that they were translated by one William Fowler, and presented in MS. to a Scotch University.

BOURNE. They were also Englished by a Scotch Lady of the name of Hume, but the translation I speak of was much before either of those.

MORTON. When was it printed?

BOURNE. I should apprehend, in the reign of Edward VI., but the version was made some years before, while Henry VIII. was yet upon the throne.

MORTON. That is early indeed, when Italian poetry, with its *faux brillans* (as Boileau is pleased to call them), began to be in fashion, in consequence of the imitations and translations by Lord Surrey and Sir T. Wyat.

ELLIOT. They, I believe, particularly introduced Petrarch to the notice of the English nation.

BOURNE. That is one source of the value of this production; but it would be a great mistake to suppose, that the author of this translation of the Triumphs of Petrarch is to be named on the same day, or to be considered as of the same day with them.

MORTON. You have not yet told us who he was.

BOURNE. Henry Parker, Lord Morley.

MORTON. He is included among the Royal and Noble Authors of Lord Orford.

BOURNE. He is, but although he wrote many pieces in prose and verse, this in my hand is the only one yet found in a printed shape, and this only has been recovered within almost a few months. The copy from which this MS. was made is not absolutely unique, but I apprehend there is only another in this country. It is extremely singular that not one of our industrious literary antiquaries, until very lately, ever met with the work, although it was to be found in the British Museum.

ELLIOT. That is very remarkable, especially when we recollect, that the principal recommendation of

most of them has been their plodding and patient industry and research.

BOURNE. It was, of such antiquaries as Hearne and Ritson: the last says expressly, "Henry Parker, Lord Morley, is reported by Bale to have written in English not only comedies and tragedies, but many verses—*none of which are now known to be extant.*" Much the same is repeated by others, nor is a hint given of the existence of this work in the *Censura Literaria*, the British Bibliographer, nor in *Restituta*.

MORTON. Then it must of course be excessively rare. Are you the first to bring it to light?

BOURNE. I do not say that, for a short specimen is supplied in Dr. Nott's *Lives of Lord Surrey and Sir T. Wyat*, but it is strange, that professing to quote it accurately there are not less than 100 errors of the press or of the transcriber in it. Even Mr. Dibdin, in Vol. IV. of his edition of Ames, makes a blunder, though only literal, in the short description he gives of the work; but he copied from the MS. memoranda of Herbert, not having himself seen a copy.

ELLIOT. We must hear an extract or two from this valuable relic.

MORTON. Most assuredly. I should be very sorry to see the book closed without reading a part of it.

BOURNE. I intended to show you one or two passages, but you must not be disappointed if you do not meet with any thing like the ease and harmony of the versification of Lord Morley's illustrious con-

temporaries, if indeed they ought to be looked upon as his contemporaries. When this book was printed I apprehend that Lord Morley must have been far advanced in life: he was a very voluminous author, and the scribbling mania long continued upon him; *ægro in corde senescit*. In the dedication to young Lord Matravers, son to the Earl of Arundel, he states that he translated it first for Henry VIII., who expressed himself highly pleased with it. It is worth while to note that he here speaks of Henry VIII. as then dead, though Wood erroneously says that Lord Morley himself died in the latter end of the reign of that king. The book in question has no date; but John Cawood, whose colophon is given at the end, printed no work that is known before 1550.

ELLIOT. Though not perhaps printed until after 1550, if he translated it for Henry VIII. it does not at all follow that Lord Morley was an old man when he undertook it.

BOURNE. It also appears from the dedication, that the first copy which he gave to Henry VIII. he could not recover, and consequently that he had translated it anew in its present form.

MORTON. If you have nothing more to remark by way of introduction, let us now examine the book itself.

BOURNE. If you please; only first we ought to hear what the author himself says regarding the difficulties with which he had to contend. He ob-

serves, that if he could get the copy he gave to Henry VIII. into his hands again, "I thynke I could well amende it, albeit that I professe, I haue not erred moche from the letter, but in the ryme, whiche is not possible for me to folow in the translation, nor touche the least poynt of the elegancy that this elegant Poete hath set forth in his owne maternall tongue."

MORTON. There is a passage in Ascham's Schoolmaster, which expressly alludes to the admirers and imitators of Petrarch, and is, according to Lord Morley's own account, very applicable to him. "Some (he says) that make Chaucer in English, and Petrarch in Italian, their gods in verses, and yet be not able to make true difference what is a fault and what is a just praise in those two worthy wits, will much mislike this my writing. But such men be even like followers of Chaucer and Petrarch, as one here in England did follow Sir Thomas More; who being most unlike him in wit and learning, nevertheless in wearing his gown awry upon one shoulder, as Sir Thomas More was wont to do, would needs be counted like unto him."

BOURNE. Your sarcastic quotation is hardly fair against Lord Morley, who speaks so diffidently of his success in this attempt: but you shall see a specimen of his skill as a versifier taken from "the excellent Tryumphe of Fame." It opens thus:

"After that deathe had triumphed in that face,
Which often of me had tryumphed in lyke case,

And that the sonne of our world was dead and past,
 This ougly and dispytefull beaste at the last
 Pale and horrible and proude for to se
 With hyr blacke baner awaye goeth she;
 When that she had extincte out quyte,
 Of perfyt beuty the very clere lyght,
 Then as I dyd loke about on euery part
 Commyng towardes me there I dyd aduert
 Hyr that mans lyfe for euer doth saue
 And pulleth hym out alyue from his graue.
 This glorious fayre Lady muche lyke was she
 Vnto that bryght starre that goeth, trust me,
 In the orient, or the cleare day appeare,
 Euen in lyke maner was this Ladyes chere:
 So that there is no mayster in no Scole
 Can take vpon them to descrybe that sole,
 That I go aboute with symple wordes to tell;
 So muche great in glory ths Lady dyd excell,
 That all the element about her dyd shyne,
 Not as a mortall but lyke a thyng deuyne."

ELLIOT. He might well assert that he could not
 equal the elegancy of his original, but he has not
 even been faithful in his translation: he has omitted
 the whole sentiment of Petrarch's lines;

*Qual in su'l giorno l'amorosa stella
 Suol venir d'oriente inanzi sole,
 Che s'accompagna volontier con ella.*

Besides, there is no sufficient authority for the poeti-

cal flourish in the last two lines you read. But go on.

BOURNE. It is a little too much to follow him so exactly with the book in your hand: it is as unfair as criticising a portrait while the person represented is close to it. Lord Morley proceeds thus:

“Grauen in theyr foreheades were the names
Of the honorable people whose hyghe fames
By valure and vertue can neuer dye:
Folowyng this noble fame there sawe I
Manye of those whyche I tofore haue rehersed
That by loue (as sayd is) were sore oppressed.
On her ryght hand there fyrst in my syght
Was Cesar and Scipion, that honorable knyghte;
But which of them twayne next to fame was
I do not remember, but there they both dyd pas:
The tone in vertue the tother in loue
Was taken though he semed somewhat aboue;
And then forthwith was shewed vnto me,
After these twayne captaynes that so excellent be
Men of hyghe valure armed full bryght
As vnto the capitall they went full ryghte,
By that selfe waye that sacra called was
Or by via lata, wherevnto they dyd passe.
They came in suche an honest ordre as I saye
And had wrytten and graued, this is no nay,
Theyr excellent names in theyr foreheads on hie.”

MORTON. Perhaps we have had enough of that part.

BOURNE. I was about to stop, because the author then arrives at a long enumeration of the persons whom he saw following Fame. This is not so interesting as applied to men, but from the second chapter I will make a quotation regarding the women who distinguished themselves of old, that you will not object to hear.

ELLIOT. We leave it entirely to your discretion.

BOURNE. We need read no more of it than we find to our purpose.

“ My desyre with seyng all these noble men
Was well nere satisfyed there and then,
When that sodenly I dyd there espye
Of worthy ladyes a more gorgeous company,
That pleased my syght as much or more
As all the syght that I had sene before.
There sawe I goyng together in a bande
Antiope and Arithia well armyd stand,
And fayre swete Ipolita sory and sadde,
Because that no comforth of her sonne she had :
And Manylype that vanquished Hercules,
And her Suster alsowas there in prese ;
The tone Hercules toke vnto hys wyfe,
The tother with Theseus led her lyfe.
There folowed the hardy wydowe that did se
Hyr dere sone slayne most constantly,
And reuenged his death vpon kyng Cyrus :
It was a noble hardy acte and valerouse ;

She abatyd thereby so his gloriouse fame,
That wel nere it blotted his deedes & eke his name."

ELLIOT. I do not think we need go any further with Lord Morley's translation, if it be all in the same strain.

BOURNE. The specimens I have read are as good as any in the whole production. You will see that the translator very often much expands his original.

ELLIOT. Not only very often, but always as far as I have followed him. His verse, though very irregular, is generally of twelve syllables, yet Petrarch's single line—

Piu vago de veder ch'io ne foss'anco,

he not only contrives to spin out into a couplet, but he exaggerates its meaning.

MORTON. Casting an imputation on Petrarch as if he were especially delighted with the company of ladies.

BOURNE. There you are too fastidious; as far as expansion goes I concur with you. However, without disputing about the verbal correctness of the translation, we will pass over the rest of the Triumphs, and just notice a poem or two inserted at the end of the volume of a different character, and which show that the writer had a better notion of rhyme than would be supposed, perhaps, from what we have already seen. The principal of these is entitled, "Vyr-gyll in his Epigrammes of Cupide and Dronkenesse,

Nec viui nec tu veneris capiares Amore." I read it as it is printed, but the errors can be corrected in a moment. The following are two of the stanzas in which the Latin sentiment is expatiated upon.

"Parys by Venus counsell brought Helene vnto Troy
Though that the price was swet the ende was pass-
yng sower,

For many a worthy warryor therby dyd lose theyr
Ioye

And Troy turned vnto Asshes both castell wall and
towre :

This wanton wylfull dalyeng raysyd so great a shoure,
That of that happe that happened the worlde doth
speake and tel.

Loo howe Venus can flatter when she thinketh to
deuour !

If that ye note this doctrine doubtles ye shall do well.

Then yf that wyne and Venus haue ones the vpper
hande,

And on the one or both the mynde set in a rage,
All honestie is excluded and wytt tyed in a band
And vertue fayre and dread fast locked in a cage :

Although he be a lorde yet serues he as a page.

Two perlouse noughty vices, worse then a fend of
hell,

Where that these monsters rule right hard for to
aswage.

If that ye note this doctrine doubtles ye shall do well."

ELLIOT. That is certainly better, but still very far inferior indeed to the harmonious poets with whom Lord Morley was most likely acquainted.

BOURNE. It is unjust to institute any comparison between them; it is to be recollected that while such men as Surrey and Wyatt were very young, and just fresh out of the school of Italy, towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII., Lord Morley was, as I have already observed, far advanced in life, with a style already framed upon the much ruder models (as far indeed as any models were to be found) of the reign of Henry VII.

MORTON. Very true, and he ought to be looked upon as filling a place anterior to the date when they became celebrated.

BOURNE. In this view, as a literary specimen, this recovered work may be considered of more value than its intrinsic merit or even its great rarity would assign to it. Just at the close of it is "Epitaphium Henrici Parkeri Equitis Domini Morley, quod ipse adhuc uiuens composuit & suo sepulchro inscribi ius'cit." However, it gives us no additional information.

ELLIOT. According to you then, Lord Morley, in the new edition of the *Theatrum Poetarum*, instead of being placed after Lord Surrey and Sir T. Wyatt, as I see he is, ought to have considerably preceded them.

BOURNE. Most assuredly, for to look upon him as

their follower, or even as their contemporary, would be extremely unfair.

MORTON. Was not Wyatt, as well as Lord Surrey, one of our earliest writers of heroic blank-verse in English?

BOURNE. I am not aware that he has left any thing behind him in blank-verse, though it is most probable, as his friend Surrey attempted and accomplished it so admirably, that he also wrote or translated something in the same kind.

ELLIOT. You hinted when we last met, and when we were about to read a blank-verse poem by Peele, that at a future time you would show us the productions of some other writers who had thrown off the shackles of rhyme long before Milton published his *Paradise Lost*, which he seems to have erroneously considered the first work of that species in the English language. This is a very important and curious question, and if you have the necessary books at hand, do you think we could find a better opportunity for entering upon it than the present?

BOURNE. I have not the slightest objection; I have in the room all the authorities I shall want to show that Milton committed a strange mistake in asserting that his *Paradise Lost* was the first example in English “of ancient liberty recovered to *heroic poem* from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.”

MORTON. Does he mean to take any distinction between "heroic poem" and heroic poetry?

BOURNE. The Stoics took it, and much has been written about the difference between *poema* and *poesis*, but it is obvious to me that it did not occur to Milton, when he wrote the words I have quoted; and if so, it shows that with all his learning he was very ignorant of the earlier writers of his own country, many of whose productions, even in his time, were probably rarely to be met with.

MORTON. Yet it is said that he aided his nephew, Phillips, in compiling the *Theatrum Poetarum*, where most of the old English poets are enumerated.

BOURNE. That might be, though it rests upon mere conjecture; but you will observe how scanty is the information in it regarding our elder poets: the compiler derived nearly all his knowledge of them from Puttenham's "Art of English Poesy."

ELLIOT. Then there is no objection to endeavouring to correct the mistake of Milton by examining the authors who wrote heroic poetry in blank-verse before him.

BOURNE. None on my part. With the change that took place in the disuse of rhyme on the stage we shall have nothing to do, although there is some connexion between the two. This change is noticed by Thomas Heywood, the voluminous dramatist, in the "Epilogue to the Reader," subjoined to his "Royal King and Loyal Subject;" I shall

have occasion to mention him again hereafter, but we will read his Epilogue now.

“ That this Play’s old ’tis true, but now if any
Should for that cause despise it, we have many
Reasons both iust and pregnant to maintaine
Antiquity, and those too not all vaine.
We know, and not long since, there was a time
Strong lines were lookt after ; but if rime,
O then ’twas excellent : who but believes
But Doublets with stuf bellies and bigge sleeves,
And those Trunke-hose, which now the age doth
scorn,
Were all in fashion, and with frequence worne ;
And what’s now out of date, who is’t can tell,
But it may come in fashion, and sute well ?
With rigour therefore iudge not, but with reason,
Since what you read was fitted for that season.”

ELLIOT. When was that play written ?

BOURNE. It is merely conjecture, but most likely before 1600. If we were to look only cursorily into the works of all who have produced undramatic blank-verse, it would occupy a great deal too much time, and perhaps would not be attended with proportionate advantage. I took the trouble to collect the names of most of them, and they exceed twenty : you will find it amply sufficient to examine pieces written by half that number.

MORTON. Do you include Sir P. Sidney, Gabriel

Harvey, Abraham France, and others who accommodated, or endeavoured to accommodate, the English language to Latin measures, among writers of blank verse?

BOURNE. Certainly not. It is said that Bishop Percy, not many years before his death, projected a critical work, which contained specimens of all the known writers of English blank verse before Milton.

MORTON. He did not live to complete it probably.

BOURNE. That is disputed; but I have been positively assured that it was actually printed, though I know not for what reason suppressed, and that a single copy once came to the hammer. The list it would contain would embrace some of the greatest and most notorious names of our literary history; Lord Surrey, Gascoyne, Spenser, Peele, Greene, Marlow, and many others.

ELLIOT. I never saw any blank verse by Spenser, nor did I ever hear that he had written any.

BOURNE. The fact has not, I believe, been before noticed, but it is so, as I shall establish by and by. We will endeavour to proceed with regularity.

ELLIOT. And with all convenient despatch, until we arrive at Spenser, for I am, of course, curious regarding him and his blank verse.

MORTON. We shall come to him all in good time; do not let your impatience derange our plan.

BOURNE. Perhaps he will be brought under our view sooner than you expect; for as Lord Surrey's

translation in blank verse of "Certaine bookes of Virgiles Aenæis," as well as Gascoyne's "Steele Glasse," are printed in Chalmers's edition of the Poets of Great Britain, we need say the less about them.

MORTON. Lord Surrey, I suppose, derived his partiality for blank verse from the Italians: he is admitted to be the very first who attempted anything of the kind in English.

BOURNE. He is, and his example had great influence both with poets and prose writers. Ascham, in his Schoolmaster, a work you quoted a short time ago, was among the first of the latter class, to denounce the "rude beggarly rhyming," in English, "first brought into Italy by Goths and Huns."

ELLIOT. The merits and demerits of rhyme, is a question that has been bandied about between disputants in all countries, and with a versatility truly commendable, Boileau, one of the most celebrated in France, has given his verdict both ways.

MORTON. Warton, in his remarks upon Spenser, I remember, insists that the reduplication of the same rhyme in the Faery Queen, often occasioned a considerable addition of force and fulness in the stanza.

BOURNE. We will not enter into that subject now. My object, in referring to Ascham, was principally to mention the praise he gives to Lord Surrey's daring attempt, and the blame he also applies to it,

because the noble author had not rendered it in the original measure of Virgil.

MORTON. When I read Hall's Satires the other day, I was struck by a passage in what he calls his "Postscript," in which he abuses "the fettering together the series of the verses with the bonds of like cadence or desinence of rhyme."

BOURNE. And Marston, in his "Scourge of Villanie," also makes the same complaint.

———"Alas poore idle sound
Since I first Phœbus knew, I neuer found
Thy interest in sacred poesie!
Thou to inuention addst but surquedry,
A gaudy ornature; but hast no part
In that soule-pleasing high-infused art."

Indeed many other authorities might be accumulated, but I will omit them, with the exception of Abraham Fleming, who, before his uncouth translation of Virgil's Bucolics (a work we shall say more about presently), calls it "foolish rime"—"the nice observation whereof many times darkeneth corrupteth peruerteth and falsifieth both the sense and the signification."

ELLIOT. Now then let us examine the mode in which this opinion was practically carried into effect.

BOURNE. We will; but for the reasons I have mentioned, I shall omit here Lord Surrey (whose translation of Virgil is now easily accessible), and

Gascoyne. Nicholas Grimoald, who followed Lord Surrey, and preceded Gascoyne, may also be passed over by us, because you will find ample specimens in Mr. Ellis's judicious selection, where it is asserted that to the style of his prototype, Lord Surrey, "he added new strength, energy, and modulation." This, however, I think, is a very disputable point.

MORTON. Who followed Gascoyne?

BOURNE. Not so fast. There was another writer of blank verse, who ought to be mentioned before Gascoyne—a poet with a most unpoetical name, John Vandernoodt, who, in 1569, printed "A theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous worldings, as also the greate ioyes and pleasures which the faithfull do enioy." Nothing is known of the biography of this author, whose production is of very rare occurrence. The following sonnet was copied from it for me by a friend, who could not prevail upon the owner to part with the possession of such a treasure, even for a day. It is, however, a sufficient specimen.

"It was the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulnesse of sleepe
The carefull trauailes of the painfull day:
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes
On that great riuers banke that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my proper name,

He bade me vpwarde vnto heauen looke.
He cried to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What vnder this great Temple is containde ;
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I knowing the worldes vnstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of tyme,
In God alone do stay my confidence."

MORTON. For the early date at which it was written, it is uncommonly harmonious.

ELLIOT. The sentiments are expressed both easily and elegantly: the description of sleep "sweetly sliding into the eyes of men," is very happy.

BOURNE. For the common-place nature of the leading thought, the author was not responsible, as it is only a translation from Bellay, whom Spenser, you know, has dignified by converting some of his sonnets into English. Ten years after Vandernoodt printed his production, the Shepherd's Calendar first made its anonymous appearance.

ELLIOT. Do you mean that any blank verse by Spenser is to be found there?

MORTON. I have no recollection of it.

BOURNE. It is a book more talked of a great deal than read; and even the most accurate observers of the style and peculiarities of Spenser, seem to have passed the fact over: you will find a specimen of blank verse, notwithstanding, in the Eclogue for August, towards the conclusion. It is a song sung

by Cuddy, and as if there were some danger that it should be mistaken for the production of another pen, it is expressly said to be written by Colin, the name by which the poet always spoke of himself.

ELLIOT. I see that you are correct. It certainly is blank verse, though it falls within that class of poems which Addison says are the produce of false wit.

MORTON. How do you mean?

ELLIOT. If you read it, you will see in a moment: all the lines terminate in one of the following words, "woe, sound, cries, part, sleep, augment," varied according to fancy or convenience, every seventh line ending with the same word as the line that immediately precedes it.

BOURNE. You are right: it is rather a work of ingenuity than of poetry; the effect of yet unformed taste. If you read a few of the lines, you will discover that they are in truth nothing but blank verse.

MORTON. It begins as follows:

"Ye wastfull woods beare witnesse of my woe
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye careless birds are priuie to my cries,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou pleasant spring hast luld me oft asleep,
Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment.
Resort of people doth my griefes augment," &c.

BOURNE. In various places he adds another arti-

ficial charm,—alliteration, so fashionable about that date, and which Shakespeare in his “Twelfth Night” so happily ridicules; as in the first line,

“Ye wasteful woods bear witness of my woe.”

I am not aware that Spenser has in any other place renewed his attempt; and notwithstanding his intimacy with Gabriel Harvey, who claims to be the first introducer into English of the Latin measures, and his partial adoption of his friend’s plan, no higher authority, either theoretically or practically, in favour of rhyme, can be adduced.

MORTON. When first you mentioned Spenser’s blank verse, I thought it possible that you might perchance have fallen into the mistake which I committed some time ago, when I read Spenser’s poem on the death of Sir P. Sidney, called “The mourning Muse of Thestylis.” I thought at first, as it is confusedly printed in the folio edition of 1611, that it was blank verse, but it is in rhyme, though irregular, and not always easily discoverable.

BOURNE. I apprehend it is an error to assign that piece to Spenser.

MORTON. I did not know that there was the least doubt about it. Warton considers it Spenser’s.

BOURNE. He does: he more than once states it; but in his dissertation on the Fairy Queen, he expressly charges Spenser with copying a “beautiful passage” from the following lines of *Nic Archias*:

*Tam suavi in pluvia nitens Cupido
 Insidebat, uti solet volucris
 Ramo, vere novo, ad novos tepores
 Post solem accipere ætheris liquores,
 Gestire et pluviae ore blandiendo.*

Yet the evidence is strong, however beautiful the whole may be (and it is undoubtedly an elegant production), that it is not by Spenser. I believe that all the editors and commentators of Spenser have assigned it to him.

ELLIOT. And to whom do you contend it belongs? What poet has merited to have his work attributed to Spenser?

BOURNE. A man little known, and who would have been less known but for the sonnet which Spenser addresses to him, in answer to an entreaty to finish the Fairy Queen.

MORTON. Spenser's intimate friend, Lodowick Brysket?

BOURNE. True: the sonnet only speaks of Brysket by his Christian name; but every body allows that he is intended.

ELLIOT. To your proof. Why do you say that Brysket was the author of "The Mourning Muse of Thestylis?"

BOURNE. Because on the books of the Stationers' Company, under date of the 22d August, 1587, is found the following entry: "The mourning Muses of Lod. Bryskett vpon the deathe of the most noble

Sir Philip Sidney knight." The work is there licensed to John Wolfe, but whether it was ever printed, excepting among the poems of Spenser, has not yet been discovered.

MORTON. Your supposition is certainly probable, although the titles do not exactly correspond.

ELLIOT. I perceive that the poem immediately following "the mourning Muse of Thestylis," is called "a pastorall Æglogue vpon the Death of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight," and it is subscribed with the letters L. B.

BOURNE. That is confessedly by Lodowick Brysket, and the succeeding piece by Matthew Roydon: it is likewise to be found, with the same title, in a collection called the Phoenix Nest, 1593.

ELLIOT. Then Brysket has two pieces on the same subject, according to your statement.

BOURNE. He has, but they are very different in the mode of treating it. I only put it as a probability, not as a certainty; for at this distance of time we cannot hope for absolute conviction.

MORTON. Did Brysket write nothing else?

BOURNE. Nothing in verse that has survived; but in a prose work by him, printed in 1606, called "A Discourse of ciuill Life," he talks of "the contentment of his Muses," as if he were familiar with them, as well as with their favourite Spenser. This Discourse is a work of moral philosophy, written many years before it was printed, and is conducted

in the form of a dialogue, in which Spenser himself bears a part, and is made to speak of his own unfinished Fairy Queen. It is in substance the same as part of what Spenser says in his letter to Sir W. Raleigh. Another word about his satirical poem, and we will proceed to some other author: I mean his "Mother Hubberd's Tale."

ELLIOT. You do not dispute his claim to that, I imagine?

BOURNE. Certainly not: I only bring it to your recollection for the sake of quoting the following curious passage in the address to the reader, prefixed to a scarce work, called "The Ant and the Nightingale, or *Father Hubbard's Tales*," 4to. 1604. The author observes, "Why I call these Father Hubbard's Tales is not to haue them called in againe as the Tales of Mother Hubbard; the world would shewe little iudgement in that yfaith, and I should say then *plena stultorum omnia*, for I entreat here neither of rugged beares, nor Apes; no nor the lamentable downefall of the olde wiues platters. I deale with no such metall."

MORTON. What conclusion do you draw from that? That Spenser's "Mother Hubbard's Tale" was called in?

BOURNE. The probability is, that some other work was founded upon his title, and perhaps upon his plan, which being disapproved by the higher powers, was suppressed. Spenser's poem was printed in

1591, and then he said it had been “a raw conceit of his youth”—“long sithens composed.”

ELLIOT. As we cannot now settle that important point, we may leave it for the next poet who wrote blank verse.

BOURNE. Who ought to follow Spenser may perhaps be a disputed point; but for the sake of convenience, and because one of them has as fair a claim as any other writer, we will take two of the authors of that notorious work, the “Mirror for Magistrates.” John Higgins published his “first part,” as it is called (and, indeed, as it is printed in the edition of 1610, which we have at hand), in 1575, but twelve years afterwards, he added several other legends, and among them that of Claudius Tiberius Nero, in which is inserted an epistle, entitled “Pontius Pilate to his Lord Claudius wisheth health,” which is in blank verse, and, I believe, the only specimen by this author.

MORTON. It must be a droll production—is any part worth reading?

BOURNE. Only as a curiosity: the author says in the margin, that he copied it from *Flores Historiarum*; and, in truth, it is only prose put into measure, though that measure is not incorrect, nor devoid of harmony. Pilate in one part is speaking of Christ.

“Loe now when as the Hebrews God was come,
And they him saw restore the blind to sight,
To cleanse the leapers, cure the palsies eke,

To cast fiends out of men, and raise the dead,
Command the winds, on sea with drie feete walke,
And many maurels great beside to do;
When all men called him the Sonne of God,
The Priests in enuie brought him vnto me,
And bringing many forged fained faults
Nam'd him a wisard, gainst their lawes to do:
Which I belieuing whipt him for the cause
And gaue him vp to vse as they thought best."

ELLIOT. I fancy that is enough. As you say, there is little but the measure to distinguish it from prose.

BOURNE. The author, most likely, was of opinion that this blank verse was nearest to the prose of his original, and he could not make up his mind to insert the letter in mere plain prose.

ELLIOT. Had Higgins much claim to the title of a poet?

BOURNE. He was a clergyman, regularly educated, and Warton bestows considerable praise upon his Legend of Cordelia, in the "Mirror for Magistrates."

MORTON. I was not aware that any blank verse at all was to be found in that work: who is the other contributor who has written it?

BOURNE. Thomas Blenerhasset, who published the intermediate part of the Mirror between that of Higgins, and the collection of Baldwin and others: he printed it in 1578, and his blank verse is remarkable for being in lines of twelve syllables instead of ten. The legend "of Cadwallader the last King of

the Britons" is in this peculiar measure. A very brief quotation will be enough, because the fact is noticed, and a long specimen given in the Brit. Bibl. What I now read is from a different part of the poem. The first two lines rhyme, and there are similar coincidences elsewhere, but they seem purely accidental.

" And as I thus amidst my musings did remaine,
I did resigne my crowne, and deem'd al honours
vaine.

And though it greeu'd me much to feele the fall I felt,
Yet was I well content; I could not as I would:
For which I left my land, my people and my place.
The Saxons they obtain'd the wage for which they
war'd.

When I three yeares had raign'd, without one day of
rest,
Euen then in mourning robes at Rome I did arriue,
And there contemning all the world and worldly
things,

I made my selfe a Monke (cease Memory to muse)
A Monke I made my selfe, thou knowest passing
plaine:

Among the Friers there I led my lingring life,
And til my dying day I daily did devise
How by my meanes it might to all the world be
knowne,

That mortall flesh is fraile and euery thing must
fade!"

ELLIOT. If that were his object in going to Rome, he might have remained at home with quite as much profit to his species.

MORTON. Our business now is not so much with the sentiment, as with the versification, and that is sufficiently flowing.

BOURNE. But heavy and tedious: at the end of these long lines, where a uniformity of *cæsura* must be observed often to make them at all harmonious, the rhyme is a sort of relief; and when reading such a poem, the ear is disappointed if it do not meet with it. Perhaps you have no wish to hear more of it.

MORTON. What you have read is sufficient to enable us to form an adequate judgment, I dare say, of the whole.

BOURNE. It is, for the style is without any variety from beginning to end. In the same article of the Brit. Bibl. which refers to Blenerhasset, is a poem quoted with the initials of Edward Aggas, upon the murder of Henry III. of France, at St. Cloud, in 1589. In chronological order, this writer, whoever he were, ought not yet to have been mentioned, but it was more convenient to introduce him here.

MORTON. Ritson says that Blenerhasset was living in Ireland in 1610.

BOURNE. And that is correct, for here is a pamphlet by him of that date, called "A Direction for the Plantation of Ulster," in which, notwithstanding his poetical labours early in life, he affects to call himself "a playne countryman, and one of the vndertakers

of Farmannagh." He recommends that for the protection of the settlers in Ireland, soldiers, at stated times, should issue out of their places of rendezvous, and scouring the country round, should thus hunt down and destroy the wild Irish or "Wood kernes."

ELLIOT. Like the Maroons of Jamaica.

BOURNE. At that time the native Irish were not looked upon in any better light.

MORTON. Nor ought such as suggested the plan to be looked upon in a worse than those who instigated and assisted in the bloodhound-chases of the West Indies.

ELLIOT. If I mistake not, Spenser offers much the same suggestion in his "View of the State of Ireland."

MORTON. I beg pardon—I can allow of no such unjust imputation. You must read his View again.

BOURNE. Your indignation has nothing to do with the subject of our inquiries. After Blennerhasset and his long blank verse, will very fitly follow Abraham Fleming, whom I mentioned before as an antagonist of rhyme, and who, in 1575, translated Virgil's Bucolics in lines generally of fourteen syllables, without rhyme. To call it blank *verse* would be paying it too high a compliment, although the author so intended it. Some years afterwards he treated the Georgics in the same manner, and in 1589 they were published together. From this edition, "printed by T. O. for Thomas Woodcocke,"

will be taken the short specimen or two I shall present to your notice, premising that his version is accompanied by "alphabetical annotations;" and that he states, that his object in undertaking the task was "for the profit and furtherance of English youth, desirous to learne, and delighted in poetrie." How far his poetry was likely to delight them, you may judge from the ensuing lines in "the first Eglog."

Mel. And what so great occasion was to thee of seeing Rome?

Tit. Euen libertie which late did looke vpon me slouen like,

But fairer now my beard is falne, with poultung it away.

Yet libertie hath lookt on me, and after long is come, Euen after Amaryllis hath and Galath left vs quite.

For (I will now confesse the truth) whiles Galath did possesse me,

Ne hope was there of liberty, ne care of cattel mine, Though many a sacrifice did go out of my sheep-cotes then,

And good fat cheeses prest and made for that vnthankfull towne

Yet neuer full of money came my right hand backward home.

Mel. O Amaryll, I wondred why thou sad on gods wouldst call,

For whom thou suffer wouldst thy frute vpon their
tree to hang :

From hence was Tityrus away, O Tityrus the pines
The water-springs and these same groues did call
thee by thy name :

Tit. What should I do, because I may not out of
seruice go,

Nor any where [but here in Rome] such present
gods to know.

O Melibey, here haue I seene [Cæsar] that proper
youth,

For whom our altars yerely smoke twice six daies
euery month :

He first gaue answer here to me then humbly making
sute

O youths your oxen feed as erst, your buls put under
yoke."

This is, I think, as favourable a specimen as I could
select.

ELLIOT. It really is astonishing, that with such
an original before him, such a master of harmonious
verse, Fleming could put together such miserable
limping lines.

MORTON. If they had had rhyme, it would have
been almost the only thing to recommend them, and
without it—

BOURNE. They are worth little or nothing, but
as singular specimens, I agree with you: the only

excuse we can make for him is, that he intended his translation rather as a school book “for the profit and furtherance of English youths,” than as a sample how Virgil ought to appear in an English dress. Yet what I have read is musical compared with the opening of the first pastoral.

“O Tityrus thou lieng vnder shade of spreading
beech

Doost play a countrie song vpon a slender oten pipe:
We do forsake our countrie bounds and medowes
sweet [which be]

We doo forsake our natiue soile, thou Tityr slug in
shade

Doost teach the woods to sound so shrill thy loue
faire Amaryll.”

MORTON. That is the most barbarous trash I ever heard. The first line is only of twelve syllables, and unless a pause be made upon the first syllable of the word *under*, it is not readable.

BOURNE. Sometimes the author is good enough, in similar predicaments, to mark the *cæsura* by a hyphen, as

“We shepherds vse to driue the ten-der weanlings
of our sheep.”

ELLIOT. *Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra*, is certainly elegantly rendered “thou Tityr slug in shade.”

BOURNE. To the last line I read, the author ap-

pende a very sagacious note. "For in woods," (he says) "there is a rebounding of their voices, called an Eccho." This is one of the "alphabetical annotations:" but you will observe how kindly he supplies explanatory matter within brackets, such as the words "[which be]" in the third line of the last, and others in the preceding quotation. It appears that Fleming did not find his attempt satisfy his readers; for in the prefatory matter to his Georgics he tells us, "that when occasion served, it was his meaning to make this interpretation run in round rime, as it standeth now upon bare metre, partly to discharge his sufficiencie and partly to please the readers fantasie." However, his bare metre in the Georgics is not at all better than in the Bucolics.

MORTON. A very few lines will be sufficient from them.

BOURNE. You shall see how he translates a passage requiring some of the higher powers of a poet: I mean that celebrated description in B. III. beginning

*Nonne vides? cum precipiti certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus, &c.*

"Doost thou not see when coches [drawn with horses] taken haue

The feeld at once in headlong race [or running all for life]

And rush amain let loose from rails [or lists where they stood tide]

When hope of youths is raised vp [and bent to win the game]

And panting [feare to loose it] draws [or sucks]
 their ioyfull harts :
 They prease on forward with their [lashing] whip of
 writhen [cord]
 And leaning forward giue the raines or bridels [to
 the horsses]
 The axell tree all fierie hot, doth fly with farre
 amaine ;
 Now downe below now vp aloft through void and
 empty aire
 They seeme for to be carried and t'arise into the skie ;
 Nor is there any lingering nor resting [by the way] :
 But [then] a cloud or storme of yel-low sand is
 hoised vp,
 [The horsse] wax wet with froth and fome, and with
 the blowing of
 The [horsses] following [next to them in teeme or
 course of chase]
 Their loue of praises is so great and victories care so
 great."

MORTON. The original passage is just ten verses, which are spun out into fifteen fourteen-syllable lines.

BOURNE. By means partly of the sagacious additions between brackets.

ELLIOT. It is really below criticism. Such another specimen of translation, I should think, cannot be found in any language.

BOURNE. You would laugh heartily at Orpheus and Eurydice in the fourth book.

ELLIOT. It would be too contemptible even for laughter, I dare say.

MORTON. Laughter is too good a thing, too agreeable, to allow us to be very fastidious upon what we bestow it. In the address of Rabelais *aux Lecteurs*, he says,

Mieulx est de ris que de larmes escrire

Pource que rire est le propre de l'homme. (Edit. 1553).

He was one of those physicians who maintained, that laughter more conduced to health than all the physic his patients swallowed.

BOURNE. So that his ludicrous book, after all, turns out to be a medical, or rather perhaps, a medicinal work.

ELLIOT. Yet Martial has a severe hit against a man who made laughter the occupation of his life.

Vis scire quid agat Canius tuus? Ridet.

BOURNE. No matter; if you will not laugh at Abraham Fleming's poetry, I will undertake that you shall at his prose, unless you are really as cynical as you affect to be; even then, I think, I could almost move you by what I will now produce.

ELLIOT. You know that it is the notion of the philosopher of Malmesbury, as he was called, that laughter arose always out of a consciousness of self superiority. Of course then a man who never laughs must have the meanest possible opinion of himself:

I do not pretend that that is my case, even in such "respect-inspiring" company as the present. By the by, let me ask you if you ever met with Hobbes's translation of Homer (1684).

BOURNE. Never. I have read a poem he published on his own life, but his translation of Homer I never saw.

ELLIOT. Then it is my turn to digress (but it shall not be long), by repeating just the opening lines of the Iliad, as he gives them.

"O Goddess, sing what woe the discontent
Of *Thetis* son brought to the Greeks; what souls
Of Heroes down to Erebus it sent
Leaving their bodies unto dogs and fowls;
Whilst the two Princes of the army strove
King *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* stout.
That so it should be was the will of *Jove*,
But who was he that made them first fall out?
Apollo."

MORTON. But bad as that is, it is far better than the translation of Virgil by the notorious Vicars, published in 1632. The following lines are a part of the description of the storm in the first book:

"Whiles thus he spake a whistling northern puff
Whiffs up the waves, gives the sails such a cuff,
As brake their wingy oars, turn'd the fore deck,
And lays the ships broadside to th' billows check."

Then follows, flows, a mountainous burst wave,
These, turret-like, on floods tops station haue;
Those twixt two gaping seas seem sunk to ground,
Whom boiling, foamy, frothy floods confound."

ELLIOT. It is to be wondered that Dryden should have thought it necessary to publish his poor translation, when the market was forestalled by such an admirable performance.

BOURNE. One would think that, like Cotton's *Travestie*, what you repeated was intended for burlesque. And yet this *Vicars* is the author usually coupled with the admirable *Wither*.

MORTON. The sagacious translator, I dare say, thought that Virgil could not have written better, or perhaps so well, in English, had he been a native: indeed a friend of *Vicars*, who signs *W. Sq.*, says expressly, in some commendatory lines, that the version is

"A matchless piece of such exact a frame,
Will envy hush and criticism shame.
On then—if poetry pythagorize
Virgil in *Vicars* sacred breast survives."

ELLIOT. Yet, after all, he was in the right. It does "shame criticism." Wretched trash!

MORTON. If the book were big enough for any such useful purpose, it ought to be *nigram cito raptus in culinam* immediately. What can you produce by *Fleining* that is more ridiculous than this?

BOURNE. What is quite as absurd, though in a different way: it is one of the "solemn absurdities" of ignorant superstition. It is contained in this most rare and curious tract.

ELLIOT. What black beast is that upon the title page: is it Belzebub or a dog?

BOURNE. Both: it is a representation of Belzebub in the shape of a dog. I am not joking; read the title, though that does not fully explain the matter.

ELLIOT. A most fearful object! "A straunge and terrible Wunder wrought very late in the parish Church of Bongay, a town of no great distance from the citie of Norwich, namely the fourth of this August in y^e yeere of our Lord 1577, in a great tempest of violent raine, lightning and thunder, the like wherof hath been seldome seene. With the appeerance of an horrible shaped thing, sensibly perceiued of the people then and there assembled. Drawen into a plain method according to the written cotype by *Abraham Fleming*." This means nothing less than a supernatural appearance.

BOURNE. As I said, of the devil in the shape of a large black dog. In the body of the tract it is observed, "This black dog, or diuel in such likenesse (God hee knoweth al who worketh all) runing all along downe the body of the Church with great swiftnesse and incredible haste among the people in a visible fourm and shape, passed between two persons, as they were kneeling vpon their knees, and

occupied in prayer as it seemed, wrung the necks of them both at one instant clene backward, in somuch that euen at the momēt where they kneeled they strāgely dyed."

MORTON. How could Fleming become the dupe of such an absurd story?

ELLIOT. Wiser men have been quite as foolish; witness Sir Thomas Brown, one of the latest well educated believers in the existence and power of witches.

BOURNE. It would be easy to collect thousands of instances of the same weakness, down even to the days of Roger North. We are also told by Fleming, that another man received from this horrible monster "such a gripe on the back, that therewithal he was presently drawen together and shrunk vp, as it were a piece of leather scorched in a hot fire," and that the wires and wheels of the clock were melted and torn to pieces, thunder and lightning continuing all the time: which, in fact, is the simple explanation of the whole of this "straunge and terrible wunder."

MORTON. The imagination of the beholders supplying all the rest. It does not appear that Fleming was personally present, and saw with his own eyes the black dog or devil, or whatever it was: he only drew up the account from some "written copy."

BOURNE. If he had been in the church it would have made no difference, for he was a very credulous, and, at the same time, a very pious personage. Here

is a piece by him upon the celebrated earthquake of 1580, called “a bright burning Beacon, forwarning all wise Virgins to trim their lampes against the comming of the Bridegroome,” in which I find the subsequent stanzas in rhyme, which I think the best I have seen from his pen.

“ But first, all other things aboue
Yee *Muses* whom I serue and feare,
And wonne with an exceeding loue,
Your balmd oblations boldly beare ;
Vouchsafe my senses vp to reare,
And shew to me the waies of Heauen,
The course of Starres and Planets seauen.

“ The lacke of light which dims the Sunne,
The labours of the Moone likewise,
In their Eclipses when they runne,
And of what causes Earthquakes rise ;
What thing such forces doth comprise
To make the Sea with calmnesse still,
And streight with storms the same to fill.”

MORTON. Those lines certainly do him credit.

ELLIOT. From what I have seen of Fleming, I should say that performances may do him credit, that would disgrace many other writers.

BOURNE. He was, in truth, a bad poet, or more properly, no poet at all ; but both the tracts I have mentioned, especially that of the Black Dog, are of the greatest rarity.

ELLIOT. When a book has no other attraction, you immediately discover that it is a great rarity.

BOURNE. You will find them nowhere noticed by bibliographers, nor another tract containing "a general doctrine touching blazing stars," which Fleming states he published and dedicated to Sir W. Cordell, Master of the Rolls to Queen Elizabeth.

ELLIOT. I do not think it is much to be regretted that bibliographers have omitted them.

BOURNE. We will not argue that point; I will only add that to his "Bright burning Beacon" Fleming affixes a curious list of the writers' names, "whose reportes of our late Easter Earthquake, &c. are printed and published." It includes not less than six noted poets, and is this,—Francis Shackleton, Arthur Golding, Thomas Twine, Thomas Churchyard, Richard Tarleton, John Philipps, Robert Gittins, John Grafton, and Abraham Fleming.

MORTON. That is curious: I dare say many of them are not extant.

BOURNE. I have seen all but four, viz. those by Twine, Philipps, Tarlton, and Gittins. Fleming's tract on the earthquake, as well as his account of the Black Dog, is concluded with "a prayer for repentance." Having now finished our wanderings, we will go back to the writers of blank verse. Six of Ovid's Epistles are said to have been translated by George Turberville into blank verse, but I never saw them, nor do I recollect to have met with any

thing of the same kind by N. Breton. We will therefore come down to the celebrated era of Robert Greene and George Peele : which of them is entitled to precedence I cannot determine, but as I before quoted to you some part of Peele's " Farewell to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake" (1589), I will first speak of Greene, observing that in the British Bibliographer some English Hexameters by Greene are given by mistake as a specimen of his blank verse. I shall present you with two short pieces by him, both in what Thomas Campion (in his " Observations on the Art of English Poesie "), calls the " licentiate Iambic," which, in truth, is our own native English measure of blank verse.

MORTON. From which of Greene's productions are they extracted?

BOURNE. From one of his rarest, called " Perimedes, The Blacke-Smith, A golden Methode how to vse the minde in pleasant and profitable exercise," &c. London, printed by John Wolfe, 1588, 4to. In all probability he translated the greater portion of it from the Italian : it consists of stories, reflections, and poetry, and is a production of considerable interest. He seems to have been a greater traveller than is generally imagined, and I will only detain you by reading two or three lines from his address before " A notable discovery of Coosnage," 1591, where he speaks of himself and his peregrinations ; " Fraunce, Germanie, Poland, Denmarke, I know

them all, yet not affectioned to any in the forme of my life; onelie I am Englishe borne, and I haue English thoughts; not a deuill incarnate because I am Italianate, but hating the pride of Italie because I know their peevishnes: yet in all these countreeyes where I haue trauelled, I haue not seene more excesse of vanitie, then we Englishmen practise through vaine glory."

ELLIOT. Now for the specimens of his talent for blank verse.

BOURNE. I would not have required even that exercise of your patience, if I had ever seen the passage I have just concluded quoted. The first of the specimens I am about to read is put into the mouth of a desponding lover of the name of Bradamant, for though Greene wrote a play called *Orlando Furioso*, he does not seem to have known that in Ariosto Bradamant is a female.

ELLIOT. Yes; but a female of a tolerably masculine character, in whose favour that singular stanza seems written in the fourth Canto.

*Se un medesimo ardor, se un desir pare
Inchina, e sforza l'uno e l'altro sesso, &c.*

BOURNE. But if I recollect, it is not immediately applied to her: however, do not let us wander after that, but read the following lines from Greene's *Perimedes*.—Bradamant sings them to a lute.

"The Swans whose pens as white as Iuory,
Eclipsing fayre Endymions siluer loue,

Floting like snow downe to the banckes of Po,
 Nere tund their notes, like Leda once forlorne,
 With more dispairing sortes of madrigales,
 Then I whome wanton loue hath with his gad
 Prickt to the Courte of deepe and restlesse thoughts :
 The frolike youngsters Bacchus liquor mads,
 Run not about the wood of Thessaly,
 With more inchaunted fits of lunacy,
 Then I whome loue, whome swete & bitter loue,
 Fiers infects with sundry passions :
 Now lorne with liking ouermuch my loue,
 Frozen with fearing if I step to far,
 Fired with gazing at such glimmering stars,
 As stealing light from Phebus brightest rayes,
 Sparkles and sets a flame within my brest.
 Rest, restlesse Loue, fond baby be content :
 Child hold thy darts within thy quiuer close,
 And if thou wilt be rouing with thy bowe,
 Ayme at those hearts that may attend on loue.
 Let countrey swaines and silly swads be still ;
 To Court yoong wag, and wanton there thy fill."

ELLIOT. I see nothing very particularly claiming admiration in that.

MORTON. The lines are harmoniously composed, but pieces of a lyrical character in their subject, derive a peculiar charm and grace from being lyrical in their measure. That is not the case here.

BOURNE. And we expect to find rhyme in them more than in productions of a different class. The

twelfth line is defective in a syllable; "Fiers" ought to be "fiersly." Perhaps you would rather I should omit the other extract I intended to read.

ELLIOT. By no means. Let us hear it. I would not willingly pass over any thing by so celebrated a poet as Greene.

MORTON. *Panem et aquam natura desiderat*, and he was often at his wits end to get them: therefore we must not be too fastidiously critical.

BOURNE. Mr. D'Israeli has said, I think, that James Howell was the first book-maker by trade, but there were very many before him, and among them Greene. He often obviously wrote on the spur of the moment. The following is sung to the lute by Melissa, the mistress of Bradamant.

"Obscure and darke is all the gloomie aire,
The Curtaine of the night is ouerspred,
The sylent Mistresse of the lowest spheare,
Puts on her sable coloured vail and lowers:
Nor Star nor Milkewhite cyrcle of the skye
Appeares where discontent doth hold her lodge;
She sits shrind in a Cannapie of Clouds,
Whose massie darknesse mazeth every sense.
Wan is her lookes; her cheekes of Azure hue,
Her haires as Gorgons foule retorting Snakes;
Enuie the Glasse wherein the hag doth gaze,
Restlesse the clocke that chimes her fast a sleepe,
Disquiet thoughts the minuts of her watch.

Forth from her Cave the fiend full oft dooth flie,
To Kings she goes and troubles them with Crownes,
Setting those high aspiring brands on fire,
That flame from earth vnto the seate of Ioue:
To such as Midas, men that dote on wealth,
And rent the bowels of the middle earth
For coine; who gape, as did faire *Danae*
For showers of Gold; there discontent in blacke,
Throwes forth the viols of her restlesse cares:
To such as sit at *Paphos* for releefe,
And offer *Venus* manie solemne vowes;
To such as *Hymen* in his saffron robe
Hath knit a *Gordion* knot of passions;
To these, to all, parting the glomie aire,
Black discontent doth make hir bad repaire."

ELLIOT. That is some improvement upon the ditty of the love-sick swain: the journey of Discontent reminds one a little of the visits of Queen Mab in *Romeo and Juliet*.

MORTON. The specimen seems to have been most miserably distorted in the printing.

BOURNE. It is, and if I had read it with the original punctuation it would have been perfectly unintelligible. I believe that is all it is necessary to read from Greene, and a still shorter quotation will be sufficient from Peele, because, as I before remarked, you are already acquainted with that spirited production by him, called "A Farewel to Sir John Norris," &c.

ELLIOT. I have not forgotten how much pleasure the perusal of it gave us.

BOURNE. What I am now going to offer you is a blank verse song, which is inserted in Peele's "Ar-raygnement of Paris," 1584, a pastoral presented before Queen Elizabeth. The song is entitled,

"Oenones Complaint."

"Melpomene, the muse of tragicke songes,
With mournefull tunes in stole of dismall hue,
Assist a sillie Nymphe to wayle her woe,
And leave thy lustie companie behinde!

"Thou lucklesse wreath becomes not me to weare,
The Poplar tree for triumphe of my loue:
Then as my ioye my pride of loue is lefte,
Be thou vncloathed of thy louelie greene.

"And on thy leaues my fortune written bee,
And then some gentle winde let blowe abroad,
That all the world may see how false of loue,
False Paris hath to his Oenone beene."

MORTON. The whole runs very musically, but here again the ear throughout seems to be longing after the rhyme. Even more so than in what you read from Greene.

BOURNE. I doubt that: my ear is satisfied; but perhaps it arises from having read the song many times before.

ELLIOT. Besides, the knowledge, that it is inserted as a song in a pastoral, induces one to expect more the *eclatante folie* of rhyme.

MORTON. Peele and Greene have not yet made me a convert to lyrical productions without rhyme.

BOURNE. The specimens of the kind in our old poets are rare, and I do not think that any of them would have the power to convert you. Those I have shown you are only in the common *English Iambic*, and perhaps you would be of opinion that the ancient classic measures in general are ill adapted to our language.

MORTON. Certainly, all I have seen leads me to that conclusion, whether the attempts have been made by poets of our own or of earlier times.

BOURNE. There is a considerable authority, or I might say, that there are many considerable authorities, against you, but one especially in a production to which we shall hereafter refer more particularly, where it is expressly said, "neither Saphicke, Ionicke, Iambicke, Phaleuticke, Adonicke, Gliconicke, Hexameter, Titrameter, Pentameter, Asclepediacke, Choriambicke, nor any other measured verse vsed amongst the Greekes, Latins, Italians, French, Dutch, or Spanish writers but may be exprest in English, be it in blanke verse, or meeter, in Distichon or Hexastichon, or in what forme or feet or what number you can desire."

ELLIOT. A sweeping assertion: who makes it?

BOURNE. Thomas Heywood, the play-poet, in his "Apology for Actors" (1612).

MORTON. Has he left any practical proofs of the truth of what he states? Has he written in any of those measures?

BOURNE. Of course, as the author of many plays, he was an adept in "licentiate Iambic," but of other pieces by him in blank verse I know nothing, if we except two or three translations inserted in his "Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas," 1637; but even they are of a theatrical character. When I quoted him I did not mean to enter into any discussion regarding the correctness of what he states; I only mentioned it by the way: perhaps on some future occasion we may not find it an unentertaining inquiry to ascertain how far the Greek and Latin measures have been adopted in English, and with what success.

MORTON. I did not mean by what I said to divert you from your course through the early blank verse poets of this country. Have you finished with Peele?

BOURNE. I have; and from him I proceed to James Aske: he wrote a heavy poem, entitled, "*Elizabetha Triumphans*. Conteyning the damned practizes that the diuelish popes of Rome haue vsed euer sithence her highnesse first comming to the Crowne," &c., 1588. I have only selected a short specimen, which relates principally to Mary Queen of Scots.

“ The Queene of Scots is chieftest instrument
This Pope doth vse soone after he doth raigne;
For by her meanes there were a companie
Of forward gallants brought vnto their ends:
Fourteene braue youths with diuers other are
By her entised to conspire the death
Of their thrise sacred and renowned Queene.
Proud Babbington with all his wretched crue,
Do seeke the spoyle of this their natie soyle.
These with their friends will aide such forraigne
Powers
As shall to dare to land within this Realme.
These Catholikes (nay Catterpillers then)
Will set this Pope within his former seate
In England here, or els they'll dye the death.
These by their oathes haue bound them selues thereto.
Oh Heauens! O Earth! O neuer-dying fame!
Lament with me for Englands haples lucke:
Her haples lucke through these unnaturall sonnes,
Who seeke to ruine her their mother deare,
And lay in wait to slay their carefull Nurse.”

And a little further on are these lines.

“ But marke the end which did ensue thereof.
As foolish Flies that cannot rest at night
If that they see a light within their sight,
But still will flie vnto the flame thereof,
Vntill they haue themselves consumd therewith;
So little power haue they now to resist

The burning flames which do ensue therefro.
Or as a bird"——

ELLIOT. Nay, one simile, so applicable and so new, is quite sufficient.

MORTON. Besides, it is very doubtful if the second will be better than the first, and we do not want to go *à malo in pejus*.

BOURNE. What you urge is reasonable, and, to say the truth, Aske has treated a dull subject in a dull way: I call it dull as a poem, because it only touches upon the common historical facts of Elizabeth's reign. W. Vallans, who in 1590 printed a blank verse work, called "A Tale of two Swannes," relating to the river Lee, its origin, &c. was a better poet and chose a better subject: a short specimen is quoted in the last volume of *Restituta*, p. 444, and the whole is inserted in Vol. V. of Hearne's Leland's Itinerary, so that we need not detain ourselves by an examination of what is so easily accessible. Here, however, we have a book of much rarity, and in its way not of less merit,—a blank-verse translation of the first book of Lucan, by a noted poet, whom you have frequently heard mentioned, and who died before 1593, as is said by some of a wound he received in a scuffle arising out of a low amour.

MORTON. You mean Christopher Marlow. Phillips calls him an "incomparable poet" of "a clean and unsophisticated wit." There is a fine address to

him from the pen of Chapman in the third sestiad of their joint translation of Hero and Leander.

ELLIOT. What did you say was the cause of his death?

BOURNE. That catastrophe is differently related: in Beard's "Theatre of Gods Judgements," it is asserted that he was killed by one whom he had attempted, for some grudge, to stab; while Vaughan, in his Golden Grove, 1608, adds that Ingram was the man who killed him, and that the rencontre took place over a game of tables. The most current story, however, is, what I have mentioned before; that he was making love to some wench, who had a sweetheart who came into the room while Marlow was with her: Marlow drew his poniard to stab the intruder, who wrested it from his hands and killed him. We cannot now come at the truth, and however this fact may be, nobody denies that he was a first rate poet.

ELLIOT. His translation of Hero and Leander is given in *Restituta*.

BOURNE. With Chapman's continuation, excepting such parts as the too squeamish delicacy of the editor excluded. That is in rhyme, and on the whole is a production of great excellence, though perhaps a little over-rated. His translation of "Lucan's first Booke of the Ciuill Warr betwixt Pompey and Cesar," was not published until 1600, when it was printed at the instance of one Thomas Thorpe, as

the work of "that pure elemental wit, Christopher Marlow."

MORTON. Can you give us a specimen?

BOURNE. A short one, but perhaps sufficient for our purpose. It is from that part of the first book which begins

*Fert animus causas tantarum expromere rerum,
Immensumque aperitur opus, &c.*

what is called in the language of poetical arguments "the subject proposed."

"The causes first I purpose to vnfold
Of these garboiles—whence springs a long discourse—

And what made mudding people shake off peace.
The fates are enuious. High feats quickly perish.
Vnder great burdens falls are euer greuous :
Rome was so great it could not beare itselfe.
So when the worlds compounded union breakes
Time ends, and to old Chaos things returne."

ELLIOT. There is a fine terseness and fulness of meaning in those lines.

BOURNE. They serve as one example out of many that could be produced, that it is possible to translate the full sense of a Latin hexameter poet in as many English heroic lines.

MORTON. Yet *Nec se Roma ferens* is extended to a whole line by Marlow.

BOURNE. It is, but eight of Lucan are perfectly translated in eight lines of Marlow. I do not, however, say that this is always the case, for there are amplifications. Marlow goes on thus :

“ Confused stars shall meete, celestiall fire
Fleete on the flouds, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shore, and *Phœbes* waine
Chace *Phœbus*, and inragd affect his place,
And striue to shine by day ; and full of strife
Dissolue the engines of the broken world.”

How much more force and energy, independent of fidelity, have these verses than the corresponding lines by Thomas May, in his rhyming translation, though May was a poet of no mean rank.

————— “ Seas with skies shall join
And stars with stars confounded lose their shine :
The earth no longer shall extend her shore
To keep the ocean out : the moon no more
Follow the sun, but scorning her old way
Cross him and claim the guidance of the day.
The falling worlds now jarring frame no peace.”

MORTON. Very poor indeed, though with the meretricious attraction of rhyme. “ The earth shoulder the sea ” is a fine characteristic and poetical expression in Marlow.

BOURNE. In the original one would select the passage just read rather as a specimen of Lucan’s

bombast than of his poetry. The following, on the contrary, is a noble figure, and is as nobly rendered in English by Marlow.

“ Cesar and Pompeys iarring loue soon ended ;
Twas peace against their wills. Betwixt them both
Stept Crassus in—euen as the slender isthmus
Betwixt the Ægean and the Ionian sea
Keepes each from other ; but being worne away
They both burst out and each encounter other.”

ELLIOT. The fault, if it be any, is that it is an improvement upon the original. Lucan only says

———— *si terra recedat*
Ionium Ægeo franget mare.————

BOURNE. The word *recedat*, you mean, gives one no notion of the natural process of an isthmus being worn away by the impetuosity of two seas struggling as it were to encounter each other. But quitting this translation, here is an original production, I should apprehend of about the same or a little earlier date, which contains a good deal of blank-verse, obviously written by a practised pen, although the production is anonymous. It has hitherto escaped the attention of bibliographers in the point of view for which I use it.

MORTON. And the title is—

BOURNE. “ The honorable Entertainement gieuen to the Quenes Maiestie in Progresse, at Elvetham

in Hampshire, by the Right Honorable the Earle of Hertford, 1591." It was printed in that year by John Wolfe.

MORTON. And no name is affixed to it nor to be collected from it?

BOURNE. None, although the writer constantly speaks of himself in the first person. 'This "Entertainment" was one of the most splendid ever presented to Queen Elizabeth, and it appears to have given her very great satisfaction. It was divided into several days' amusements, which are separately described: on the first day, on her arrival, she is addressed in a Latin oration in hexameters, by *a poet*, who is thus minutely and curiously described by the author; in all probability himself.

MORTON. Taking a part in the show, as Gascoyne did at Kenelworth, when he made a long speech to the Queen in the character of Sylvanus. What is the description?

BOURNE. He says that this poet was "*Veridicus Vates*, a sooth-saying poet, nothing inferior for truth and little for the delivery of his minde to an ordinarie orator. This poet was clad in greene to signify the ioy of his thoughts at her entrance—a lawrell garland on his head to expresse that Apollo was patrone of his studies—an oliue branch in his hand to declare what continuall peace and plentie he did both wish and aboade her Maiestie, and lastly, booted to betoken that he was *Vates cothurnatus*, and not a

loose or lowe creeping prophet, as poets are interpreted by some idle or enuious ignorants."

ELLIOT. His address to the Queen is, you say, in Latin.

BOURNE. It is in Latin "heroicall verse," as the author calls it; but at the end a translation in English blank verse is subjoined, "because all our countrey-men are not Latinists." It opens thus:

"While at the fountaine of the sacred hill
Vnder Apollos lute I sweetely slept,
Mongst prophets full possest with holy fury,
And with true vertue, voide of all disdaine,
The Muses sung & wakde me with these wordes:

"Seest thou that English Nymph in face and shape
Resembling some great Goddesse, and whose beames
Doe sprinkle Heauen with unacquainted light,
While shee doth visite *Semers* fraudlesse house;
As *Jupiter* did honour with his presence
The poore thatcht cottage where *Philæmon* dwelt.
See thou salute her with an humble voice;
Phœbus, and we will let thee lack no verses;
But dare not once aspire to touch her praise,
Who like the Sunne for show, to Gods for vertue,
Fills all with Maiesty and holy feare."

MORTON. "*Semers* fraudlesse house," is for Seymour, the family name of the Earl of Hertford. The lines flow certainly as from a pen accustomed to composition.

BOURNE. The first poets of the day were employed in furnishing the poetical parts of these *Entertainments*, as they were some few years afterwards in writing and preparing masques, when Princes were commonly relieved from the tedious nuisance of these out-door solemnities.

ELLIOT. I should be glad to hear another specimen of the blank-verse of this anonymous poet. It is some of the best we have read.

BOURNE. There is nothing easier than to gratify you. I will select from various speeches, by Nereus Sylvanus and others, that of the Fairy Queen, who on the fourth day thus addresses her Majesty :

“ I that abide in places vnder-ground
Aureola, the Queene of Fairy land,
 That euery night in rings of painted flowers
 Turne round and carrell out Elizaes name,
 Hearing that Nereus & the Syluane Gods
 Haue lately welcomde your Imperiall Grace
 Oapend the earth with this enchanting wand,
 To doe my duety to your Maiestie,
 And humbly to salute you with this chaplet
 Giuen me by *Auberon*, the Fairy King.
 Bright shining *Phæbe*, that in humaine shape,
 Hid'st heauens perfection, vouchsafe t'accept it ;
 And I *Aureola*, belou'd in heauen,
 (For amorous starres fall nightly in my lap)
 Will cause that Heauens enlarge thy goulden dayes,
 And cut them short that enuy at thy praise.”

ELLIOT. *Aureola* is to me a new name for the Fairy Queen. *Auberon* is the same as OBERON in Shakespeare.

BOURNE. And as OBORAM in R. Greene's play of James IV. of Scotland, 1598.

MORTON. The notion that the stars we see shoot at night, fall into the lap of the Fairy Queen is very fanciful and elegant.

BOURNE. All the poetry in the piece is much above an ordinary scribbler. Chapman, in his "Hymne to Hymen" on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth (1613), has an allusion to falling stars, that is pretty, but somewhat conceited: he says that from the Princess

"such glances fly
As make starres shoote to imitate her eye."

MORTON. Chapman wrote no blank-verse I believe: after what you read from the address to the Reader before his *Homer* it would be deserting his own principles to forsake rhyme.

ELLIOT. He was guilty of one kind of desertion, in writing the *Iliad* first in fourteen-syllable, and the *Odyssey* afterwards in ten-syllable verse.

BOURNE. Besides, it is said that he wrote some undramatic blank verse, but I have never been fortunate enough to meet with it. I should not be much surprised at some future time to find that he was the author of the tract before us, though at pre-

sent we have nothing before us to lead to such a conclusion.

MORTON. Unless some resemblance in style can be traced: in describing the poet, the author of the "Entertainment" speaks of the "idle and envious ignorants," who libelled men of that profession, and in the address before Chapman's Homer I find these lines on the same topic:

"Keepe still on in the durty vulgar way,
Till durt receiue your soules, to which ye vow;
And with your poison'd spirits bewitch our thrifts,
You cannot so despise us, as we you!"

BOURNE. I apprehend that you are a little mistaken: he is there censuring, if my memory serve me, low rhymers, who degrade the high calling of a real poet. However, it would be vain to attempt to trace any resemblance, for we have no materials for the purpose. I hinted at it merely as a very remote conjecture, which I should be glad, from my respect for Chapman, to find confirmed.

MORTON. If you have no specimen of blank-verse from Chapman, who succeeds, in point of date, the anonymous writer we last examined—

BOURNE. There remain, I believe, but two more authors of blank verse to be mentioned, and the first of these is Francis Sabie.

MORTON. What did he write? I do not think I ever heard his name before.

BOURNE. You will find him mentioned in Ritson as the author of "Pans pipe, three pastorall eglogues in English Hexameter, by F. S." &c.; but I notice him as having his name at length before "The Fisher-mans Tale, of the famous Actes, Life, and loue of Cassander a Grecian Knight, 1595," and of a sequel to it of the same date, called "Flora's Fortune: The second part and finishing of the Fisher-mans Tale." The whole of these productions is in blank-verse.

ELLIOT. What character does it deserve—good, bad, or indifferent?

BOURNE. The highest praise we can give it is, that it is not bad: there is most assuredly no part of it good. Sabie seems to have tried experiments in composition, and in his blank verse he has failed. He first wrote pastorals in hexameters, next romances in blank verse, and lastly, if my information be correct, sacred poems under the title of "Adams Complaint: The old Worlds Tragedy," and "David and Bathseba," (1596) in rhyme. These last were sold, I understand, among the books of Mr. Roscoe, at Liverpool, and had not been heard of before that time. We have only to do with his second attempt.

ELLIOT. And if it deserve the character you have given to it, I hope we shall have but little to do with it.

BOURNE. It is somewhat curious, as being founded upon Robert Greene's "Dorastus and Fawnia," (of

which, as you know, Shakespeare availed himself in his *Winter's Tale*) without any acknowledgment. It will not be necessary, notwithstanding, to delay ourselves by reading more than one, or at most two short passages. The subsequent description of a storm is one of the best portions.

“ This said an huge tempestuous blast of wind
Fraught with a mighty garison of waues,
Laid so hard siege against our fortrest pine
That cables crackt and sailes in sunder tare.
Out cride the keepers, now are we vndone.
But fully bent vnto our endlesse wracke
Fierce *Adria* remunified his force :
A roaring cannon he againe dischargde
Which rent our shippes against the craggie rockes.
Then might you see an heart-lamenting hap ;
Some hang on boords, some swimming in the deep,
All labouring to saue & keep their liues.
I held in armes my true and dearest loue,
Thinking with her to end my lothed life,
When suddenly we were by fate disioynd ;
I thrown by force all headlong in the seas,
Yet labouring my life still to preserue,
For who so wretched but desires to liue ?
These twinding armes caught hold vpon a boord
Which drew me to this life-preseruing rocke.”

ELLIOT. There is no difference between this and rhyming verse, but the want of the mere jingle at

the conclusion, the tag at the end of it, as Milton is said to have called it to Dryden. There is no variety in the pauses, but the structure of each line is exactly the same as that which precedes it.

BOURNE. In this respect it must be granted that Milton was an inventor, or more properly, the author of such improvements in versification without rhyme, as almost to entitle him to the rank of an inventor.

MORTON. *Spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat* will not at all apply to Sabie; his lines are mere dull monotony: I should think a very few more than those you have read would have a most irresistible somniferous effect.

ELLIOT. In short, you think that his book deserves the opinion given by an epigrammatist of a certain poem—

“ From England take your work
Such lines we will not keep;
Where *Opium* failes the Turk
Your book will make him sleep.”

BOURNE. We will try its efficaciousness by a short extract from “*Floras Fortune*,” the second part of the “*Fishermans Tale*.” The subject is quite of a composing kind; Flora is about to commit suicide, thinking that her beloved Cassander is no more.

“ Thus Flora made her lamentable mone—
Death, *Dis*, *Styx*, *Proserpine*, ye *Stygian* Gods,

Infernall powers, and all ye hellish crue,
Why suffer ye me, damned wight, to liue?"

Thus furiously she begins: you will observe that Flora answers to Shakespeare's Perdita; and nothing is easier than to imagine the four lines I have just read, put into the mouth of the delicate and unconscious princess. Soon afterwards Flora thus proceeds with her rapture:

"And now Cassander, whose delightfull shape
The goddes enuy'd, which made thee be disdainde,
Loe now I come to thee—this fatal blade
(A blade she held in hand) shal end my dayes:
And though we might not liue together here,
Yet shall our Ghosts (ye Gods forbid it not)
With louers blyth, sport in Elizian fields."

MORTON. I hope she kills herself, if it were only that she might vent no more such trash.

BOURNE. That would not suit the purpose of the author, nor comply with the demands of poetical justice; her desperate hand is staid by her supposed father, who is happily present during the whole exclamation.

ELLIOT. Do not torture us by such horrid scenes further, but out of mere compassion to our feelings close Sabie's work.

BOURNE. I will, and open that of Richard Mulcaster, the last author I shall introduce to you to-day. He has not hitherto been mentioned as, or

known to be, a writer of blank verse. I can besides promise you that it is more endurable than the production of Francis Sabie.

MORTON. Your praise by comparison is not very flattering.

BOURNE. Mulcaster's production is not by any means first rate. I think he was a schoolmaster: in 1582 he published "The first part of the Elementarie, which entreateth chiefly of the right writing of our English tongue;" but before that date he had probably contributed to the "Princely Pleasures of Kenelworth," though there called Muncaster.

ELLIOT. His contribution was not in blank verse, was it?

BOURNE. No: the specimens I shall read are from a much later effort, on the death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of James I., under the contradictory title of *Nænia Consolans*, a series of Latin hexameters.

ELLIOT. How will Latin hexameters suit our purpose?

BOURNE. I do not say that they will: what I have in my hand is a translation of them by the same author: it is entitled "The translation of certaine latine verses written vppon her Maiesties death, called *A Comforting Complaint*." It was printed for Edward Aggas, in 1603, a printer to whom, as I have before mentioned, some blank verses are assigned in the Brit. Bibl.

MORTON. And this translation of his own Latin lines is in blank verse?

BOURNE. The initials R.M. are at the end of it; the passage I will now read is near the commencement.

“Most noble King with happie course and long
Stand to thy sterne—our hope is vnder saile!

My Queene, though dead, now calls me: not to
teares

For countreys heavie losse by fatal stroake,
But vnto ioy.”

ELLIOT. The fault I pointed out in Sabie's work does not belong to the quotation you have just read: the pauses are even artfully managed and varied.

BOURNE. Just there they are, but not so in general. I allow very willingly, judging from the specimen now in our hands, that Mulcaster knew much better than Sabie how to write blank verse: he was, nevertheless, not much of a poet, as you will see. The first part of this little tract of ten pages, relates to the religious contests in the reign of Elizabeth: her learning, talents, &c. are shortly afterwards thus noticed:

“But were it not a mighty fault to hide
The royall gifts wherewith she was endow'd?
Her knowledge and her skill, the only meane
Which doth adorne a noble royall wit?

Her learning did surmount her sex and kind.
She had obtain'd the chiefe and learned tongues,
Whereby she knew what things were to be knowne.

Vpon these grounds and learning of her owne,
She fauour'd so all people that were learn'd,

As both th' Vniuersities felt by Royall graunt
The benefits wherewith she priuiledged them:
And euery shire, so warranted from her,
Founde many a schoole well founded for their youth
To bring them vp at first, whom afterward
The Vniuersities were to feed with stronger meats."

What say you to that passage?

MORTON. It is sufficiently prosaic.

ELLIOT. And the lines some of the goutiest and clumsiest we have heard. But I dare say it is not all alike, or if it be, still I contend that it has not the great fault of Sabie's production—I was going to say poem.

MORTON. We may be almost equally scrupulous in speaking of Mulcaster's work, which is rather measured prose than poetry. The death of Elizabeth is thus touched upon:

" Now drawing near to death she stay'd on still,
The faith she held in life she kept in death,
That though they which were neere her when she
dyed

Were for her death in paine and extreame grieve,
And could haue wisht her longer time to liue,
Yet they rejoic'd to see her so depart
As in her death they saw a present life.

" For at her death she did remember well
Both what concern'd her soule, her heauenly state,
And how she must depart without delay;
And when her soule her mortall bodie left

With triumph she did mount straight into heauen.
Nor when she died, did she forget hers here,
As many mothers doe forget their babes,
But left vs such a King whose vertues might
Abridge the grieve which lacke of her might breed."

ELLIOT. That is very poor: if there be nothing better, I am afraid I must give up Mulcaster, notwithstanding the favourable commencement you made.

BOURNE. I assure you I have chosen my extracts as the best I could select. The last six lines are in twelve syllable blank verse, but I do not know that they are worth reading: they relate, like some others, to the new king, and are the *consoling* part of the *complaint*.

MORTON. Let us hear them, if they are only six lines.

BOURNE. They are a sort of prayer by way of conclusion.

"As good *Elizabeth* raignes most happie now in
heauen,

So happie may King *James* raigne long with us in
earth:

And as she did auoide the Iesuites treacherous traines,
Whereby she gat her graue in drie and quiet death,
So good King *James* goe late to God and slip their
snares,

For if thou stickst to God, they'l not sticke to sticke
thee."

ELLIOT. Well, after that, I abandon him to any kind of censure you think fit to bestow upon him.

BOURNE. I calculated upon your disappointment and retractation.

MORTON. Then that work, published in 1603, concludes the authors of blank verse in English.

BOURNE. For the present it does: at least I am not now prepared to go beyond it: that it might be carried further is very probable, but the writers I have adduced are amply sufficient to show that Milton's *Paradise Lost* was not "the first example set in English of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming."

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THE

POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE THIRD CONVERSATION.

BOURNE. Poetry is such an excursive thing of itself, that it would be a task of extreme difficulty to adhere closely to one course, without turning aside now and then to examine objects a little out of the road.

MORTON. But we have no road; no straight course, and we ought to have none: we are bound in any direction that may appear to afford us amusement and knowledge.

BOURNE. A sort of literary steeple-hunting, where we endeavour to avoid all beaten tracks, and are in search of fresh and sometimes hitherto unseen objects to engage our attention.

ELLIOT. Under your superior guidance, who seem accustomed to this mode of travelling: I must allow that if we now and then are obliged for a while to follow you over barren ground, we are generally rewarded in the end.

MORTON. That is a great deal for you to confess.

ELLIOT. Why, almost every thing we behold has an air of novelty to recommend it: to be sure we sometimes flounder awhile in a bog or quagmire, but—

BOURNE. On that head I do not think you have much to complain of: I have industriously avoided all the heavy toilsome ground.

MORTON. Your objection would, in my opinion, be more fairly directed against his endeavours sometimes to engage your attention upon objects of comparative insignificance, when there is a wide and watered prospect for the eye to wander over.

BOURNE. That must be excused, for I dare say I often attach a peculiar and artificial interest to particulars that nobody would think of but those who have been occupied in the same pursuits.

MORTON. I do not know after all that it is not better on all accounts, that we should shape our course in some particular direction, provided we do not confine ourselves to it with too much severity.

BOURNE. For instance, I wish now to refer you to a few of our old English satirists, beginning with those who are considered our earliest in the reign of Elizabeth, and coming down to a later date towards the close of the reign of her successor.

ELLIOT. I shall be happy to accompany you; but you must not murmur, if in requiring explanations on a subject on which I am comparatively so much in the dark, I occasion you to make a few digressions;

only *ne soyez vous faciles* (says Rabelais) *à ces ocieux et inutiles voyages*—if they are useless.

BOURNE. My fear is, notwithstanding your caution, that I shall be too ready to comply.

MORTON. I should apprehend digressions could hardly be avoided altogether, and they will, I dare say, afford sufficient variety to make the time not hang heavily on our hands.

ELLIOT. If it do, it will be the first time, for though, as you are aware, I am not quite as ardent an admirer of old poetry as you two, and think a great deal that I have seen quoted as good, mere trash; yet I have always been hitherto entertained, and sometimes gratified, with what you have brought forward.

BOURNE. I am glad of it; if you find us dull and not worth listening to, recollect that you are always at full liberty to doze away half an hour in the library chair.

MORTON. I will undertake, that he will feel no disposition to sleep. Speaking of English Satirists, I recollect that you said you would prove that Dr. Donne was the oldest in our language.

ELLIOT. I always thought he was; though I have read nothing more of his satires than what has been modernised by Pope.

BOURNE. I believe that yours is the popular notion, though most literary antiquaries, perhaps all, would tell you, that Lodge, Hall, and Marston wrote

before him ; yet they are in the wrong, and you and the public, by accident and ignorantly, in the right.

ELLIOT. I am much obliged to you :—explain if you please.

MORTON. Bishop Hall, I think, claims to be the first English satirist. Warton in his H. E. P. says, “ Satire, specifically so called, did not commence in England till the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the first professed English satirist, to speak technically, is Bishop Joseph Hall.”

BOURNE. But Hall certainly has no right to the distinction : he says in the prologue to his satires ;

“ I first adventure with fool-hardy might,

To tread the steps of perilous despite.

I first adventure,—follow me who list,

And be the *second* English satirist.”

Most likely he was not aware of the existence of any predecessor in the language, for when he published his “ Vergidemiarum, the first three books of tooth-lesse satyrs,” in 1597, he was a very young man, little acquainted with English writers, his knowledge being chiefly confined to the classics at college.

MORTON. The late Mr. Beloe, in his “ Anecdotes of Literature and scarce Books,” has very satisfactorily proved that Bishop Hall was the “ *second* English satirist,” and Dr. Thomas Lodge the first.

BOURNE. And I think I can as satisfactorily prove

that Hall was only *third*, Lodge the *second*, and Dr. Donne the *first* English satirist.

MORTON. You do not mean that nobody had written satires before the date when they flourished?

BOURNE. Certainly not: Skelton, Roy, and several others had written satirical pieces: Roy's attacks upon Cardinal Wolsey were very severe, but though they were intended as satires they were not so called. There was, besides, Gascoyne, whose "Steele Glasse" I have already mentioned, and to which I shall again have occasion to refer: that was first printed in 1576. Even Sir T. Wyat has been called a satirist.

ELLIOT. But you are wandering: how do you show that Dr. Donne wrote his satires before 1597, the date of Bishop Hall's work?

BOURNE. By a manuscript copy of his three first satires preserved in the British Museum (among the Harl. MS. No. 5110): it is entitled "Ihon Dunne his Satires. Anno Domini 1593;" of the authenticity, as well as of the correctness of the date of this document, I imagine, there can be no doubt.

MORTON. You have heard of no printed copy of so early a date?

BOURNE. No; but printing has in truth nothing to do with the question, who was the first English satirist: it is enough for me to show that Dr. Donne was the first, about that time, who wrote several *satires* in English, so called. Besides, great doubt hangs over the printing of Dr. Donne's poems.

ELLIOT. What is the date of the first printed edition of his satires?

BOURNE. What is called the first edition, and that incomplete, of Donne's Poems is dated in 1633, and was published by John Marriot, with some commendatory verses of his own.

ELLIOT. I thought that Donne had been dead by that time.

BOURNE. And so he was, and it is not a little singular, that though scattered pieces had appeared, there was no collection of his poems during his lifetime. The epistle before his poem called "The Progresse of the Soule," is dated 16th August, 1601; other poems to Ben Jonson are in 1603, and what is very remarkable is that in the collection of Ben Jonson's works, in 1616, is an epigram "To Lucy Countesse of Bedford with Mr. Donne's *satyres*," which it seems Ben Jonson sent at her desire.

MORTON. Does it not appear whether they were or were not printed?

BOURNE. No, but it is most likely that they were, though they have not come down to us. This may be accounted for. In a letter from Dr. Donne to Sir H. G. dated "Vigilia S^ti Tho." 1614, he mentions his resolution to print his poems "not so much for public view, but at mine own cost *a few copies*," which *few copies*, if printed, in all probability are lost.

ELLIOT. One of those might be sent to the Countess of Bedford: if they had been published for sale,

she need not have desired a copy as a present, unless as a mark of distinction to the author.

MORTON. But surely I have seen or heard something of a poem by Dr. Donne, printed before 1633.

BOURNE. What you refer to are probably some pieces called *Anniversaries*, which, in a letter dated "Paris, the 14th April, 1612," he notices the printing of, as well as some objections urged against them. The second and third of them, dated in 1612, were in Dr. Farmer's Collection.

MORTON. Then how old was he when you suppose he wrote the three satires, the copy of which in MS. is dated 1593?

BOURNE. He was born in 1573, therefore he was not more than twenty; but Ben Jonson and others bear testimony to the precocity of his talents: he had obtained a very considerable reputation, as appears by the evidence of contemporaries, before he entered into holy orders, about 1615. Thomas Freeman, in his Epigrams, called "Rubbe and a great Cast," and "Runne and a great Cast," 1614, has one addressed "to John Dunne," in which some of his pieces are noticed, and among them his *satires*, and Freeman seems to speak of the whole as if they were printed.

ELLIOT. Have you that? I should like to see it.

BOURNE. I have by good fortune; for it is a work of rare occurrence and high price, principally from the frequent mention in it of poets living about that time. Here is that upon Donne.

“ Epigram 84.

To John Dunne.

The *Storme* describ'd hath set thy name afloat,
Thy *Calme*, a gale of famous winde hath got :
Thy Satyres short, too soone we them ore looke ;
I prethee *Persius* write a bigger booke.”

Most of the epigrams in this tract have never been quoted, and this among them.

ELLIOT. It is very much to the purpose : “ a bigger booke ” would certainly indicate a printed book, if nothing be said to the contrary.

MORTON. And he could hardly have gained a reputation so extensive as is there spoken of, had not his poems and satires been published to the world.

BOURNE. His name appears among the satirical eulogisers of Coryate and his *Crudities* in 1611, and he wrote a poem on the death of Prince Henry, which in 1613 was printed with others by Sir W. Cornwallis, Sir Edw. Herbert, Sir H. Goodyere, &c.

MORTON. Does the MS. of the three first satires of Dr. Donne agree with the printed copy, or does it supply any material omissions ?

BOURNE. None perhaps very material, unless we except a few lines left out of the edition of 1633, which the printer did not venture to publish. They are added in most of the subsequent editions.

ELLIOT. Sometimes an old contemporary MS. might enable one to correct admitted errors.

BOURNE. And so does this : I collated the printed

copy and the MS., and found nearly a hundred variations of different kinds, some of them much assisting in explaining the sense of the author: thus the last of the following lines is nonsense as printed in 1633, and subsequently copied;

“ Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man;
That when thou meets't one, with enquiring eyes
Dost search and like a needy broker prize
The silke and golde he weares, and to that rate
So high or low dost raise thy formall hate!”

Now the MS. makes it quite intelligible;

“ So high or low dost vaile thy formall hat.”

However, it would only tire you to go into these minute matters, nor would it be attended with much profit.

MORTON. It is long since I read those satires, but no doubt you have taken the pains to ascertain whether the allusions with which they abound accord with the date assigned to them in the MS.

BOURNE. I have read them carefully with that view, and there is not a reference to any single event, or to any peculiarity of dress and custom, that does not belong to the date which the MS. bears, viz. 1593. Indeed there is one passage that fixes them in Queen Elizabeth's reign almost beyond a doubt: he makes one of the persons say,

————— “ I have beene
In loue euer since *tricesimo* of the *Queene*.”

If King James had been then reigning, Donne would have at least called her the late Queen, or not have mentioned her at all: besides, supposing the satires really written in 1593, the person in whose mouth he puts the words would have been in love about five years, for “ *tricesimo* of the *Queene*” was 1588; a period sufficiently long for the point the poet is making out. Again speaking of a petty courtier, he says,

————— “ He knowes
When the *Queene* frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes
what

A subtle states-man may gather of that.”

In other places he notices the war with Spain, the “ mutinous Dutch,” and “ frozen north discoveries,” not omitting mention of a circumstance that made much noise about that period, the wonderful horse owned by a person of the name of Banks.

MORTON. Frequent allusion is made to him and his singular animal in our old writers.

ELLIOT. What, was it like “ the learned pig,” or the “ sagacious dog,” or “ the half-reasoning elephant?”

MORTON. Yes; only in those days it was a greater wonder, because the docility of animals was not so well known: indeed, judging by the praises bestowed

upon this horse and the feats he is recorded to have performed, he was a far more surprising creature than *Toby* or *Munito*.

BOURNE. It would take long to go through a bare enumeration of them: Dekker, in his *Satiro-mastix*, mentions the horse as having been a juggler, and "walking to the top of St. Paul's," while in Peele's *Jests* it is asserted that he could even play upon the lute.

ELLIOT. That surpasses any thing of modern times: I should think a horse would find some difficulty in the fingering of that delicate instrument.

BOURNE. The lute was then a fashionable instrument, and there were most famous masters who taught it; a horse might almost have learnt of them.

MORTON. One of the most famous was John Douland, as Shakespeare can bear evidence.

BOURNE. And his own works, for he published several: among them the "*Musicall Banquet*," 1610, in which is found a beautiful song by Queen Elizabeth's Lord Essex, of which the following is the first stanza,

"Change thy mind since she doth change,
Let not fancy still abuse thee;
Thy vntruth can not seem strange
When her falshood doth excuse thee.
Loue is dead and thou art free,
She doth liue, but dead to thee."

ELLIOT. It runs with as much smoothness, and is worded with as much delicacy, as any thing by Thomas Little, *alias* Thomas Brown, *alias* Thomas Moore.

BOURNE. And the song throughout would bear the comparison. I am not at all sure that towards the end it has not some allusion to Queen Elizabeth.

“Die! but yet before thou die
Make her know what she has gotten;
She in whom my hopes did lie,
Now is chang’d, I quite forgotten:
She is chang’d, but changed base,
Baser in so vilde a place.”

MORTON. Perhaps like Mr. Chalmers, in his Apology for the believers in the Shakespeare MS. you wish to make every thing referrible to the “Greatest and fairest Empresse,” as, I see, Donne calls the Queen in his satires. Just let me ask, if Douland did not write some poetry himself.

BOURNE. He published a good deal of music, and he mentions several of his productions of this kind in the dedicatory epistles prefixed. Among them here is one which is curious, as containing a specimen of his versification; the work is only a translation from *Andreas Ornithoparcus*, it is an “Introduction; containing the Art of Singing. By John Douland, Lutenist, Lute-player, and Bachelor of Musicke in both the Vniuersities,” 1609.

MORTON. What are the lines? Are they original or translated?

BOURNE. Only translated from the Latin; and the verse, you will observe, is of extremely difficult construction.

“Twixt *Musitians*, and *Practitians* oddes is great;
They doe know, these but show, what art doth treat.
Who doeth ought, yet knoweth nought, is brute by
kind;

If voices shrill, voide of skill may honour finde,

Then *Philomel* must beare the bell,

And *Balaam's* Asse Musitian was.”

ELLIOT. If he were no better lutenist than poet, I do not think he would have been competent to the instruction of Banks's horse.

BOURNE. Returning to which, let me direct your notice to a pamphlet on the subject, consisting of only 13 leaves, which sold a few years ago at the Gordonstoun sale for as many guineas as leaves.

ELLIOT. That is as great a wonder as the horse of which it treats, and more money than the horse, I dare say, was intrinsically worth. I beg pardon—proceed.

BOURNE. The title is this, “*Maroccus Extaticus*. Or Bankes Bay Horse in a trance. A Discourse set downe in a merry Dialogue between Bankes and his beast; Anatomizing some abuses and trickes of this age,” &c. 1595.

ELLIOT. I suppose it is a satirical piece.

BOURNE. It is, and therefore the more fit to find a place here.

MORTON. *Maroccus*, I conclude, was the name of the horse.

BOURNE. He was called *Marocco*, which in this title is Latinised to *Maroccus*. You see here is a wood-cut on one of the pages, representing a sort of fencing match between Banks and his horse; at their feet is a pair of dice, to indicate the animal's skill with them.

MORTON. I should like to hear a part of the conversation "anatomising some of the abuses and tricks of this age."

ELLIOT. I dare say it is curious and amusing.

BOURNE. I fear you will be disappointed—I was when I read it; and therefore I will only make a quotation from the latter end, which I think is best. There are, however, other parts not unworthy notice; for instance, where Marocco censures the puritanical hypocrites of the age: "I tell you master, for a truth I tell you too, I knowe a man that in this towne, had a Bible lying on his shoppe boorde, and solde but three yardes of satten vnto a Gentleman, and forswore himselfe at least three times in the coping, and yet the booke laie open before him, and hee came newe from reading of Salomons prouerbes."

MORTON. That puts one in mind of the puritanical

widow's description of her husband in Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street*, where she says, with the utmost simplicity, "He was a very rogue, that's the truth on't, as to the business between man and man, but as to Godward he was always counted an upright man and very devout."

ELLIOT. "'Tis many a pious Christian's case ;" not a few lay this sort of salve upon their consciences, and find it very healing.

BOURNE. Towards the end there is a continuation of the same point, rather cleverly handled, when the horse is speaking of the practices of Landlords.—
"O master, miserable Landlords are the cause of all this mischief. 'Tis he that because he will haue an vnreasonable rent, will vpholde anie villanie in his tenant: a slaue to monie, a pander to the baud, a piller, nay a pillow and a bolster, to all the roguerie committed in his houses. And yet will this filthie fellow sit at his doore on a Sondag in the high street, and my mistres his wife by him, and there forsooth talke so saint-like of the sermon that day, and what a good peece of worke the young man made, and what a goodly gift of vtterance he had, but not the value of a pound of beefe will a giue him, were his gift of vtterance comparable to S. Augustines, or Chrisostomes eloquence. Sweare a will and for-sweare upon the workeday, as well as anie. And if percase a sit in place of authoritie, O how seuerer will a be in all his proceedings against a yong or

good fellow in anie trifling matter. Then a takes vpon him not a little: Sir (sayes hee) what did you in such a house? Wherefore came you thether? And laie the lawe and the Prophetes too, and so rate a Gentleman well descended, meerely priuiledged with a furd gowne and a nightcap; when in deede his bringing vp hath beene in beggerie and slauerie illiberally, hauing spent his time in conference with the water tankard at the Conduit, lying miserably, and for sparing of wood, loding his gowne sleeve with fuell from the haberdashers, and wearing his handes in a frostie morning by the fugitive flames of a few wast papers; a naturall enemy to all learning and liberalitie."

ELLIOT. There is much spirit in this description.

BOURNE. It is not, as I have observed, all so good, and was probably run up in a hurry to meet a temporary sale. In the conclusion *Marocco* promises before next term to give a second "lecture of the Anatomie of the world," but probably the author did not receive sufficient encouragement.

MORTON. I see that there is some poetry interspersed.

BOURNE. But not worth reading: mere doggrel. It is said that poor *Marocco* and his master were many years afterwards both burnt in Portugal for having dealings with the devil. Sir W. Raleigh, in his "History of the World," seems to have had a sort of presentiment of the fate of poor Bankes and

his Horse, for speaking of “the diuers kindes of vnlawful Magicke,” he says, “And certainly if *Bankes* had liued in elder times, hee would haue shamed all the Inchanters of the World: for who-soeuer was most famous among them, could neuer master or instruct any Beast as he did his Horse.”

ELLIOT. That is remarkable.—But what has become of Dr. Donne?

BOURNE. Hitherto all I have mentioned has been strictly in point. The question was, when Dr. Donne wrote his satires, and a passage was referred to regarding *Bankes's* Horse; I quoted the pamphlet principally for the date, and read the extract to satisfy your curiosity.

ELLIOT. I dispute the fact; but admitting it for brevity's sake, my curiosity is now satisfied.

BOURNE. But now for my own satisfaction, and for the sake of completeness, let me just advert, in a word or two, to another very singular and scarce tract. Having said so much of the Horse, we may be allowed to add a word or two in favour of that “most patient, bearing and forbearing of all animals,” the Ass.

MORTON. I am sure I have not the slightest objection.

ELLIOT. Nor I; only do not complain that we led you out of that straight road you seemed so anxious to pursue in the outset.

BOURNE. I will not. The tract I allude to is

called "The Noblenesse of the Asse: a work rare, learned, and excellent," and there certainly has been some talent and much knowledge concerned in the composition: it is also, as the title expresses it, extremely "*rare*."

MORTON. When was it printed?

BOURNE. In the same year as *Maroccus Extaticus*, 1595, and perhaps the lavish praises bestowed upon that Horse induced some one to take compassion upon the Ass. It professes to be written by A. B. but it is not improbable that much of it is a translation, or compilation from several foreign works on the same subject; not a few pens, and some of note, have thought they could not be employed better than in vindicating this much-injured animal.

MORTON. Mr. D'Israeli has given an account of the Feast of Asses.

BOURNE. He has; but this pamphlet has no relation to it. Observe the wood-cut on the title—an Ass with a wreath of laurel round his neck.

ELLIOT. Which he seems to wear with the most becoming modesty and humility.

BOURNE. This is one of the many passages in his praise, where the reader's attention is supposed to be directed to the wood-cut. "He refuseth no burthen, he goes whither he is sent without any contradiction. He lifts not his foote against any one; he bytes not, he is no fugitiue, nor maliciously affected. He doth all things in good sort, and to

his liking that hath cause to employ him. If strokes be giuen him, he cares not for them; and, as our modern poet singeth,

Thou wouldst (perhaps) he should become thy foe,
And to that end doost beat him many times;
He cares not for himselfe, much lesse thy blowe."

ELLIOT. What modern poet does he quote?

BOURNE. I do not know: that is a secret worth discovering, and which I have taken some pains to find out. There are several other scraps interspersed apparently from the same hand: the following is one of them, and celebrates a virtue for which I was not aware the Ass was remarkable.

"One other gift this beast hath as his owne
Wherewith the rest could not be furnished;
On man himselfe the same was not bestowne,
'To wit—on him is ne're engendered
The hatefull vermine that doth teare the skin
And to the bode doth make his passage in."

MORTON. As they used to maintain of old (and as a modern poet has repeated), that serpents and adders are never bred in Ireland.

BOURNE. But the most singular and delightful gift of the Ass, according to this author, is his voice; he has made the discovery (and the invention, I apprehend, is quite original) that the braying of the Ass is the most musical sound in art or nature: that it

possesses all the qualities "that might delight a dainty ear:" in short, that it far exceeds Spenser's description of the concert in the Bower of Bliss,—(F. Q. B. II. C. 12.)

ELLIOT. But resembling it in one particular, for Spenser says;

"Right hard it was for wight which did it hear
To judge what manner music it mote be."

It would puzzle any man to find out what "manner music" there was in the braying of a Jack-ass.

BOURNE. You are mistaken; it does not at all puzzle the author of this pamphlet on "the Noblesse of the Asse." He speaks first of "the goodly sweet and continuall brayings" of Asses, "whereof they forme a melodious and proportionable kinde of musicke. Nor thinke I (he adds) that any of our immoderne Musitians can deny, but that their song is full of exceeding pleasure to be heard: because therein is to be discerned both concord, discord, singing in the meane, the beginning to sing in large compasse, then following on to rise and fall, the halfe note, whole note, musicke of fieve voyces, firme singing by foure voyces, three together or one voice and a halfe. Then their variable contrarieties amongst them, when one deliuers forth a long tenor, or a short, the pausing for time, breathing in measure, breaking the minim or very least moment of time. Last of all to heare the musicke of fieve or

sixe voyces chaunged to so many of Asses, is amongst them to heare a song of world without end."

MORTON. The united harmony of five or six asses braying at the same time must be delightful indeed.

BOURNE. Fortescue, in his "Foreste," 1571, (fol. 68. b.) seems anxious that the nobler animal of the same species shall participate in this applause, for he says, "When Apelles his horse was brought into the place the other began to *braie* and stirre, as is their common usage."

ELLIOT. One would suppose that since his time horses had changed their note to leave the favoured Ass in sole possession of this pre-eminently musical distinction of braying.

BOURNE. The assertion of Douland, which we read a few minutes ago, that "Balaam's Ass *musician* was," is thus fully borne out. We will now go back to our English satirists, taking it for granted that we have established that Dr. Donne "first adventured" in that department of poetry, and not Bishop Hall, who himself claims the distinction.

MORTON. You mentioned, and Mr. Beloe proves, that Dr. Lodge preceded Hall, so that the Bishop was only the *third* English satirist.

BOURNE. It was for a long time taken for granted that Hall made a just claim, but that is completely set aside by the date of Dr. Thomas Lodge's production, called "A Fig for Momus." It was printed

in 1595, and Bishop Hall's "*Virgidemiarum*" not until 1597, leaving an interval of two years. The great rarity of Lodge's work, no doubt, prevented the earlier correction of the mistake.

ELLIOT. In all these cases I am obliged to require you to consider my ignorance, and to give me some account of the author.

BOURNE. Mr. Singer, to his late reprint of Lodge's "*Glaucus and Silla*," (certainly an inferior piece) with some other selected poems, has prefixed a sketch of the life of the author, principally collected from what he himself says in his various dedications.

ELLIOT. You call him Dr. Lodge: was he a divine or a physician?

BOURNE. A physician, and wrote professionally a "*Treatise on the Plague*," and this collection of *Recipes* never printed: it is called "*The Poore Mans Legacie*," and is dedicated to the Countess of Arundel, in a letter written and signed in the author's own hand.

MORTON. Where did you procure this curiosity?

BOURNE. At the sale of the late Duke of Norfolk's library, by Evans, in Pall Mall: the MS. came into his Grace's hands, no doubt, with Arundel Castle. It is merely scientific. Lodge was, however, a very voluminous writer of novels, plays, satires, and poems, probably before he devoted himself to his professional pursuits, as his "*Treatise on the Plague*" is dated as late as 1603. Thomas Heywood, in his

Troia Britannica, 1609, C. 3. mentions Lodge among the celebrated physicians of his time—

“ As famous Butler, Pady, Turner, Poe, Atkinson, Lyster, Lodge, who still suruiue.”

MORTON. Shakespeare's “ As you like it ” is founded upon one of his novels.

BOURNE. It is ; and the resemblance is close and striking. Mr. Steevens, with more flippancy than taste or knowledge, calls it “ a worthless original,” but to me it seems a beautiful novel, though with too much prolixity in a few of the speeches : some of the poems in it are of standard excellence, and have been often quoted.

ELLIOT. I think I have seen two or three in Ellis's Specimens.

BOURNE. You have, and Mr. Singer has quoted several more.

ELLIOT. I certainly should be little inclined to take Mr. Steevens's judgment on matters of taste and poetry, and it has often struck me when reading Shakespeare, and the modern prefaces to his plays, that it would be very desirable to have the novels from which he borrowed his fable (and now and then some part of his dialogue or relation), collected in a form to which we could refer.

MORTON. I have thought so too : the old novels, generally speaking, are so rare that it is very difficult to obtain a sight of any of them.

BOURNE. It is in project to make a neat reprint of the whole of them, as far as they are known, and I apprehend it will not make a useless or uninteresting volume to accompany the works of our great dramatic poet. It will, however, be very difficult to procure some of the stories, on account of the excessive scarceness of copies, and especially of first editions: for instance, Lodge's "Rosalynde," the original of "As you like it," was first printed in 1590, and though there are several subsequent editions, under the title of "Euphues Golden Legacie," the reprint ought to be made from the copy of 1590, which is very rarely to be met with: some others are of still greater value.

MORTON. I remember, some time ago you told us that you had discovered the original novel of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," not hitherto found. I long to see it, as it has escaped the researches of all the commentators.

BOURNE. I will show it you at a future time, and I will then, if possible, speak somewhat more at large on the stories by which Shakespeare was assisted: at present we should be wandering much too far to arrive at them.

MORTON. As you please. You mentioned that Lodge wrote some plays.

BOURNE. Yes, and one in conjunction with Robert Greene, for he seems to have been intimate with most of the "roysterly poets" of those times. But

besides plays, he published a defence of theatrical performances against the attacks of the puritans—a production of very uncommon occurrence: at present I wish to call your attention to a few extracts from his satires, &c. as the *second* English satirist, for Dr. Donne's, as the first, are too well known, and too easily procured to need quotation. Lodge's are scarcely known at all.

ELLIOT. Are they contained in the book in your hand—"A Fig for Momus?"

BOURNE. Yes; rather a curious title, but so named, as the author says, "in despite of the detractor:" the whole title runs thus, "A Fig for Momus: Containing Pleasant varietie, included in Satyres, Eclogues and Epistles. By T. L. of Lincolnes Inne Gent.—At London. Printed for Clement Knight," &c. 1595. It is with the Satires that we have principally to do, though the Eclogues and Epistles are now and then satirical, and are interesting, among other reasons, from their allusions to living poets, to some of whom, such as Daniel and Drayton, they are addressed by name.

ELLIOT. It must be an entertaining production, according to your account of it.

BOURNE. Before I read you any specimens of the poetry, hear a few lines of prose, being an address "to the Gentlemen Readers whatsoeuer," where the author speaks of his design. "Vnder this title (he says) I have thought good to include

Satyres, Eclogues, and Epistles ; first by reason that I studied to delight with varietie ; next because I would write in that forme *wherin no man might challenge me with servile imitation* (wherewith heretofore I have been vniustlie taxed). My Satyres (to speake truth) are, by pleasures, rather placed here to prepare and trie the eare then to feede it ; because if it will passe well, the whole centon, alreadie in my hands, shall sodainly be published."

ELLIOT. Did he publish any more of his "whole centon?"

BOURNE. If he did, they have not reached our day, and probably never will. Lodge was the first whose collection of satires was printed, but I doubt if he were not soon superseded by Bishop Hall, whose pieces of the same kind were popular, as is evident from the editions.

MORTON. Do you consider them much better than Lodge's Satires?

BOURNE. On the whole they are decidedly superior ; but still, I think some part of Lodge's work as good as any thing in his rival, if we may so call him. I may match Lodge's first satire against any thing of the kind in our language, making due allowances for a production of so old a date.

ELLIOT. Let us hear it, if it be so pre-eminently good.

BOURNE. It is not judicious of me to begin by praise, but I do not think you will be much disap-

pointed : the whole would be too long ; it opens in these lines ;

“ Digbie whence comes it that the world begins
To wink at follies and to sooth vp sinnes ?
Can other reason be alleadged then this ;
The world soothes sinne because it sinfull is.
The man that liues by bribes and vsurie
Winkes like a Fox at lothesome letcherie :
Craft giues ambition leaue to play his plot
And crosse his friend because he soundes him not :
All men are willing with the world to haulte
But no man takes delight to know his faulte.
He is a gallant fit to serue my Lord
Which clawes and soothes him vp at euery word ;
That cries when his lame poesie he heares,
'Tis rare my Lord, 'twill pass the nicest eares.
This makes Amphidius welcome to good cheare,
And spend his master forty pounds a yeare,
And keep his plaise-mouthed wife in welts & guardes,
For flattery can neuer want rewardes :
And therefore Humphrey holdes this paradox,
'Tis better be a foole then be a fox ;
For folly is rewarded and respected
Where subiltie is hated and rejected.”

ELLIOT. Undoubtedly that is very far from bad.

BOURNE. A few lines afterwards Lodge proceeds :

“ Tell Sextus wife, whose shoes are vnderlayd,
Her gate is girlish and her foot is splayd

Sheele raile with open mouth as Marllat dooth ;
 But if you praise her, though you speake not sooth,
 You shall be welcome both to bed and bord
 And vse her selfe her husband and his sword.
 Tell bleer-eid Linus that his sight is cleare,
 Heele pawne himselfe to buy thee bread and beere ;
 But tuch me Quintus with his stinking breath,
 The dastard will defie thee to the death.
 Thus though mens great deformities be knowne
 They greeue to heare & take them for their owne.
 Find me a niggard that doth want the shift
 To call his cursed auarice good thrift :
 A rake-hell, sworne to prodigalitie,
 'That dares not terme it liberalitie."

MORTON. The concluding point has been made
 by a good many writers, but I particularly recollect
 it in one of Sir T. Wyat's letters to his friend John
 Paines.

BOURNE. How does he put it ?

MORTON. Very much in the same way as Lodge :
 his words are ;

" To join the mean with each extremity
 With nearest virtue aye to cloak the vice,
 And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
 To press the virtue that it may not rise ;
 As drunkenness good-fellowship to call."

ELLIOT. The passage is very parallel, but Lodge's
 I think is better.

BOURNE. You must recollect the earlier date at which Wyatt wrote. The conclusion of Lodge's first satire is better, you will admit, than any other part of it.

“ Thus with the world the world dissembles still,
And to their owne confusions follow will,
Holding it true felicitie to flie,
Not from the sinne, but from the seeing eie.
Then in this world who winks at each estate
Hath found the meanes to make him fortunate :
To colour hate with kindness ; to defraud
In priuate those in public we applaud :
To keepe this rule—kawe me & I kawe thee ;
To play the saints, whereas we diuels bee.”

ELLIOT. It is all very good, but compare him with Bishop Hall I cannot, for the best of all possible reasons, viz. that I have read but little of Hall, and that a long time ago.

MORTON. Lodge would certainly not lose by the comparison, as far as we have gone.

BOURNE. You are right in adding “as far as we have gone,” because none of the other satires are, I think, so severe or so well expressed ; perhaps the subsequent passage from Satire III. (for I will dismiss them before I mention the Eclogues or Epistles) may be excepted. He is giving advice to a father.

“ Then in the presence of thy toward heire
Beware to frisle curle and kembe thy haire ;

To spend three houres in gazing in a glasse
 Before thy wife and daughter go to masse : * * *
 Take heede the toward lad doe neuer heare
 That thou hast spent a thousand pound a yeare :
 Take heede thou neuer sweare whilst he is by
 That thou by othes dar'st proue an open lye,
 Lest seeing thee make light of lothsome sinne
 To practise like misdeedes he doe beginne ;
 And thou at last to thy excessiue grieve
 Behold thy selfe a beggar, him a thiefe."

The following passage from Satire V. is also worth extracting.

" Behold a mind pressing beyond his might,
 Catching at Starres, censur'd by ouersight ;
 Like him that eager scales a mountaine steepe
 And headlong falls into the valley deepe.
 There liues no man so settled in content
 That hath not daily whereof to repent ;
 Nor can reformed wit so iustly deeme,
 But that it leaues true goods for such as seeme.
 Briefly, the greatest gifts whereof we boast
 Are those which do attempt & tire vs most."

ELLIOT. Probably we have now heard enough from the satires : are the other pieces proportionably worth attention ?

BOURNE. I think they are, but perhaps not so much from their poetical merit. Ecclogue I. is addressed "to reverend *Colin*," probably meaning

Spenser, though rather a strange epithet is applied to him: some lines put into the mouth of Damian, an old worn out shepherd, are most likely meant as a compliment to the author of the *Fairy Queen*. The best of the pieces of this class is the third, inscribed "To Rowland," and it consists of a dialogue between Wagrín and Goldé: the latter is a poet, but has ceased to write in consequence of the unthankful and unprofitable nature of the pursuit: Wagrín urges him to take up his pen again:—probably both names have a real reference, which we cannot now unravel. Wagrín says:

"Fie *Goldé*, blame not all men for a few;
The Muses haue some frends who will esteeme
A man of worth, and giue desert his dewe.
Did *Mercurie* (as many wise men deeme)
Surcease the wauering Cynthia to pursue,
His crosse aspects to arts more sweete would seeme.
There are some fewe (alas! that they were more)
That honour poesie, and wit adore."

MORTON. Lodge was by no means an unpractised hand at versification.

ELLIOT. What is Goldé's reply?

BOURNE. It is this, and the stanzas are unquestionably the best in the volume.

"On these strong pillars (*Wagrín*) haue I built,
And liu'd a while in sunne shine of their grace;
But time (sweete friend) belieue me if thou wilt,

Hath made them worldlie, couetous and base :
 Their niggard mindes with golden words they gilt ;
 They are not as they seeme in outward face ;
 To liue in hope of that they meane to giue,
 Is to deceive our selues, and not to liue.

“ Arts perish wanting honour and applause ;
 And where imperious neede doth tyrannise
 The holie heate through worldlie cares doth pause :
 The minde (withdrawne to studie for supplies)
 Is soyld with earthlie thoughts and downward drawes.
 Hence come those dull conceits among the wise,
 Which coy-eard readers censure to proceede
 From ignorance, whereas they grow by neede.* *

“ Which sound rewards, since this neglected time
 Repines to yeeld to men of high desart,
 Ile cease to rauell out my wits in rime,
 For such who make so base account of art.
 And since by wit there is no meanes to clime,
 Ile hould the plough awhile, and plie the cart ;
 And if my muse to wonted course returne
 Ile write and iudge, peruse, commend and burne.”

ELLIOT. His poetic indignation at the neglect of genius finds very spirited and appropriate language.

MORTON. It will not be easy to find lines that run with more ease, and, at the same time, with considerable energy, *vehemens et liquidus puróque similimus amni* ; I conjecture that Wagrin's further exhortation is vain.

BOURNE. It is: Wagrín wishes his friend "a better minde," but Goldé replies

"I rest resolu'd: if bountie will, I wright;
If not, why then my muse shall flie the light!"

MORTON. You, of course, remember that Spenser, in his celebrated tenth Eclogue, for October, makes the same complaint, and not in much superior language: the stanza begins

"O peerless poesy where is thy place?"

BOURNE. And ends, that if she be driven from the palaces of princes, and from breasts of baser birth,

"Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit
And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to Heaven apace."

—By the by, you bring to my memory a curious plagiarism of these two last lines, in an anonymous piece of much rarity, under this curious title,

"MAR-MARTINE.

"I know not why a trueth in rime set out
Maie not as wel mar Martine and his mates,
As shamelesse lies in prose books cast about
Marpriests and prelates, and subuert whole states:

For where truth builds, and lying ouerthroes,

One truth in rime is worth ten lies in prose."

It is one of the many tracts in verse and prose against Penry and his followers, and possesses some humour: it consists of songs, and pieces in various English dialects, one of which concludes in these lines:

“Els litrature mon spredde her winges, and piercing
welkin bright
To heauen from whence she first did wend retire and
take her flight.”

which is exactly the thought of Spenser.

ELLIOT. What is the date of the tract?

BOURNE. It has no date, but the question to which it relates, proves that it was printed long after Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*.—The fourth Eclogue in Lodge's “*Fig for Momus*,” and one of the poorest, is addressed to Samuel Daniel; but the epithet “word-bold,” applied in it to a warrior, reminds one of Milton's happier compound of “tongue-doughty champion.” The subject of this dialogue is the different degree of applause due to action and advice. We now proceed to the Epistles, which are seven in number. The first is “*Ad Momum*,” and the subject may be easily guessed; the second to W. Bolton, on Dreams, and the third “to his Mistresse A. L.” upon the causes and cure of obesity.

ELLIOT. A strange topic for an epistle to a lady and a mistress.

BOURNE. It is, and is rather physical than poetical, though at that time Lodge belonged to Lincoln's Inn, and had probably no notion of studying medicine.

MORTON. On the title-page he is said to be of “Lincolne's Inne, Gent.”

BOURNE. He is: in 1590 before his “*Rosalynde*”

he only calls himself “ T. L. Gent.” The fifth Epistle is the best in the volume, and it is further remarkable as being addressed “ to Master Michael Drayton.”

ELLIOT. One of the most noted poets of that day.

BOURNE. I will make a longer quotation from it than any I have hitherto offered.

“ *Michael*, as much good hap vnto thy state
As Orators haue figures to dilate :

As many crownes as Alchymists have shifts
Briefly as many goods as thou hast guifts.

I heare some vpstart Rymer set a gog
By writing poems on the Lician frog

Or *Tythons* Grashopper, growes enuious,
And will be famous with *Archilochus*.

Alas for them that by scurrilitie
Would purchase fame and immortalitie !

But know this, frend, true excellence depends
On numbers aim'd to good and happie ends :

What else hath wanton poetrie enioy'd
But this—*Alas thy wit was ill employ'd !*

What reason mou'd the golden *Augustine*
To name our poetrie vaine errors wine ?

Or *Hierome* (deeply sighted in these euils)
To tearme it nothing but the foode of deuils ?

Nought but the misemployment of our guifts
Ordain'd for arts, but spent in shamles shifts.

Looke, as the sunne-beame in a burning glasse
Doth kindle fire where euer it doth passe,

But freely spread vpon th' ingendring earth
 Eggs on the spring and kills the cause of dearth;
 So poetrie, restrain'd in errors bounds
 With poison'd words and sinful sweetnes wounds;
 But clothing vertue and adorning it,
 Wit shines in vertue, vertue shines in wit.
 True science suited in well couched rimes
 Is nourished for fame in after times!
 Thou then, sweet friend, grieve not though folly
 thriue,
 Fame got by it dies ere it is aliue.
 Be thou a prentise to the blessed Muse,
 Which grace, with thy good words, will still infuse.
 Oh let that holy flame, that heauenly light,
 That led old *Abrahams* race in darksome night,
 Oh let that star, which shining neuer ceast
 To guide the sages of balme-breathing East,
 Conduct thy Muse vnto that lofty pitch
 Which may thy stile with praises more enrich!"

What think you of that passage?

MORTON. Excellent. It is really very highly finished.

ELLIOT. I do not think I ever read any thing of the kind more harmonious in versification, or more agreeable, and in some respects original in thought.

MORTON. "Balm-breathing East" is a beautiful epithet.

BOURNE. The simile of the sun through the burning glass is not quite intelligible without reflection;

nor is it perhaps so well wrought up as it might have been.

ELLIOT. But its application and the close are very happy.

MORTON. There is, besides, an ease and familiarity in the construction of the lines that most properly belongs to this species of composition.

ELLIOT. It is a very high compliment to the talents of Drayton.

BOURNE. Yet at that date, 1595, he had published none of his principal works, his *Mortimeriados*, his "England's Heroical Epistles," nor his *Polyolbion*.

MORTON. Lodge styles him, as King James affected to call himself, "an apprentice to the blessed Muse."

BOURNE. Drayton seems to have been admired and respected by every body, and came very early into notice. When only twenty-nine years old, a poem was expressly dedicated to him.

MORTON. Indeed—what is it called? I do not recollect that it is mentioned by any of his biographers.

BOURNE. It is not, for I apprehend they had none of them seen it: it is a pleasure reserved for you. It is a poetical tract of very peculiar interest.

MORTON. "Fearful commenting is leaden servitor to dull delay." Let us look upon it.

BOURNE. Not so fast: recollect how it will divert us from our course.

ELLIOT. Nay, after the excursions you led us to

make, I do not think you have any right to complain if we wish to step a little out of the way, especially with such an inducement. Drayton is one of the old poets, about whom I know a little and feel much. Come, produce the poem dedicated to him without further tantalizing.

BOURNE. Here it is—behold!

MORTON. Let me read the title—"The Metamorphosis of Tabacco"—a strange one, at all events; and then comes the motto, "*Lusimus Octavi &c.*" "At London imprinted by Iohn Flasket," &c. 1602.

ELLIOT. Was Drayton only twenty-nine years old in 1602?

BOURNE. No more; he was born in 1573, and was of the same age as Dr. Donne, of whom we have said so much. Observe the wood-cut on the title-page: it represents the tobacco plant growing in the cleft of the "bi-forked hill," with the motto round it, "*Digna Parnasso et Apolline.*"

ELLIOT. It is a strange subject for a poem.

BOURNE. It is rather; but we should remember that the tobacco plant had not then been very long introduced into this country, and the greatest virtues were ascribed to it.

MORTON. To this fact Spenser bears testimony in B. III. C. 5. of his *Fairy Queen*, where *Belphebe* heals *Timias*:

"Into the woods thence-forth in haste she went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;

For she of hearbes had great intendiment,
 Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
 Her nursed had in true nobility:
 There whether it *diuine Tobacco* were,
 Or Panachæa, or Polygony,
 She found and brought it to her patient deare,
 Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud
 neare."

BOURNE. Many other authorities to the same point might be quoted, were it not unnecessary. This poem, dedicated to Drayton, is in praise of the "Indian Weed;" and why it is called "the *Metamorphosis* of Tobacco," I will explain, as far as I can, presently. First read the lines following the title, in which the anonymous author inscribes his production to the poet.

MORTON. They run thus:

"*Ad mare riuuli.*

"To my louing friend Master Michael Drayton.

"The tender labour of my wearie pen,
 And doubtfull triall of my first-borne rimes
 Loaths to adorn the triumphs of those men
 Which hold the raines of fortune, and the times:
 Only to thee which art with ioy possest
 Of the faire hill where troupes of Poets band,
 Where thou enthron'd with Laurell garlands blest
 Maist lift me vp with thy propitious hand,

I send this poeme; which for nought doth care,
But words for words, and loue for loue to share,

————— *namq; tu solebas*
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas."

It appears, therefore, that this was the writer's first production. What I read is followed by no less than ten copies of commendatory verses.

BOURNE. And all subscribed with initials only, and such as it is not easy to assign to any persons of celebrity of that time.

ELLIOT. Conjectures of that kind are usually worse than vain, because they waste so much time.

BOURNE. Since you are such an enemy to the loss of time, I will read an extract or two from the poem without further preface. I do not pretend that they are of first rate excellence, but still they are good; and especially as the effort of an "unskill'd pen," probably held by a very young hand.

ELLIOT. Let us hear.

BOURNE. The poem opens with the following lines:

" I sing the loues of the superiour powers
With the faire mother of all fragrant flowers:
From which first loue a glorious simple springs
Belou'd of heauenly Gods, and earthly Kings.
Let others in their wanton verses chaunt
A beauteous face that doth the senses daunt,
And on their Muses wings lift to the skie
The radiant beames of an inchaunting eye:

Me let the sound of great Tabaccoes praise
A pitch aboue those loue-sicke Poets raise :
Let me adore with my thrice happie pen
The sweete and sole delight of Mortall men;
The *Cornu-copia* of all earthly pleasure
Where bankrupt Nature hath consum'd her treasure,
A worthie plant springing from Floraes hand
The blessed ofspring of an vncouth land!"

ELLIOT. Really a very happy opening; the lines run as smoothly and pleasantly as those of Pope or any more modern versifier.

BOURNE. In his applause of Tobacco, the author is rapturously enthusiastic. He calls it,

"The marrow of the world, starre of the West,
The pearle whereby this lower Orbe is blest!
The ioy of mortals, vmpire of all strife,
Delight of nature, *Mithridate* of life!
The daintiest dish of a delicious feast,
By taking which man differs from a beast.
Thrice happie Isles which steale the worlds delight,
And do produce so rich a Margarite!
Had but the old Heroick spirits knowne
The news which fame vnto our eares hath blowne,
Colchis and the remote *Hesperides*
Had not been sought for halfe so much as these;
Nor had the fluent wits of ancient Greece
Prais'd the rich apples or the golden fleece."

MORTON. Such an excellent poem did honour even to the great poet to whom it was dedicated.

BOURNE. I do not pretend that it is all as good as those extracts that *non pejora supersint*, and the principal fault is, that the author spins out a trifling subject to a length somewhat tedious; the whole fills nearly 40 pages.

ELLIOT. If it were all alike I should complain that there were 40 pages too few, instead of too many: but is there no story?—What does the writer mean by “the *Metamorphosis* of Tobacco?” That you have forgotten to explain.

BOURNE. That is not very clear, and forms but an insignificant part of the whole: the metamorphosis is that of a young and beautiful nymph into this virtuous plant. It is the poorest part of the production.

ELLIOT. Nor is the thought at all new.

MORTON. It would have been absurd if the writer had pretended that it was: his is the new application of an old thought.

ELLIOT. It is a matter of serious regret to find so good a poem without being able to discover the author.

MORTON. For aught we know he afterwards published under his own name, and became as celebrated as Drayton himself.

BOURNE. You are pleased beyond my expectation.

ELLIOT. If our conversations had brought to light

for the first time no other production, our pains would not have been thrown away. You must allow me to read the whole piece at my leisure.

BOURNE. I will lend it you with pleasure. What you say gives me new spirit to proceed. However, we have not yet quite done with Dr. Lodge's Epistles, though little remains either to be read or said. We were last upon his Epistle to Drayton.

MORTON. What is the subject of Lodge's sixth Epistle, if there be nothing more worth quoting in the fifth to Drayton?

BOURNE. The sixth is "in praise of his Mistress Dogge."

ELLIOT. I suppose, satirical.

BOURNE. By no means: it is a learned and laboured justification of her partiality to dogs, in which many ancient authorities are referred to and cited.

MORTON. In the course of our two last conversations a good deal has been said about Abraham Fleming, but what you say brings to my mind a tract by him on the subject of dogs, which I apprehend is of very peculiar scarcity.

BOURNE. I remember it. It is a translation from the Latin of Dr. Caius, a physician, of Cambridge; and its rarity is in my opinion almost its sole recommendation. A copy was sold among the books of the late Duke of Grafton for more than seven guineas, and here is another.

ELLIOT. At all events, there is not much for the money ; but its black letter recommended it.

MORTON. And the name of the translator perhaps.

ELLIOT. I see we are treated by him with some verses at the back of the title-page of this pamphlet, "Of Englishe Dogges, the diuersities, the names, the natures and the properties," &c. 1576. They are called ;

"A Prosopopoicall Speache
of the Booke.

"Some tell of starres the influence straunge,
Some tell of byrdes which flie in th' ayre,
Some tell of beastes on land which raunge,
Some tell of fishe in riuers fayre ;
Some tell of serpentis sundry sortes,
Some tell of plantes the full effect,
Of Englishe dogges I sound reportes,
Their names and natures I detect.
My forhed is but baulde and bare
But yet my body's beutifull ;
For pleasaunt flowres in me there are
And not so fyne as plentifull :
And though my garden plot so greene,
Of dogges receaue the tramplng feete,
Yet is it swept and kept full cleene
So that it yeeldes a sauour sweete."

"Ab. Fle."

MORTON. It was well worth the author's while to

put his name to such a poem, lest any other might have the credit of it.

ELLIOT. He was *famæ petitor*, and was, of course, unwilling to lose any thing; yet he only half claims it, as it were, by only half signing it.

BOURNE. Since almost by force you have opened this book, which I meant to have reserved for another day, I will just refer you to a curious passage in it that deserves reading, as it throws great light upon an epithet used by Shakespeare in Act II. scene I. of his Henry V. where Pistol calls Nym *Iceland Dog*, “Pish for thee *Iceland Dog*! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!” Fleming observes; “Vse and custome hath intertained other dogges of an outlandishe kinde, but a few and the same beyng of a pretty bygnesse; I meane Iseland dogges, curled and rough all ouer, which by reason of the lenght of their heare make shoue neither of face nor of body. And yet these *curre*s, forsoothe because they are so straunge are greatly set by, esteemed, taken vp, and made of many times in the roome of the Spaniell gentle or comforter;” and thence he enters into a tirade against the whole nation for preferring always what is foreign or singular.

ELLIOT. That conforms exactly with a passage in Massinger’s celebrated play of “The Picture.”

“would I might lie
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,

So I might have my belly full of that
Her Iceland cur refuses." (A. V. s. 1.)

BOURNE. It does: such notes give the tract an accidental value. I suppose the dog which Lodge's mistress caressed, and which caressing he justifies, was one of the "Spaniel gentle or comforter" kind. Let us go back once more to him, having arrived at his seventh Epistle, which is entitled "the Anatomie of Alchymie," and contains the following opinion of the writer upon the subject.

"Briefly, sweet frend, I thinke of Alchymie
As erst *Thucidides*, the learned clarke,
Defyn'd a woman full of honestie,
In plaine discourse, but not in riddles darke:
That woman (said the sage) is best of all
In whose dispraise or praise lesse speech is had:
That Alchymie (say I) is best of all
Which few mens reasons can approue for bad.
Thus much of Alchymie, and thus an end
Though thou commend not, frendly I commend."
which, with the word *Finis*, concludes the "Fig for Momus."

ELLIOT. And, looking at it as a whole, we may fairly say that it displays considerable and varied talent, and much facility in the employment of the English language.

MORTON. The Satires seem the best, and the Pastorals the worst part of the volume.

BOURNE. It was for the Satires I introduced it to your notice, and I am glad that you are not disappointed.

ELLIOT. You make out then, that Lodge was the second English satirist: he followed Donne, and who do you say followed him?

BOURNE. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, who was a much more voluminous prose writer than a poet. It is not worth while to examine the merits of his productions of a satirical kind with the same minuteness and detail as Dr. Lodge's, because they have been frequently reprinted and are easily accessible.

ELLIOT. I will read them with attention before we next meet, but I have many times seen quotations from them.

MORTON. The praise which Gray bestows upon them would be sufficient to induce one to look at them carefully. Warton, in his History of English Poetry, devotes a large space to a laboured analysis of their contents.

BOURNE. And there it is that he speaks of him as the eldest writer of *satires*, so called, in the English language. Yet supposing no such persons as Donne and Lodge had ever existed, it would be an error, because as early as 1566 Marsh printed Thomas Drant's "*Medicinable Morall, that is the two bookes of Horace his Satyres, englyshed,*" &c.

ELLIOT. There is a distinction, inasmuch as those

satyres by Drant are only translated, while Hall's are original.

BOURNE. That is true; but still there is Gascoigne's "*Steele Glasse, a Satyre.*" I may here mention that there is in existence a long congratulatory Poem by Bishop Hall, on the accession of James I. to the throne. I have never seen it, and I believe the copy I allude to to be unique. This is the more unfortunate as it is imperfect at the end.

ELLIOT. It is very unlucky, but some other may be discovered, as it is likely that the copies of a production of a popular writer on so popular a subject would be greatly multiplied.

BOURNE. That is a probable conjecture, but it does not always seem verified by the fact.

MORTON. Was not Heywood a satirist?

BOURNE. I presume you mean the elder—John Heywood.

MORTON. I mean that Heywood who is the author of one of the most witty and entertaining pieces in Dodsley's Collection, although of so early a date: he was the favourite of Queen Mary.

BOURNE. And of Edward VI.; at least I presume it is that king who is alluded to by Sir John Harington, in his "*Metamorphosis of Ajax,*" 1596 (p. 25 and 26), where he says, "What thinke you by Haywood, that scaped hanging with his mirth, the King being graciously and (as I thinke) truly perswaded, that a mā that wrote so pleasant and harm-

lesse verses could not haue any harmfull conceit against his proceedings, and so by the honest motion of a gentleman of his chāber, saued him from the ierke of the six stringd whip." This was said in excuse for himself for writing upon a subject that he feared might give offence, and he adds, " This Haywood for his Prouerbes and Epigrams, is not yet put downe by any of our country, though one doth indeed come neare him, that graces him the more in saying he puts him down."

ELLIOT. Who does he mean by the one that " doth indeed come neare him?"

BOURNE. In all probability Sir John Davies, who about the year the "Metamorphosis of Ajax" was published, printed Epigrams, which were coupled with some Elegies of Ovid, translated by Marlow. His most noted work was *Nosce teipsum*, 1599. Bastard, in his "Chrestoleros," 1598, a book I shall have occasion to quote again, has the following epigram:

Ad Johannem Dauis.

" If witt may make a poet, as I gesse,
Heywood with auncient Poets may compare:
 But thou in word and deed hast made him lesse
 In his own witt, having yet learning spare.
 The goate doth hunt the grasse, the wolfe the goat;
 The lyon hunts the wolfe, by proof we see.
 Heywood sang others downe, but thy sweete note,
 Dauis, hath sang him downe, and I would thee:

Then be not moude, nor count it such a sinn
To will in thee what thou hast donn in him."

MORTON. A most apposite quotation, for it not only refers to the very persons and point, but uses the very words of Sir John Harington.

ELLIOT. But I was in hopes you were going to give us some account of his "Metamorphosis of Ajax." What is the meaning of that strange title? I did not know that "the mighty Ajax" underwent any metamorphosis.

BOURNE. With all my heart, and it will serve to fill up the remainder of our time: besides, it is not unfit to notice it here, inasmuch as it is a satirical and very humorous work, though in prose.

MORTON. But first answer my question if you please, whether old John Heywood did not write some satires.

BOURNE. I had nearly forgotten that in my wanderings to something else. There is no doubt that the turn of many of his pieces is satirical; the interlude you mentioned in Dodsley's Collection is peculiarly so, and his several hundred epigrams have frequently that tendency: even his "Spider and the Flie," 1556, has some satirical passages, but generally speaking it is a grave allegorical poem, certainly too long, though not quite as dull and tedious as Warton asserts, but does not prove.

MORTON. Now to Sir John Harington as quickly as you please.

BOURNE. Here, you see, are two of his pieces relating to the same subject, both of them rare: the first is entitled "A new Discourse of a stale subiect, called the Metamorphosis of Ajax. Written by *Misacmos* to his friend and cousin *Philostilpnos*. At London," 1596. The second is named "Vlysses vpon Ajax. Written by *Misodiaboles* to his friend *Philaretos*," also printed in 1596, and both unquestionably by Sir John Harington, according to his own confession in his epigrams.

MORTON. His biographers say that he got into disgrace at court for them.

BOURNE. He says so himself, and his biographers repeat it; but he adds, as you will find by Lib. I. Epig. 52. that Elizabeth was not only reconciled to him but "sent him thanks for his invention."

ELLIOT. What invention? Does he mean the invention of his book?

BOURNE. By no means, but the invention of a new kind of water-closet, much on the principle of those now used, and of which you see here is a wood-cut.

ELLIOT. A strange subject for a poet to choose. We need not be surprised that Queen Elizabeth, who was much more nice in word than deed, should take offence at the publication of such a work by one of her courtiers.

BOURNE. Nor is the matter treated by any means as cautiously and curiously as it might have been; I mean with reference to its coarseness.

ELLIOT. But you have not yet explained why it is called "The Metamorphosis of Ajax."

BOURNE. You know probably that a certain house of office was formerly called "a Jakes;" that is easily corrupted into *Ajax*; and one point in Sir J. Harington's book, though by no means a good one, is to account for the name by showing how Ajax became so transformed. I need not enter into this, and you may judge how the matter is handled when I tell you that he quotes from one of the most offensive parts of Rabelais. After all he does not make it very intelligible.

ELLIOT. Well then, we may pass that; but I suppose the whole work is not of the same kind.

BOURNE. By no means, but it is full of satirical touches and humorous allusions or relations, and the author is never very squeamish. In reference to the singularity of his title, he says fairly enough, ridiculing the alliterative spirit of the times: "If I had entituled the booke *A Sermon shewing a soueraigne salve for the sores of the soule; or A wholesome hauen of health to harbour the heart in; or A maruellous medicine for the maladies of the minde*, would you euer haue asked after such a booke?"

ELLIOT. True enough; but for the ludicrous title I probably never should have inquired about it.

BOURNE. I think you will be entertained by a few extracts, and they shall not be long, as I by no

means intend to analyse so slight and whimsical a production. The following is a good story of the kind, and puts one in mind of Parnell's Hermit:

“ I remember how not long since a graue and godly Ladie, and grandmother to all my wiues children, did in their hearings, and for their better instruction tell them a story, which though I will not sweare it was true, yet I did wish the auditorie would beleue it: namely, how an Hermit being caried in an euening, by the conduct of an Angell through a great citie, to contemplate the great wickednes daily and houely wrought therein, met in the streete a dong farmer with his cart full laden, no man enuying his full measure. The poore Hermit, as other men did, stopt his nosthrils, and betooke him to the other side of the street, hastening from the sower carriage all he could; but the Angell kept on his way, seeming no whit offended with the sauour. At which while the Hermit maruelled, there came not long after by thē, a woman gorgeously attyred, wel perfumed, wel attended with coaches and torches, to convey her perhaps to some noble mans chamber. The good Hermit, somewhat reuiued with the faire sight, and sweet sauour, began to stand at the gaze. On the other side the good Angell now stopped his nose, and both hastened himselfe away, and beckened his companion frō the place. At which the Hermit more maruelling then before, he was told by the Angell that this fine

courtesan laden with sinne, was a more stinking sauour afore God, and his holy Angels, then that beastly cart laden with excrements."

MORTON. A good story certainly, and I am not sure that I have not seen it told elsewhere.

BOURNE. It is not impossible: yet it seems out of its place where it is, and would better suit that puritan Philip Stubbes's "Anatomy of Abuses," than the book where it is found. The next quotation refers to a supposed conversation between some ignorant and carping critics at an ordinary, in which mention is made of Spenser's Fairy Queen.

"I was yesternight at supper at () ordinarie, and there met M. Zoilus, M. Momus, and three or foure good natured gentlemen more of the same crew, and toward the ende of supper they fell to talking (as their maner is) of certaine bookes lately come foorth. And one of them told how Lipsyus the great Politicke (that learned to speake so good Englishe but a while since) had written a booke *de Cruce*, protesting that though he vnderstood not the language, yet it offended his conscience, to see so many crosses in one booke, and he have so few in his purse: then they spake of M. Raynoldes booke against Bellarmine, but they could finde no fault with it, for they said it was a matter they vsed not to trouble themselves withall: thirdly, they descanted of the newe Faerie Queene and the old both, and the greatest fault they could sayd in it was, that the

last uerse disordered their mouthes, and was like a tricke of seuentene in a sinkapace. Finally, they ranne ouer many mens writings, saying some wanted rime, some wanted reason, and some both. One they said, was so young that he had not yet learned to write, another so old, he had forgotten to write, and was fit now to be *donatus rude*, as Horace sayth. But to make short, at last one of them pulled out of his bosome a booke that was not to be sold in Paules Churchyard, but onely that he had borrowed it of his friend, and it was intituled, *The Metamorphosis of AIA X*, at which they began to make maruellous sport; and because it was a raynie night they agreed to reade ouer the whole discourse to passe the time with. First, they read the Authors name, and thought they vnderstood it not, yet that it might not passe without a iest they swore that it signified *Mise in a sacke of Mosse*. They read the letters, and stumbling once or twise on a figure called *Prolepsis* or preuention, they were angry their scoffes were so preuented. But when they found *Rabbles* named, then they were at home; they looked for pure stuffe, where he was cited for an Author."

ELLIOT. All that is clever and entertaining, and shows that the writer was a man of a lively wit and invention, and I dare say the best company in the world.

MORTON. His whole history confirms that opinion, for his society seems to have been industriously courted by all classes, from the Queen downwards.

BOURNE. If you intend to hear any more of the book you had better restrain or reserve your discussion at present. In "Vlysses upon Ajax," he gives us a humorous dialogue on the subject of his translation of Ariosto. He supposes himself questioned.

"Nowe in like maner must I try your patiēce: Was it you that translated *Ariosto*? I marry was it sir. In faith you had beene better to have sette your legges before it, then your arms, for the lines are very gowty & to vntoward to climb *Hellicon*. What are you angry at this iest? for shame be patient; you haue vs'de a Doctour farre-worse, and therefore looke for ill chieuing. I, but you set your armes before it, least after you were dead, citties and countries should striue for you as they did about *Homer*: Feare not that man, for what between *Cloacinas* Temple, the stationers pastebordes, the Grocers and Chandlers spices, and mustard-pots, your bookes shall be outworne in your age, I warrant you. Onelie if some surviue by the mercy of a friends library, the after-world shall rather pittie your lost time then commend your diligence."

In other parts of the book he has frequent allusions to his translation, which also brought him under the Queen's displeasure.

ELLIOT. For the gay story of *Gioconda* I suppose?

BOURNE. So it is said, and it must be acknowledged that he has not minced the matter.

MORTON. Is there any thing else worth quoting in the book before us?

BOURNE. A great deal, but we must be contented at present with what we have seen; the book is at the service of either of you when you wish to read it: it is filled with jokes and entertaining stories, and one, particularly good, between no less a man than Sir C. Hatton and Tarlton the jester, with both of whom Sir J. Harington was no doubt acquainted.

ELLIOT. Is there any serious argument in favour of his invention?

BOURNE. Yes, and detailed description, and it seems to be undoubted, that in consequence of his recommendation the improvement was universally adopted at court.

MORTON. We have not time to go further with the English satirists at present: we must pursue the subject to-morrow.

BOURNE. We will, and I will then bring before you a very great curiosity or two, immediately connected with our inquiry.

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THE FOURTH CONVERSATION.

MORTON. I did not hear you, when we last met, mention the name of Thomas Nash among our early satirists : surely he ought to be included.

BOURNE. Unquestionably, if the examination I propose to make extended to writers of satires in prose as well as in verse ; but to embrace them would be to open a field far too wide for our investigation.

ELLIOT. If the account Mr. D'Israeli gives of him be not over-charged (and, indeed, I do not see how it can be, for the extracts supplied from his attacks upon Gabriel Harvey speak for themselves) he was a most biting satirist in prose, and he mixt up his severity with so much of the salt of wit and humour, that the rankling wound he inflicted must have been very long healing.

BOURNE. True, and the personal and literary character of such men as Nash, Greene, Marlow and

Peele, may form an entertaining subject for our future investigation.

MORTON. The only objection to it that I am aware of is, that the ground has been already very much cleared; and we may find some difficulty in selecting what is new, without combining it with what is old.

BOURNE. I am by no means of your opinion. I am convinced that the subject has not been in any view of it exhausted; for, after all, if you will examine accurately, you will find that most of the writers regarding those poets, have travelled over the same course, repeating, without scruple, both the facts and the observations of their predecessors.

ELLIOT. For myself, speaking as one of the ignorant on these matters, I may say, that I cannot imagine any topic connected with our early literature much more inviting.

BOURNE. As a proof of the correctness of what I have just advanced upon the point, whether the subject has been exhausted, I will only refer you, in passing, to the most rare and interesting tract I now hold in my hand, which, though immediately connected with Thomas Nash, and with one of the most popular, singular and eloquent of his productions, has hitherto escaped the researches of all bibliographers.

MORTON. Do you mean that they have none of them met with it?

BOURNE. I do not go quite to that extent, because

I have traced it in the catalogue of the books of one of our most eminent literary antiquaries; whether he ever opened it or not I do not know, but he certainly does not seem to have been at all aware of the nature or value of its contents. You have, of course, heard a great deal of Nash's "Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Deuill."

ELLIOT. I have heard of it, but I have no distinct knowledge of the nature of the work.

BOURNE. It may be shortly described as a severe descriptive censure of the chief reigning vices by which the character of the people of England was at that time disfigured. As I remarked before, it is one of the most notorious of this admirable writer's productions, and has been much criticised and extracted from within the last twenty years.

MORTON. In the "Muses Library" there is a poetical quotation from it, containing, among others, the two lines which, you may remember, you showed us in the "Yorkshire Tragedy," attributed to Shakespeare.

BOURNE. You are right. Well, not to lose more time than is necessary, the pamphlet I have here purports to be a second part or an answer to that supplication; and although an anonymous work, yet the writer states that he was an "intimate and near Companion" of Nash, and this circumstance renders it still more curious, and deserving notice.

ELLIOT. Did the title he chose at all correspond with that prefixed by Nash?

BOURNE. Yes; it runs thus—"The Returne of the Knight of the Poste from Hell, with the Diuels aunswere to the Supplication of *Pierce Pennilesse*, with some Relation of the last Treasons—*Omnia preclara rara*." London, 1606.

MORTON. That is very distinct and unequivocal, though the name of Nash is not mentioned. Does it say any thing more about him than what you have already stated?

BOURNE. The following is a part of a preliminary address, "To all Fauourers of Learning or the Learned;"—but I did not mean to read any thing from the tract at present, but merely to refer to it by way of illustration of my remark.

ELLIOT. As you have opened the book, you must not disappoint us by closing it before you have read something from it, to give us a better notion of its contents.

MORTON. By no means; and though it may not exactly pursue our subject of satirists, I would not give it up now without further examination for all the satirists that ever lived, from Donne to Byron.

BOURNE. I submit, and without much reluctance, for I flatter myself you will not be worse pleased at the end than at the beginning. The author, in the address I mentioned, speaks as follows: "About some tenne yeares agoe when the Supplication of *Pierce Pennilesse* was published, the Gentleman who was the author thereof, being mine intimate and neare companion, as one with whome I communi-

cated both my loue, mine estate, and my studies, and found euer out of his disposition an equall, or if possible a more feruent sympathie of like community and affection, so as I cannot chuse but still take much delight in his memory, would many times in his priuate conference with me vnfolde his determination touching the concluding and finishing vppe of that morall and wittie Treatise, which for as much as it could beare no second parte by the same title (as he publikelie did protest in an Epistle to the Printer ioynde to the same treatise) his resolution was to accomplish his desire by writing *the returne of the Knight of the Poste*, and therein did many times at large discourse the maine plot and drift wherein hee meant to bestow great arte witte and laborious studie. Now death, who many times by an vncharitable or cruell *Anticipation* preuenteth those deseignes which might administer much matter of regarde and commoditie, by taking him to earlie frō the world, who had he liued, would haue enrichte it with much wittinesse, left that vneffected which had it beene by him taken in hand would doubtlesse haue satisfied many learned expectations."

MORTON. That is a singular introduction. It ascertains Nash's death to have taken place, at all events, before 1606; the precise year must still remain a matter of doubt.

ELLIOT. Whatever facility Nash might possess in the use of his pen, it seems as if his friend, by the

needless involution of his sentences, were not much accustomed to composition.

BOURNE. He apologises afterwards, in the same address, for his deficiencies, admitting that he has "neither the wittie pleasantnes of the conceites," nor "the gaulie bitternes of the pen" of Nash; but at the same time he inveighs against "foule speech, vncomely parables or fantastical taxations," which disfigured some of the writings of his time.

MORTON. You recollect that the chief charge of Nash against Harvey, or at least that which galled the doctor most, was that Harvey was the son of a rope-maker. Now I do not know whether the trade was before considered in a manner infamous, or whether Nash contributed to render it so, but certain it is that in Marston's play of the "Parasitaster" (1606) it is spoken of most contemptuously: "Then thou must sit there thrust and contemned bare-headed to a grograine scribe, ready to start vp at the doore creaking, prest to get in, with your leaue Sir, to some surly groome, the third sonne of a Rope-maker."

ELLIOT. This circumstance was worth noting, though it has thrown us a little out of our course. I am impatient to hear some specimens from this performance, which has both an intrinsic and an adventitious interest belonging to it.

BOURNE. You shall, and I apprehend it will not be necessary to go at much length into it: two or

three extracts will, I dare say, be sufficient to show you the style and object of the work. In the commencement, the author informs us, that “having consumed the beginning of his life in vanity,” he retired into the country to find contentment among shepherds and their flocks; and in the first transports of his joy at the change, he wrote a number of verses in its praise.

MORTON. Are they good—the theme he chose is an old one.

BOURNE. I think some of them are good; for example the following lines, which are in a free, flowing strain.

“O happy shepheard, thou that safely sleepest,
In a pure gowne (though poore) yet euer free;
Whose selfe is all thy riches, and who keepes
But natures faire, thy faire to beutifie;
That knowes not how ambition doth torment
But liuing poorely, liues the more content!
Thou that in pouerty no poorenesse knowes
Nor feeles the strange diseases of the rich,
But holdes thine owne, through which thy wishes
showes
Thou art not wounded by enioying much:
Thou dost not spurne at bug-beare dignity,
With Natures gifts the gifts of nature feeding,
Milke with selfe-milke reuiude, and with the Bee
Preserues pure natures sweets from sweetnes need-
ing.”

ELLIOT. A few of the lines are above mediocrity, though others are obscure :

“ Thou that in poverty no poorness knows,
Nor feels the strange diseases of the rich,”

is as happy a couplet as perhaps was ever written on the subject ; and it reminds one of those not less admirable lines of our didactic modern poet, Crabbe, where he is speaking of the unknown maladies that afflict the great,

“ Still with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever new disease.”

BOURNE. There is a resemblance, only I have some doubt whether the old writer meant those “ strange diseases,” and not others that Mr. Crabbe also refers to elsewhere. There is more in the same strain, but perhaps not so good. However our author, whoever he might be, soon discovers that the country is as bad as the city : that “ fooles are aduanced, Philosophers despised—strangers feasted, children starued—gold enough to purchase toyes, charitee too little euer to enter heauen,” and accordingly he returns again to London just after the plot of the 5th November, the whole particulars of which he learns at St. Paul’s, where he meets with “ a fellow with a hunger starued looke and an enuious gesture, with a threed-bare cloake, and an halfe-buttonde doublet, with a necke almost rufles, and a waste all girdlesse—with torne breeches and vngartered stockings, his shoes cut and

his toes vncovered;" and who do you suppose this singular personage may be?

MORTON. Some poor poet or other, I should conjecture, dining with Duke Humphrey in St. Paul's, or a ragged intelligencer scraping together all the news he could procure.

BOURNE. Neither, but an emissary from no less a personage than the Devil; "briefly" (said he to our author) "I am knight of the post, and that knight of the post who about som tē years agon cōuaide the supplicatiō of *Pierce Pennilesse* to the Deuil my Maister."

ELLIOT. It must have been a singular rencontre, and not a very pleasant one.

BOURNE. It was not attended with any disagreeable consequences, for the author, having blessed himself, begged to be informed how the Devil had accepted Pierce's supplication, and is told, with much complaisance (as much, at least, as could be expected from an imp of the infernal regions), that Belzebub was at first enraged that Nash had "laid open the politique stratagemes and secret deuises" employed by "old Nicholas" to bring the world into subjection, but at length he condescended upon a formal reply to his petitioner.

MORTON. Is that reply given?

BOURNE. It is, under the following ludicrous title, "The aunswere of the high and mighty Prince of Darknes, *Donsel del Lucifer*, King of *Acheron*, *Stix* and *Phlegelon*, Duke of *Tartarie*, Marquesse of

Cocytus and L. high Regent of *Limbo*, to the Supplication of *Pierce Pennilesse*."

ELLIOT. This must contain the marrow of the whole tract. I hope you will not be too sparing of your quotations; omitting, of course, all such profanenesses as the Devil may not scruple to be guilty of, but which we should be scrupulous in hearing.

MORTON. It seems strange, that this messenger from the Infernal Power should be wandering about the world with this answer in his pocket without delivering it, and at last only placing it in the hands of an individual whom he accidentally met.

BOURNE. The contrivance is rather clumsy and inartificial, it must be allowed; I do not see why the Devil should have sent any answer at all, especially as Nash was dead, and had, most likely, an opportunity of receiving it by his own hands from Lucifer. After a short preface, the "answer" begins thus, with a merry reference to Nash's poverty. "For the rent thou challengest due to thine vnhalloved purse, wherein I haue kept reuels so longe a season, I tell thee there is none due from me as neuer having taken possession of the tenement, nor at any time delighted in such vast vnfurnished places; for I tell thee, howeuer blindnes by my suggestion hath perswaded, yet is there not any place wherein I am better entertained or bestowe my malediction in greater aboundance, than amongst infinite heapes of idolatrous Crosses."

MORTON. A punning allusion to the money of the

time: as the clown says to Celia in "As you like it"—"For my part I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse."

BOURNE. Of course. The passage I am now about to read is against upstart courtiers, and it afterwards touches upstarts of another kind: the Devil asserts that a courtier, "being nurst in Tauernes, taught in Brothelles and confirmde in Theaters, shall so quickly be discoverd by the eye of the iudicious, that brought into contempt by the weakenes of his owne demeanor he shall be able to enrich my Kingdome with nothing more then his owne hanging. There must bee in this decrepednes of the worlds age, vpstartes of another condition, those on whome Nature hath bestowed excellent benefites, as a comely forme, a rype witte, and a ciuill or an vnambitious disposition; whome Education hath made learned, cōmerce beloued and obseruation full of perfect iudgement: Vpon these shall Pride shoue the power of her Infernall Deitie: Into these shall she inspire such a venome of selfe affection, that beeing hood winkt with the folly of imaginarie greatenes, they shall transport all their actions beyond the lymits of Pietie or reason, accusing and condemning all present thinges, as eyther gouernment or fortunes, and only fixe or amuse their cogitations vpon future actions, Hope, Feare and Desire drawing into their mindes this Position, that to doubt of what is to come is to be ascertainde of present sorrow."

MORTON. The description given of this last kind of upstart is not very inapplicable to such men as Nash himself, and some of his companions: Marlow, at least, "hood-winked with the folly of imaginary greatness, transported his actions beyond the limits of piety."

ELLIOT. The last sentiment in the extract is but a translation from the Latin.

BOURNE. It may be. The reigning follies and vices are observed upon *seriatim*; and this tract, like some few others, contains a great deal of information on the habits and manners of the times: the subsequent severe remarks are made upon "the prodigall young maister." "What shall I do speaking of these prodigall heyres who like filthie weedes are no sooner sprung vp but the sithe is ready to crop them: doth not their lasciuiousnesse poyson their bodyes as fast as their prophanes their soules, or can the world say he sees them, ere the graue saith he hath them? Tut, they are but bubbles in water and records in sand." Further on we meet with a spirited invective against "the pride of artificers and gentry" in these terms: "Next learning thou petitionest against the Pride of Artificers, where the needie Taylor will imitate the neate Nobilitie: Alas a small fault, if there were none proud but Taylors, who being the impers of Peacockes plumes may best borrow some of their broken feathers: but doe but cast thine eye aside in after ages and thou shalt see a Water-bearer as braue as

a Sea-Captaine, and a Cobler as curious in his accoutrements as on Candlemas day at night an Innes of Court Reueller, why hee shall not be accounted worthie of a trade, if he will not aduenture more then halfe his cleare profites to adorne his bodie beyond eyther his degree or vocation, and some like the Duke of *Florence* foole, weare all their wealth on their backes onelie, but this excess beeing Male and Female shall bring foorth into the world millions of prodegies, so that streetes shall be pestered, Theatres burdened, conuenticles filled, and churches thronged with gaudy men and painted women," &c.

ELLIOT. This complaint is of very old standing, and has been made, I dare say, in all nations that have arrived at a certain degree of civilization. Juvenal, in the satire where he complains that *Natio comæda est*, has very nearly the same sentiment as what you have read, only not quite so much extended.

*Hic ultra vires habitûs nitor: hic aliquid plus
Quam satis est; interdum alienâ sumitur arcâ.
Commune id vitium est.*

BOURNE. Very true, and Brathwayte (a satirist of whom we shall say more by and by), in his "Health from Helicon," very tersely gives the rule as far as relates to the dress of females,

"Comely not gaudy—she, and none but she,
Weares the best clothes that weares to her degree."

I do not think we need proceed further with this second part of Pierce Penniless's Supplication, as we cannot go through the whole, and you have already seen enough to enable you to form a tolerable judgment regarding it.

MORTON. Perhaps so. We may now, therefore, continue our inquiries relating to the progress of satirical poetry in the English language.

ELLIOT. I told you that I would take an opportunity of reading Hall's satires, and I find him, though now and then an uncouth, yet upon the whole a fine, bold, vigorous writer, with a vast command of language.

BOURNE. Your criticism is just: there is a great deal of power in almost every thing he says.

MORTON. His verse is far from smooth, and his rhymes sometimes awkward.

ELLIOT. I do not agree with you, that his verse is, generally speaking, inharmonious. In his introduction, which is styled *a postscript* (but which, like Spenser's letter to Raleigh, ought to precede the reading of the book), he bestows high praise on his mother tongue, but complains of the necessity of rhyme.

BOURNE. Yet he severely belabours the imitators of the Latin measures in English.

ELLIOT. Yes, in his sixth satire. By the by, you said on the former day that Hall when he wrote was very young, and little acquainted with the literature

of his times—that he knew little beyond his college classics. Now the contrary seems very evident, for most of his satires are full of references to books and literary men.

BOURNE. I spoke unadvisedly if I made so general an assertion, for he mentions Marlow, Spenser, Stanyhurst, Fraunce, and some others, besides notices of various anonymous productions.

ELLIOT. But I could not find any notice of Lodge, nor of any thing written by him.

MORTON. That would rather argue that Lodge's "Fig for Momus" was not popular, or Hall would probably have heard of it: and that it was not generally admired seems probable from the fact that he published no more satires out of the "whole centon," which he asserted he had by him ready for the press.

BOURNE. But there was another satirist who preceded Hall (and whose name I omitted to introduce to you before), with whom he seems also to have been unacquainted.

MORTON. Whom do you mean?

BOURNE. A person of the name of William Rankin, or Rankins (for it is spelt both ways), who, according to Ritson, published in 1596 "Seven Satyres," &c. but no further information is given regarding them: it is asserted, however, that they were printed.

MORTON. Have you ever seen them?

BOURNE. I have not, though I have made many

inquiries after them. I ought to mention in confirmation of Ritson —

ELLIOT. In confirmation of Ritson! I thought that Ritson wanted no confirmation; that his accuracy was proverbial.

BOURNE. He was a very laborious and generally an accurate man, but he sometimes was ignorant of the commonest things. For instance, he assigns to George Chapman one of Drayton's principal and most noted pieces, "Noah's Flood," which he could never have seen, or he must have observed several commendatory poems addressed to Drayton upon it. I was about to observe in confirmation of Ritson, that Rankins is mentioned by Francis Meres (*Palladis Tamia*, 1598, fo. 277, b.) in company with Hall and Marston, as three satirists.

ELLIOT. Did Rankins write any thing besides?

BOURNE. The earliest production I have heard of or seen by him is a short tract against Stage-plays, called "A Mirrour of Monsters," 1587, of which I will speak more at large when we take a view of some of the pieces written for and against theatrical performances. It is enough to say for the present, that the "Mirrour of Monsters" is a very vehement production, with more variety than is usually found in pieces of the same kind.

MORTON. Ritson states that he has a sonnet before Bodenham's *Belvedere*.

BOURNE. That, technically speaking, is a mistake,

as you will see on inspection: it is not a *sonnet*, although the writer himself so terms it: there are four *sonnets* prefixed to the *Belvedere*, but Rankins has merely three 7-line stanzas, and they are better than such pieces usually are.

ELLIOT. You say they are prefixed to Bodenham's *Belvedere*. Who was Bodenham, and what was his *Belvedere*? I am sorry that my ignorance raises such obstructions to your progress.

BOURNE. It is a collection of mere sentences from most of the principal poets living and dead, published in 1600, but as a full and accurate account of it is given in the Brit. Bibl., and in "The Return from Parnassus," reprinted by Hawkins, which you can read at your leisure, we need not now delay for the purpose of examining it. Little is known of John Bodenham but that he was also the compiler of "Englands Helicon," of which there is a modern reprint.

MORTON. I perceive that Francis Meres also mentions, on fo. 283. b. a book called *Skialetheia*, as a collection of satires: what is become of that?

BOURNE. It was obviously anonymous, for Meres, who was the writer's contemporary, does not seem to have known him. That the book is still in existence there is no doubt, as it was in the library of the late Mr. Malone: I have heard of no other copy.

ELLIOT. Passing these then, whom do you take next among English Satirists?

BOURNE. John Marston. Hall, as you will not have forgotten, printed his "*Virgidemiarum*," in 1597, and in the following year appeared "The Metamorphosis of Pigmaliions Image and Certaine Satyres," the dedication of which, "To the Worlds Mightie Monarch, *Good Opinion*," is, as you see by turning over the leaf, subscribed W. K. which means W. Kinsayder.

ELLIOT. You mentioned Marston.

BOURNE. I did: Kinsayder was his *nom de guerre*; that under which he made war upon the age. He seems to have had good reason for the concealment of his real name, as, notwithstanding his protestation to the contrary, he lashes not merely in the general but in the particular. Among others he makes a vigorous assault upon Hall, his immediate precursor in this walk of poetry. This is chiefly contained in his "*Scourge of Villanie*," first printed in 1598, and again, a more complete and fuller edition, in 1599, with some new satires.

ELLIOT. Do you mean that he introduces Hall by name?

BOURNE. Not exactly, but quite unequivocally as the writer of "*Virgidemiarum*:" I should first explain to you that Marston's poem of *Pigmalion's Image*, which occasioned a good deal of noise, was intended as an exaggeration and ridicule of certain lascivious poems of that day, which had been made more popular by, and were written in the same style

as, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and *Tarquin and Lucrece*. Marston's object was to show how injurious they were to morals. He himself says of his own poem in his second work—

“Hence thou misiudging Censor! know I wrot
Those idle rimes, to note the odious spot
And blemish that deforms the lineaments
Of moderne Poesies habilaments.”

And in other places and other words he says the same thing, and expresses his astonishment that it could have been mistaken.

MORTON. Shall we hear no part of it?

BOURNE. Presently; but I will first explain how Hall fell foul of Marston, and Marston, in return, of Hall. In his “*Pigmalions Image and Certaine Satyres*,” Marston treats Hall rather severely, accusing him (as indeed Warton does in his *History of English Poetry*) of being mysteriously obscure, and dealing in “*Sphinxian riddles*,” as well as taking him to task for his abuse of the “*Mirror for Magistrates*” in his 5th satire. I will quote the passages themselves in a few minutes, which seem to have excited Hall's wrath, and accordingly (if Marston be to be relied upon) Hall wrote an Epigram, “which he caused to be pasted to the latter page of every *Pigmalion* that came to the Stationers of Cambridge.” This epigram is given by Marston in the following terms:

“ I askt Phisitions what their counsell was
 For a mad dogge, or for a mankind Asse?
 They told me though there were confections store
 Of Poppie seede, and soueraigne Hellebore,
 The dogge was best cured by cutting and *kinsing*;
 The Asse must be kindly whipped for winsing.—
 Now then S. K. I little passe
 Whether thou be a mad dogge or a mankind Asse.”

ELLIOT. Marston, I suppose, inserts it for the sake of adding his own answer, but the epigram appears to me rather coarse than keen.

BOURNE. Hall was probably too angry to be severe, and Marston's reply is in much the same spirit. At the word “*kinsing*” Marston inserts a note, “Marke the witty allusion to my name,” meaning his assumed name of Kinsayder, and after giving as a motto *Medice cura teipsum*, he speaks thus:

“ Smart ierke of wit! Did euer such a straine
 Rise from an Apish schoole-boyes childish braine!
 Dost thou not blush, good Ned, that such a sent
 Should rise from thence where thou hadst nutriment?
 Shame to Opinion, that perfumes his dung,
 And streweth flowers rotten bones among.
 Juggling Opinion, thou inchaunting witch,
 Paint not a rotten post with colours ritch.”

MORTON. Though Marston does not retort “mad dog” and “mankind Asse” upon Hall, he is not at

all behindhand in vulgarity.—Does he assign any reason for keeping his real name in the back-ground?

BOURNE. Not in terms, but it is easily collected; indeed in one passage of the third satire of his “Scourge of Villanie” he states pretty plainly that apprehension was the chiefly operating cause:

————— “ Shall Matho raise his fame
By printing pamphlets in anothers name,
And in them praise himselfe, his wit, his might,
All to be deem'd his Countries Lanthorne Light;
Whilst my tongues tyde with bonds of blushing
shame,
For fear of broaching my concealed name?”

This, however, is not a point of importance: a man who speaks as boldly as he does in most places, and lashes with equal severity high and low, not sparing the vices of the great nor the frauds of the little, was likely to make himself many enemies, and indeed to run imminent hazards if he did not put on some disguise.

ELLIOT. It is now perhaps time for us to examine the body of his satires, and if they are so general and unsparing, they possess of course the more interest for us.

BOURNE. I will not detain you longer from them than to read the following attack by Marston upon Hall in his “Pigmaliions Image and Certaine Satyres,” which, among others, provoked the spleen of

the "Academic." We will then look at a few stanzas from "Pigmaliions Image," and so proceed to the "Certaine Satyres." The attack on Hall is this:

"Fie inconsiderate! It greeueth me
 An Academicke should so senceles be.
 Fond Censurer, why should those mirrors seeme
 So vile to thee, which better iudgements deeme
 Exquisite then, and in our polish'd times
 May run for sencfull tollerable lines?
 What not *mediocria firma* from thy spight,
 But must thy enuious hungry fangs need light
 On *Magistrates mirrour*? Must thou needs detract
 And striue to work his ancient honors wrack?
 What shall not Rosamond or Gaueston,
 Ope their sweete lips without detraction?
 But must our moderne Critticks enuious eye
 Seem thus to quote some grosse deformity? * *
 What! Satyre sucke the soule from Poesie
 And leaue him spritles? O impiety! * *
 Why thus it is when Mimick Apes will striue
 With iron wedge the trunks of Oakes to riue!"

Very nearly the whole of this satire, and parts of others, are devoted to the same subject; but it is not necessary to read more to show that Hall had some reason for his wrath.

MORTON. Marston seems to be contented with being forcible: he does not give himself much trouble to be musical.

ELLIOT. Satirists have a sort of prescriptive right

not to attend much to the harmony of their lines. If their verse be *épuré aux rayons de bons sens*, they generally think it quite sufficient.

BOURNE. Yet the very author from whom you quote, and some others in our own language, are examples of the contrary practice. I will now point out for your perusal a very few passages in Marston's two works, which, I think, will give you the best notion of his style, and the portion of talent he possesses for this kind of writing. "Pigmaliions Image" first presents itself, and the subsequent is part of the Prayer of the Sculptor to Venus, when he falls in love with his own work.

"Thou sacred Queene of sportiue dallying,
(Thus he begins) Loues onely Emperesse,
Whose kingdome rests in wanton reuelling,
Let me beseech thee shew thy powerfullnesse,
In changing stone to flesh—make her relent
And kindly yeeld to thy sweet blandishment!

"O gracious Gods, take compassion
Instill into her some celestial fire,
That she may equalize affection,
And haue a mutual loue, and loues desire!

Thou know'st the force of loue, then pittie me,
Compassionate my true loues ardencie!"

The Gods, as you may remember, consent, and Pygmalion is happy, and of this union Paphus was the progeny. The poet continues:

“ Who knowes not what ensues? O pardon me
Yee gaping eares that swallow vp my lines,
Expect no more. Peace idle Poesie!
Be not obsceane though wanton in thy rimes!
And chaster thoughts, pardon if I do trip,
Or if some loose lines from my pen do slip.”

This is enough to prove that the whole poem is as highly wrought as possible, and somewhat more than “ verges on impurity.”

ELLIOT. The story has great capabilities for that purpose, and so far is chosen with judgment: perhaps greater than “ Britains Ida,” attributed to Spenser.

BOURNE. “ Pigmaliions Image” was reprinted in 1619 in a volume I shall hereafter bring under notice, as containing a poem dedicated to Izaak Walton: this edition is not mentioned by Ritson, nor by any other bibliographer that I have seen.

MORTON. Is it there stated to be a sort of burlesque on pieces of the kind?

BOURNE. By no means: the volume contains a collection of love poems. One of them, I apprehend, is of great rarity, and of no insignificant merit in some points of view. It was probably suggested by Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*, and may be considered introductory to it, or, at least, taking up the history of Adonis before Venus fell in love with him.

MORTON. What title does it bear?

BOURNE. It is called “ The Scourge of Venus or

the Wanton Lady, with the rare birth of Adonis. The second impression, enlarged and corrected by H. A." London, 1614.

ELLIOT. The story doubtless is taken from the 10th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where Pygmalion's Image is also found.

BOURNE. It is the ground-work of it; only this author, like Marston, has considerably dilated it.

ELLIOT. Do the initials of the author H. A. stand for any noted poet of that day?

BOURNE. He was not the author: he says, in an address to the reader, that it was printed at his cost, but "the work of a man well-deserving," who had composed it "for his pleasure without any intent of an impression."

MORTON. Have you any notion who this "man well-deserving" was?

BOURNE. I have not: a person of the name of Will. Barkstead wrote a poem on the same subject, called "Myrrha the Mother of Adonis," in 1607; but as I have never seen it, I cannot tell whether there is any and what resemblance between that and the production before us.

ELLIOT. The story, as told by Ovid, is even more offensive and revolting than that of Pygmalion: the main incident of it is the grossest incest.

BOURNE. And the author of this version has not attempted to cast the thinnest veil over any part of it: neither was it written to bring discredit upon

this species of composition, but apparently to gratify the writer's relish for subjects of the kind, and published to take advantage of the grossness of the public appetite. As I have said there is talent in it, as you may judge from the following stanza, where the odious daughter is hesitating regarding her passion for her father :

“ Looke how you see a pleasant field of Corne
 Moue here and there by gentle-breathing wind,
 Now vp and downe as waues in sea are borne ;
 So doubtful thoughts had motion in her mind,
 Now shee'l surcease and now to him repaire,
 Instable like a feather in the aire.”

This contest is well described ; and Myrrha's nurse, who has learnt the cause of her grief, endeavours to dissuade her mistress, but in vain :

“ Cease chatting, gentle Nurse, the lady said,
 Or frame thy tale to suite more with the time,
 My choice is made, therein I need no aide
 Which may be compast by some help of thine.
 It is too late of abstinence to preach
 Whē one is drunk and notes not what you teach.”

MORTON. The first of those two stanzas is particularly good. The simile of the waving of a field of corn is beautifully applied.

ELLIOT. But I doubt if it be new ; however we must not be too fastidions : those stanzas are certainly above mediocrity. I like even the last couplet, for

the passion of Myrrha will not allow her to be scrupulous about the coarseness or delicacy of her expressions.

BOURNE. It is much to be regretted that this writer employed his talents so ill.

ELLIOT. If his conclusion be the same as in the Latin, however seductive the descriptions may be, it is not to be disputed that the story has a good moral tendency.

BOURNE. True; and this author paints the miseries to which the daughter of Cynaras is exposed, very strongly at the termination, when she is converted into a tree, and thus escapes the fury of her enraged father. The poet exclaims;

“ Where be the walkes that thou wast wont to haue,

The shady groues pauerd with Camomile;

The rosie bowers that heate of sun did saue,

And yeelded to thy sense a pleasant smile?

Where be the pleasant roomes thou solast in?

Thou art dispoild thereof by thine owne sin. **

Where are those eyes, those glassie eyes of thine

That lent the glorious Sunne his chiefest light?

Where is that Angels voyce, that voyce diuine,

Whose wel-tun'd tōgue did all the gods delight?

What are they gone? doth time thy glory rust?

No, they be spoiled with incestuous lust.”

Against productions of this class Marston directed his “Pigmalion’s Image,” but apparently without much

avail, for he did not decrease the evil he reprobated; and not long afterwards, as I have stated, his own exaggeration was printed as a serious and passionate effusion. In his satires, upon which we will now enter, he actually complains, as you have seen, that his design had been misunderstood, and that he was placed among those he meant to lash and ridicule.

ELLIOT. The collection appears one of considerable size.

BOURNE. It is in the whole, taking both volumes or parts; but I will not fatigue you with too long or too many quotations.

ELLIOT. You need be under no apprehension of that sort: satires are always an amusing sort of reading, and Marston seems a writer that will not easily tire.

BOURNE. He is very unequal: he exhausts his strength in some places by over exertion in others. I shall be the less scrupulous, because Marston has not hitherto found a place in any national collection of our poetry, not even in that of Mr. Chalmers. The following description of a finished courtier is taken from his first satire.

“ But oh! the absolute *Castilio*
 He that can all the poynts of courtship show:
 He that can trot a Courser, break a rush,
 And, arm'd in prooffe, dare dure a strawes strong
 push:

He who on his glorious scutchion
 Can quaintly shew wits *newe* inuention,
 Aduancing forth some thirstie *Tantalus*,
 Or else the Vulture on *Prometheus*,
 With some short motto of a dozen lines:
 He that can purpose it in dainty rimes;
 Can set his face, and with his eye can speake,
 Can dally with his mistres dangling feake,
 And wish that he were it, to kiss her eye
 And flare about her beauties deitie.
 Tut, he is famous for his reuelling,
 For fine set speeches and for sonetting:
 He scornes the violl and the scraping sticke,
 And yet's but Broker of anothers wit
 Certes if all things were well knowne and viewd
 He doth but champe that which another chew'd."

ELLIOT. Coarse, but pointed, and probably applicable to a great many fine gentlemen of the day.

MORTON. To such, you may recollect, as Gascoyne alludes to when he says, in the preface to his works, where "I wrote one line for my selfe in causes of loue, I haue written ten for other men in lays of lust."

BOURNE. Right. Marston has another hit of the same kind in his next satire, the point of which has been used over and over again in epigrams, &c. since, as you will see. He is speaking of *Muto*, who thrusts into his mistress's bosom some lines which he pretends are his own, but, in truth, "were penned by Roscio the tragedian."

“ Yet *Muto* like a good Vulcanian
 An honest Cuckold, calls the bastard sonne,
 And braggs of that which others for him done.—
Satyre thou lyest, for that same Elegie
Is Mutos owne, his owne deare Poesie!—
 Why tis *his owne*—and *deare*—for he did pay
 Ten crownes for it, as I heard *Roscius* say.”

ELLIOT. I do not think that any writer since has put the point better, or set it more acutely.

BOURNE. The name of *Castilio*, in the former extract, he takes from a book which had been, and then was, extremely popular, running through many editions between 1557, when, I believe, it was first printed, and 1598, when Marston wrote: it is called “*Castilios Courtier*,” Count Baldessar Castilio, an Italian, being the author of it, and Sir Thomas Hobby the translator.

MORTON. Is there any thing curious in the work?

BOURNE. Perhaps little or nothing but the enumeration at the end, called “a brief rehersal of the chiefe conditiōs and qualities required in a Courtier,” which you will perceive, by running your eye over it, includes every kind of knowledge and accomplishment. However we need not delay to examine a book that is comparatively easy to be procured. Marston, in his second Satire, aims another blow at Hall, principally on the score of obscurity. He says of him,

“ And in such pitchy cloudes enwrapped beene
His *Sphinxian* riddles, that old *Oedipus*
Would be amaz’d and take it in foule snufs,
That such Cymerian darknes should inuolue
A quaint conceit that he could not resolute.
O darknes palpable! Egipts black night :
My wit is stricken blind, hath lost his sight.”

ELLIOT. Milton has the phrase “ palpable obscure,” as Marston talks of “ palpable darkness.”

BOURNE. Nay, he has the very words “ palpable darkness” too, in those lines,

“ Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days.”

MORTON. Besides, he talks of a “ Cimmerian desert” in his *Allegro*.

BOURNE. Notwithstanding, I do not charge him with being a plagiarist in this instance.

ELLIOT. Nor in any other with being so designedly, although coincidences may arise.

BOURNE. I am no Lauder, yet if you will be patient only for half a minute, I will show you, at least, a remarkable coincidence which no one has pointed out in all the learned notes that have been written upon *Paradise Lost*. Of course you recollect Milton’s enumeration of

“ Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Powers,”

and that fine characteristic passage, put into the mouth of the rebellious Satan,

“ Here we may reign secure ; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell :
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven ! ”

Now read the following passage in a prose author, who wrote while Milton was yet almost in his cradle. You shall see the title of the book afterwards.

ELLIOT. As you please ; I am not in so violent a hurry to satisfy my curiosity.

BOURNE. You must observe that the Devil is supposed to be addressing himself to the author.

ELLIOT. To whom, then, he says, “ True it is, Sir,” (very civil language for the Devil, I am sure), “ that I (storming at the name of supremacie) sought to depose my Creatour ; which the watchfull, all-seeing eye of Providence finding, degraded me of my Angelicall Dignitie, dispossessed me of all pleasures and the *Seraphin and Cherubin, Throni, Dominationes, Virtutes, Potestates, Principatus, Arch-angeli, Angeli*, and all the celestial Hierarchyes (with a shout of applause) sung my departure out of heauen : my Alleluia was turned into an *Ehu*, and too soone I found that I was *corruptibilis ab alio*, though not *in alio*, and that he that gaue me my being could againe take it from mee. Now for as much as I was once an Angell of light, it was the will of Wisedome to confine me to Darknes and to create mee Prince therof ; that so

I that could not obey in Heauen, might command in Hell. And beleue me, Sir, I had rather controule within my darke Diocesse, than to reinhabite *coelum empyrium* and there liue in subiection vnder check."

BOURNE. What think you of that?

ELLIOT. 'That there certainly is a resemblance.

MORTON. And a very striking one; the more singular when we couple the enumeration of the heavenly powers with the last sentence.

BOURNE. That enumeration is nothing but in its connexion; for the same, or nearly the same, is to be found in Spenser's "Hymn to Heauenly Beauty," in Thos. Heywood's "Hierarchie of Blessed Angels," and elsewhere.

ELLIOT. But what is the title of the book from which I read?

BOURNE. It is rare, I assure you, and one of the most eloquent in our language. It is clear to me that Milton was well acquainted with it. It is called "Stafford's Niobe," and was printed in 1611. We will close it now, because I shall reserve it for more particular notice on a future day.

MORTON. Provided you do not forget it, I shall not complain.

BOURNE. If I do, you have only to remind me. Before we entirely quit this subject, let me mention another coincidence not quite as remarkable, but still deserving notice. You remember the dialogue in *Par. Lost*, B. III. between the Creator and his

Son, on the subject of destroying or preserving mankind, in which the following passage is put into the mouth of the Saviour, interceding for the preservation of the human race.

—————“ That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end and frustrate thine ? Shall he fulfil
His malice and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted ? Or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation and unmake
For him what for thy glory thou hast made ?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questioned and blasphemed without defence.”

MORTON. And what have you to offer regarding that passage ?

BOURNE. Another coincidence, to be found in a book where one would little expect to see it: in a translation of “ the Life of Gusman de Alfarache,” fo. 1623, by Mabbe, in which is introduced a discussion between Jupiter and Apollo, the latter praying that the former would not totally destroy mankind for neglecting his worship.

ELLIOT. There is a likeness in the question debated, at least.

BOURNE. And in the manner in which it is treated: all that is material lies in a few lines of B. I. ch. VII. Apollo says, "If thou destroy the world in vaine then are those things which thou hast therein created; and it were imperfection in thee to vnmake that which thou hast already made, only for to mend that which thou now findest amisse: much lesse would I haue thee to repent thy selfe that thou hast made man; for that will be but to discredit thy selfe and thine owne worke. Besides how can it stand with the power and goodnesse of a Creator to take too strict a course against his creature, and to exceed by extraordinary meanes in his chastisements? To destroy these that are now liuing and to create others a-new, I hold that not so fit to be done by thee: for thou must either giue them or not giue them free-will," &c.

ELLIOT. The coincidence is not so striking, nor the passage so important, as that which you read from Stafford's Niobe.

BOURNE. It is not, and but that it seemed to fit the place, perhaps I should not have noticed it.

MORTON. It certainly deserved observation, but we shall make but slow progress with Marston if we wander so far from him.

BOURNE. And we have several other satirists to go through, particularly if we include Wither and Brathwayte, as well as an anonymous satirist, of whose work only one copy is, I believe, known. I

will read you only a single further quotation from "Pigmaliions Image and Certaine Satyres," and then enter upon "the Scourge of Villanie." It is from the 5th Satire, and may be considered the winding up of the author's invectives.

"Fie, fie, I am deceiued all this while,
A mist of errors doth my sense beguile :
I haue been long of all my wits bereauen,
Heauen for Hell taking, taking hell for Heauen ;
Virtue for vice, and vice for vertue still,
Sower for sweete, and good for passing ill.
If not would vice and odious villanie
Be still rewarded with high dignitie ?
Would damned *Iouians* be of all men praised
And with high honours into heauen raised ?

"'Tis so, 'tis so ; Riot and Luxurie
Are vertuous, meritorious chastitie :
That which I thought to be damn'd hel-borne pride
Is humble modestie and nought beside ;
That which I deemed Bacchus surquedry ;
Is graue and staied ciuill sobrietie.
O thou thrice holy age, thrice sacred men
Mong whom no vice a Satyre can discerne,
Since Lust is turned into *Chastitie*,
And Riot into sad *Sobrietie*,
Nothing but goodnes raigneth in our age
And vertues all are joyn'd in marriage :
Heere is no dwelling for Impiety,
No habitation for base Villanie :

Heere are no subiects for *Reproofes* sharpe vaine!
Then hence rude Satyre make away amaine,
And seeke a seate where more Impuritie
Doth lie and lurke in still securitie."

ELLIOT. That is spirited, but hitherto I have seen nothing equal to Bishop Hall, to whom Marston obviously sets himself up as a rival.

MORTON. In force he is not inferior, but he does not seem to possess the same acuteness or extent of observation.

BOURNE. Nor, perhaps, the same minute knowledge of mankind, though it is probable that Marston was the elder: that, however, is disputable. Marston's satires are peculiarly devoted to the manners of his age, and on this account, perhaps, they are the more curious. This point will be more fully illustrated by a short examination of his "*Scourge of Villanie*," printed in 1598, and of which there was a second edition, as I have already observed, in 1599. You will not fail to remark that he dedicates it to himself.

MORTON. Yes, at the back of the title I see is, "*To his most esteemed and best beloued Selfe, Dat, dedicatque.*"

BOURNE. And as he dedicates it to himself, he presents his poems to quite as singular a personage—*Detraction*, in some stanzas commencing thus:

“ To DETRACTION I present my POESIE.
“ Foul canker of fair vertuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest blooms of earth;
Enuies abhorred childe, *Detraction*,
I here expose to thy al-tainting breath
The issue of my braine: snarle raile, barke, bite,
Know that my spirit scorncs Detractions spight.”

ELLIOT. That is very animated: is that all?

BOURNE. No, but the two next stanzas are not equal to the first and last: the last is particularly good, and evinces a great, and, a just confidence by the author in his own powers.

“ A partial praise shall neuer eleuate
My settled censure of my owne esteeme:
A cankered Verdit of malignant hate
Shall nere prouoke me worse my selfe to deeme!
Spight of despight and rancors villanie
I am my selfe!—so is my Poesie.”

ELLIOT. The dignified independence of that stanza could not be altered for the better: it is as a really great poet ought to feel, and gives me a higher notion of Marston than any thing we have yet read.

BOURNE. I will lend you a small volume of his plays, (which do not come within the scope of our inquiries) and, if I am not mistaken, they will lead you to place him very high among Shakespeare's

contemporaries. His dramatic works would quite as well bear republishing as those of Massinger or Shirley, did any general feeling exist in the nation for the honour of the English stage.

MORTON. I have read the two parts of Antonio and Mellida, as well as his *Parasitaster*, and though they have great defects, upon the whole they are scarcely to be called second rate.

BOURNE. Yet Marston seems to have been thought arrogant by his contemporaries, and in consequence he had several enemies, of whom he complains in his prefaces. What I have just read from his "Scourge of Villanie" is followed by an address, "*In Lectores prorsus indignos*," (which in itself is a satire), and that by a prose address, "To those that seeme iudiciall Perusers," signed like his former work, *W. Kinsayder*: he observes, that "to note vices so that no man can vnderstand them is as fond as the French execution in picture," and adds, "I will not delude your sight with mists, yet I dare defend my plainnesse against the verjuice face of the Crabbedst Satyrist that euer stuttered."

MORTON. There seems quite enough preliminary matter to the volume.

BOURNE. But we have now come to the end of it, and the first book of satires opens with a Proemium, a small part of which I think is worth quoting.

"I beare the scourge of iust *Rhamnusia*
Lashing the lewdnesse of *Britannia*!

Let others sing, as their good *Genius* moues,
 Of deepe designes, or else of clipping loues :
 Faire fall them all that with wits industrie
 Doe cloathe good subiects in true poesie ;
 But as for me, my vexed thoughtfull soule
 Takes pleasure in displeasing sharpe controule.***
 Quake guzzell dogs, that liue on spotted slime
 Scud from the lashes of my yerking rime ! ”

ELLIOT. He threatens bravely at all events.

BOURNE. You may judge how he executes his threats by the following extract from the 6th Satire of Book II. It is the more interesting because it is literary.

“ Heres one must inuocate some lose-leg'd Dame,
 Some brothell drab, to helpe him stanzaes frame,
 Or els (alas) his wits can haue no vent,
 To broch conceits industrious intent.
 Another yet dares tremblingly come out ;
 But first he must inuoke good *Colin Clout*.

“ Yon's one hath yeand a fearefull prodigy,
 Some monsterous misshapen Balladry,
 His guts are in his braines, huge Jobbernoule,
 Right Gurnet's-head !—the rest without all soule.
 Another walkes, is lazie, lies him downe,
 Thinkes, reades, at length some wonted slepe doth
 crowne
 His new falne lids, dreames, straight ten pound to
 one,
 Out steps some Fayery with quick motion,

And tells him wonders of some flowry vale,
Awakes, straight rubs his eyes & prints his tale.***

“ Another makes old *Homer Spencer* cite,
Like my *Pigmalion* where with rage, delight,
He cries O *Ovid*! This caus'd my idle quill
The worlds dull eares with such lewd stuff to fill,
And gull with bumbast lines the witlesse sense
Of those odde nags whose pates circumference
Is fill'd with froth. O these same buzzing Gnats
That sting my sleeping browes, these Nilus Rats
Halfe dung, that haue their life from putrid slime,
These that do praise my loose lasciuious rime,
For these same shades I seriously protest,
I slubbered vp that Chaos indigest,
To fish for fooles, that stalk in goodly shape :
What though in ueluet cloake, yet still an Ape!”

ELLIOT. In all that there is a great deal of strength and fire; some heavy blows, but nothing “ exquisitely keen,” indicating a real talent for satire of the best kind.

MORTON. Dryden says, that he could write severely with more ease than he could gently, and that is true, for his genius, as he asserts, was for satire; but Marston seems always to be making huge efforts to crush his antagonist, like the Giant in Spenser, instead of attacking him with a sharp weapon where he is least defensible.

BOURNE. I do not know that what is to follow

will make you alter your opinion to any considerable extent: you cannot deny, however, that he is a powerful writer.

ELLIOT. He undoubtedly is, and has a great mastery over the vigorous parts of his language.

BOURNE. The seventh satire opens with a line obviously imitated from Shakespeare's Richard III., which was very popular, and had been published in the year preceding.

“ A man, a man, a Kingdome for a man !”

The original of this line seems to have taken Marston's fancy mightily: he quotes it in his *What you Will* (1607).

“ ‘ A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse !’

Looke thee, I speake play-scraps,” &c.

He parodies it again in his *Parasitaster*—

“ A foole, a foole, my Coxcombe for a foole.”

MORTON. His object most likely was to turn it into ridicule, for Shakespeare's success was not very pleasing to his spirit, which seems to have been a little envious and irritable.

ELLIOT. I think I have seen the lines you read a minute or two ago, beginning “ Another walks, is lazy, lays him downe,” quoted as an intended cut by the writer at Shakespeare's “ *Midsummer Night's Dream*.”

BOURNE. There is some ground for the conjecture, although I do not think it well-founded, and principally because it is more applicable to a "tale" than to a play, and because it might so easily have a different reference. What is remarkable is that Marston, in his play of *What you Will*, has a direct allusion to himself and the production on which we are at present engaged. It is in the first scene of Act II.

" Away Idolater, why you *Don Kinsayder*,
Thou canker-eaten rusty curre, thou snaffle
To freer spirits !
Think'st thou a libertine, an ungiu'd breast,
Scornes not the shackles of thy enuious clogs ?
You will traduce vs into public scorne."

MORTON. We might suppose from thence, that the secret was not even then out, that Marston was Kinsayder.

ELLIOT. And that the satires were popular, or the audience would not have understood the allusion.

BOURNE. I omitted to mention just now that in Marston's *Parasitaster* there is another quotation from Richard III. viz. the line " Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous," which Marston puts into the mouth of one of his ridiculous characters.

MORTON. Richard III. seems to have been a great object of attack with him.

BOURNE. And with others ; but we have not time

to go into that now. We are drawing fast to the close of Marston's satires.

ELLIOT. They have latterly fallen rather short of my expectation.

BOURNE. I will only give you one or two more quotations, and then we will close the book. The subsequent, taken from Sat. 10 of Book III. has an obvious reference to *Romeo and Juliet*, which had been acted and published some time previously.

“ Luscus whats plaid to day? faith now I know
I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
Naught but pure *Juliet* and *Romeo*.
Say who acts best, *Drusus* or *Roscio*?
Now I haue him that nere of aught did speake
But when of playes or players he did treat ;
Hath made a common-place booke out of playes
And speakes in print : at least what ere he sayes
Is warranted by Curtaine plaudities.
If ere you heard him courting *Lesbia*'s eyes,
Say (Courteous Sir) speakes he not mouingly
From out some new pathetique Tragedy ?
He writes, he railes, he iests, he courts (what not)
And all out of his huge long scraped stock
Of well penn'd playes.”

ELLIOT. Now that I hold to be good : there is not only some character, but some refinement in the description of it, and not mere clumsy lumbering abuse.

BOURNE. And the following, I think, you will like as well. It is also a character.

“ But roome for *Tuscus*, that iest-mounging youth,
Who nere did ope his apish gerning mouth,
But to retaile and broke another's wit.
Discourse of what you will he straight can fit
Your present talke with, *Sir, Ile tell a iest*,
(Of some sweet Ladie or grand Lord at least)
Then on he goes, and nere his tongue shall lie
Till his ingrossed iests are all drawne dry :
But then as dumbe as *Maurus*, when at play
Hath lost his crownes, and paund his trim array.
He doth nought but retaile iests ; breake but one
Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
He'le haue it faith. Lad, hast an Epigram,
Wilt haue it put into the chaps of Fame ?
Giue *Tuscus* copies—sooth, as his owne wit
(His proper issue) he will father it.—
O that this Eccho, that doth speake, spet, write
Naught but the excrements of others spright,
This il-stuft trunke of iests (whose very soule
Is but a heape of Iibes) should once inroule
His name 'mong creatures termed rationall !
Whose chiefe repute, whose sense, whose soule and
all,
Are fed with offal scraps, that sometimes fall
From liberall wits, in their large festiuall.”

ELLIOT. If it had been all as shrewd and

discriminating as that, I should not have complained.

MORTON. He seems to have a talent for what were then called humours, or a representation of individual peculiarities, generally applicable.

BOURNE. Such characters as *Tuscus* are common enough in our own day: we have plenty of them, and if they have not their table books to register the wit of other men, they store it up in their memories, which answer the same purpose. There are several MS. table books of this kind in the British Museum, and one of them (M. S. Harl. 6395) contains a jest by no less a person than Shakespeare, as it was told to the writer by Dr. Donne, who was no doubt in some way acquainted with our great bard.

MORTON. A jest of Shakespeare's deserved registering in a table book.

ELLIOT. What is it; is it worthy of the author?

BOURNE. Those who do not know how to relish the playfulness of a great mind would call it a paltry pun. It is this, that Shakespeare stood god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after others had made their presents to the youngster, Shakespeare, to laugh good-naturedly at his rival's pedantry, told the father that he would give the child "a dozen of *Latin* spoons." Perhaps you have heard it?

ELLIOT. No; but I do not see the joke: what are *Latin* spoons?

BOURNE. It all rests upon a pun on the word

Latin, for it not only means a dead language, but a sort of mixed metal, the principal part of which was copper: the word is now obsolete in this sense.

ELLIOT. But for the person to whom it is attributed and by whom it was related, I confess I do not think that the joke was worth repeating.

BOURNE. Perhaps not. It might, without any loss of reputation to Shakespeare, have been consigned, as Marston consigns his satires, "To everlasting oblivion," in some irregular lines not particularly distinguished by their excellence. The volume terminates with a prose address, signed "THERIOMASTIX," "to him that hath perused mee," in which the author takes "a solemne congee of the fustie world."

MORTON. And we may here then, I suppose, take "a solemne congée" of John Marston.

BOURNE. Not quite so hastily. I have one circumstance to state of a biographical nature, that is of some interest, though merely a conjecture.

ELLIOT. Which now and then is better than a fact, because it leaves room for pleasant speculation. What is it?

BOURNE. It has been said, on the authority of Ben Jonson, I think, that Marston's father-in-law, a clergyman, wrote his plays, while Marston prepared his father-in-law's sermons: this circumstance, aided by another, leads me to conclude that it is not im-

possible that our satirist, in the decline of life, went into the church.

ELLIOT. Would not the change be somewhat violent and unnatural?

BOURNE. It would not be unprecedented, at all events: John Webster, one of our most noted old actors and play-poets, did so.

MORTON. How does that appear? you mean the author of "The White Devil," "the Devils Law Case," and other plays. Those titles have little to do with divinity.

BOURNE. It may seem strange, but so the fact is. Observe the title of this book, "*Academiarum Examen*, or the Examination of Academies," &c. "By Io. Webster. London, 1654:" and here is another tract, called "The Saints Guide," of the same date, "By Iohn Webster, late Chaplain in the Army."

MORTON. I see them, but they prove nothing, unless that there were two persons of the name of John Webster.

BOURNE. True; but you wish to jump at a conclusion before you are prepared for the leap: "look before you leap" at this other pamphlet by Thomas Hall, named "Histrio-mastix. A whip for Webster (as tis conceiued) the Quondam Player; or an examination of one *Iohn Websters* delusiue Examen of Academies," London, 1654: in this, John Webster, the "late Chaplain in the Army," is throughout

spoken of by a contemporary, as the player and play-writer: one sentence, for instance, is the following, "This Mr. Webster (as I suppose) is that Poet whose glory was once to be the Author of Stage-plaies (as the Devils Law Case) but now the tutor of Universities."

MORTON. I allow that that is some evidence in favour of your position; but it is not conclusive, because Thomas Hall himself only says, that "as tis conceived," and, "as he supposes," they were the same man.

BOURNE. Your objection is well founded, but I think, in addition to the persuasion of Hall, I can bring forward some internal evidence, derived from a comparison of the "*Academiarum Examen*," and "The Saints Guide," which amply confirms the opinion entertained by Hall, Webster's contemporary.

MORTON. Recollect that Webster's first pamphlet is an attack on the Universities, and if Hall could make out his antagonist to have been a player or play-poet in the puritanical times when he wrote, it would be an important point, and would cast a discredit not only on Webster, but on his production.

ELLIOT. That ought to be taken into the account.

BOURNE. Hall undoubtedly was "a severe and a *cropped* puritan," for he wrote, among others, a small piece, called "the Loathsomenesse of Long Haire." But still I consider the internal evidence,

added to the testimony of Hall, conclusive, and I have been at some pains to collect it.

MORTON. Let us hear it.

BOURNE. First of all I will read a passage from the preface to "the Saints Guide," in which Webster, in terms, mentions his conversion. It is this—"For after the Lord, about eighteen years ago, had, in his wonderfull mercy brought me to the sad experience of mine owne dead, sinfull, lost, and *damnable* condition," and so on, which can hardly mean any thing but his "*damnable* condition" as a player, which the puritans always considered of itself an indisputable title to everlasting torments.

ELLIOT. That certainly is a point gained for your argument.

BOURNE. Add to which, the bold, self-confident, and, at the same time, able manner in which the attack is made upon the systems of the Universities: this may be judged of by comparing it only with Webster's dedication to his "Duchess of Malfy," and the address before his play of "the White Devil."

MORTON. For that, at present, we must take your word, as we cannot on the instant compare them.

BOURNE. It does not, however, rest on general similarity, for particular resemblances exist, which are of great importance to the question. On p. 3. of the *Examen* is this excellent sentence, "So humane knowledge is good and excellent, and is of manifold and transcendent use, while moving in its own orb ;

but when it will see further, than its own light can lead it, it then becomes blind and destroys itself." This sentiment, but more tersely and poetically expressed, is in "the White Devil."

"While we looke vp to heauen we confound
Knowledge with knowledge: O I am in a mist!"

MORTON. There is a resemblance.

BOURNE. But it is stronger in the next quotation and comparison I shall make: on p. 15. of the *Examen* is this simile. "Like a curious spiders web cunningly interwoven with many various and subtile intertextures, and fit for nothing but the insnaring, manacling, and intricating of rash, forward, unwary, and incircumspect men:" in the tragedy of "the Duchess of Malfy" are the following parallel lines:

—————"the law to him
Is like a fowle black cobweb to a spider;
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison
To entangle those shall feed him."

MORTON. I will admit that you have made out a tolerable case, for certainly if it were not the same Webster it would be difficult to account for the remarkable coincidences you have pointed out.

BOURNE. And I may add, to what I have already advanced, that in the *Examen* there is a description of an individual who is exactly the character of Bossola, in "The Duchess of Malfy," and the whole

is corroborated by a designed concealment on the part of the author of the *Examen*, as to who and what he was; he says in the address to the reader, "Some also will inquire who and what I am? &c.—To all which I might return this, *Si respondere noluerò, quis coacturus sit?* Yet shall I not be so Cynical but plainly tell them, that Hercules is easily known by his foot."

ELLIOT. I must say that yours is more than a *primâ facie* case, for you show pretty accurately that the foot of Hercules fits the impression it left behind it.

MORTON. And having concluded your argument, before you quit Webster and return to Marston, let me ask a short question regarding a person of the name of Webster, a small poetical tract by whom I saw upon one of your shelves the other day.

BOURNE. You allude to "The most pleasant and delightfull Historie of Curan, a Prince of Danske and the fayre Princesse Argentile, Daughter and Heyre of Adelbright, sometime King of Northumberland," 1617.

MORTON. That is the book. Is that by the Webster of whom you have been speaking?

BOURNE. Certainly not, because the name of the "play-poet" was John, and that of the author of the poem just noticed (which he invitingly says, is "interlacte with many pritty and pithie prayses of beauty and other amorous discourses, pleasing,

smooth and delightful") was William, nor do I know that they were relations.

MORTON. I did not observe that difference; but I should have thought that William Webster must have been a misprint for William Warner, the author of *Albion's England*, because in the "*Muses Library*," a story under the same title, *Curan and Argentile*, is attributed to the last.

BOURNE. I do not wonder at your mistake, for the fact is, William Webster's poem, in 1617, is founded upon William Warner's (which was first printed, if my memory serve me, in 1586), though he makes no mention of his obligation. It is much expanded; the incidents are related in more detail, and the speeches of the persons given at greater length. Here is the poem, which I assure you is not often met with.

ELLIOT. Is it worth examining when it is met with? I am in equal ignorance of the original and of the paraphrase.

BOURNE. Warner's story is remarkable for the eloquent and natural simplicity with which it is related; the speech of Curan to the Princess disguised as a shepherdess is celebrated for its elegance and force. The short outline is this—Curan is driven from Court on account of his love for Argentile: she endeavours to follow him without knowing whither he has fled, and becomes a shepherdess, by mere accident, near the spot where Curan is a

shepherd, feeding his flocks: they again fall mutually in love with each other, and in the end, discovering their rank, are united and happy. The following stanza, in which Webster describes the effect of the beauty of the Princess, is not unmusical nor unpoetical.

“ As many as behold her doe admire her,
In beautie shee all beauties doth outstrip ;
All thoughts commend her, and all hearts desire her ;
Yea, Nature wonders at her workmanshippe,
Admiring her owne skill, and cunning great
In framing such a beautie, so compleat.”

MORTON. I perfectly remember the speech of Curan in Warner, to which you allude, ending with these lines,

“ Well wot I, sooth they say that say, more quiet
 nights and days
The shepherd sleeps and wakes than he whose cattle
 he doth graze :
Believe me, lass, a King is but a man and so am I :
Content is worth a monarchy and mischiefes hit the
 high.”

I suppose Webster has also a speech of the same kind.

BOURNE. Yes, but much longer, and I may also say, much inferior: two stanzas, where similar topics are treated, will probably be sufficient.

“ On high estates huge heapes of cares attend,
But ther's contentment in a shepheards life;
Not vs (as them) doth fortune nice offend:
Disdaine not then to be a shepheards wife.

Nor am I beggerly, although a swaine;
The flock is mine that mantles yonder plaine.

Our lowly sayles are free from enuies gust;
We doe not climbe nor do we falling feare;
Our states with winds & waves we do not trust;
We haue two certaine haruests euery yeare:

By force some, some by fraud rise, we by neyther,
We conscience and plaine dealing love together.”

MORTON. It falls far short of the original, which has been a favourite with me ever since I first read it.

BOURNE. In some respects it undoubtedly does, but it must be allowed that Warner sometimes carries his simplicity a little too far; for instance, where he says, that before Curan began to address his shepherdess, as you have mentioned—

————— “ he wip'd his greasy shoes
And clear'd the drivel from his beard.”

It is just worth remarking, perhaps, that the 11th Ballad in Evans's Collection (Vol. I. edit. 1777), is an impudent plagiarism from Warner, in which generally his very words, with a slight alteration, are used: the names are changed for better concealment.

ELLIOT. Have you any thing further to offer us from Webster's poem?

BOURNE. I thank you for recalling my attention to it, for I was about to omit what I hold to be the best stanza in it, and it contains one of the noblest and most striking similes in any language: it describes a contest between the Prince and a Giant.

“ Looke how those vapors meete that out are blowne
From two huge Cannons, mouth to mouth oppos'd :
The meeting of these Warriors such was knowne,
Such their encounter was, and so they clos'd.

Long (to confound the Prince) the Gyant striues,
But failes, for *Curan* him of life depriues.”

ELLIOT. Yet striking and novel as the simile is, how much its force is lessened by the miserable bathos of the closing couplet.

BOURNE. It is. There is an old play called “The Thracian Wonder,” 1661, which is also founded upon Warner's story, and is attributed by Francis Kirkman, the imposing bookseller who pretended to have by him so many authentic plays, to *John Webster*, and *William Rowley*.

MORTON. Is it not theirs?

BOURNE. Certainly nothing so poor and weakly could have come from the nervous pen of John Webster: but Kirkman, probably knowing the story and that a man of the name of Webster (meaning *William Webster*) had versified it, thought he might

attribute it safely to his name-sake, John Webster. Now we may quit this subject and proceed to John Marston, the satirist, and the inquiry whether he, as well as Webster, turned preacher towards the close of his career.

MORTON. Is your evidence to show that he went into the church as conclusive?

BOURNE. Undoubtedly not; but still there is a circumstance worth mentioning, and that is the existence of a sermon, "preached at St. Margaret's in Westminster," Feb. 6th, 1642, "by *John Marston*," and the address to the reader accompanying it is precisely in the style of Marston the satirist.

MORTON. Did you find any internal testimony in the body of the sermon?

BOURNE. I cannot say that I did, but I only ran it over carelessly. I offer it merely as a biographical conjecture: the other point regarding Webster, I consider established as clearly as circumstances will at any time admit. We know that Marston was alive in 1633, from the dedication by Sheares, the bookseller, of six of his plays to Lady Faulkland, where he makes an excuse for the author not having corrected them himself before they were reprinted.

ELLIOT. Having now entirely finished with Marston, who is the next satirist whose works we are to examine?

BOURNE. I should wish next to bring before you the collection of satires I before alluded to, as pro-

bably unique, "*Micro-cynicon. Sixe Snarling Satyres*," 1599; but although the work is a small one when compared with Marston's, I feare we must postpone it until another day.

ELLIOT. There can be no objection to that, especially if we have not time to examine it fairly.

MORTON. A valuable relic of that kind ought not to be hastily passed over.

ELLIOT. Recollect,

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises."——

MORTON. You should finish your quotation;

———"and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits."

BOURNE. I will not anticipate the quality of the contents: to-morrow will be early enough. In the mean time conjecture what you please.

THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE FIFTH CONVERSATION.

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OF THE FIFTH CONVERSATION.

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THE
POETICAL DECAMERON.

THE FIFTH CONVERSATION.

MORTON. If we make no faster progress to-day than yesterday, it will be long before we conclude the examination of English satirists to the end of the reign of James I.

BOURNE. Not so long as you imagine, for we have not a great deal to do. One principal object of curiosity to-day, is a very small unique work: from thence we shall proceed, without more delay than is necessary, to another very rare production; and afterwards to those notorious writers Wither and Brathwayte, omitting several works by minor hands.

ELLIOT. Of course, to go through them all, and thus to make the inquiry quite complete, would be a tedious labour.

BOURNE. It would be attended with little pleasure, and less useful information. I shall therefore quite exclude several authors of, what they are pleased to call, satires.

MORTON. Such as whom?

BOURNE. Such as Henry Parrot, whose work, or supposed work, called "The Mastiue or young Whelp of the olde Dogge," is partially criticised in *Restituta*. Such too as Henry Hutton's "Follies Anatomie, or Satyres and satiricall Epigrams," 1619, an author of about the same stamp. I do not think, however, that he was quite so great a plagiary as Parrot.

ELLIOT. From whom did Parrot steal?

BOURNE. From Sir John Harington and several others—not unfrequently from himself, if that can properly be called theft; for in his later works he repeats a great deal of what he printed in his earlier performances. If I were to include him, there is no reason why I should exclude old John Heywood, the epigrammatist, of whom we have before spoken, and many more who after him have produced works of much the same kind.

MORTON. That would open a wide field indeed.

ELLIOT. And very likely a barren one, not worth travelling over. Yet Shakespeare couples them, when he says, in "Much ado about Nothing," "Do you think I care for a satire or an epigram?"

BOURNE. You are not much in error: there are few books more dull than old collections of epigrams; they are generally only interesting when they relate, or are addressed to persons of eminence. The most entertaining of these writers is Sir John Harington,

and his principal merit depends upon the great difference between his epigrams and those of his rivals: Ben Jonson truly called them "*narrations*" and not epigrams.

ELLIOT. No doubt entertaining ones too, though not written exactly *stans pede in uno*, for the author was unquestionably a man of wit and talent.

BOURNE. If they have not the *brevitas* which of old was required in an epigram, they have generally both the *argutia* and *venustas*. They are appended to the edition of Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, of 1634, as you here see: there are no less than four books of them.

MORTON. They are too long for us to enter upon now; nor, perhaps, would it be worth while, as they are not difficult to be procured.

ELLIOT. Allow me to look at them, at all events: I should be glad to hear one or two as specimens.

BOURNE. I protest against it as a bad precedent.

ELLIOT. Well then, I will read one or two to myself.

MORTON. If they are to be read at all, they may as well be read aloud: we shall lose no more time by it.

BOURNE. Be it so then; if you will permit me, I will point your attention to an epigram, as the author calls it, that is, in truth, a very clever and amusing story.

MORTON. Although the book may be common, I have never seen the epigrams criticised.

BOURNE. Why, its very commonness has prevented bibliographers from touching it, unless to quote some passage illustrative of the literature of the time.

ELLIOT. Well, where is this entertaining story? Is it "Of a faire woman, translated out of Casaneus," or this "Of a household fray friendly ended?"

BOURNE. Neither; but it follows just after them: it is headed, "Of a precise Taylor"—read it.

ELLIOT. A most unworthy subject.

"Of a precise Taylor."

"A Taylor, a man of an vpright dealing,
True but for lying, honest but for stealing,
Did fall one day extreemly sicke by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance.
The Fiends of hell mustring in fearfull manner,
Of sundry coloured silkes display'd a banner,
Which he had stolne, and wish't, as they did tell,
That one day he might finde it all in hell.
The man affrighted at this apparision
Vpon recouery grew a great Precision.
He bought a Bible of the new translation,
And in his life he shew'd great reformation.
He walked mannerly and talked meekely;
He heard three Lectures, and two Sermons weekly;
He vowed to shunne all companies vnruely,
And in his Speech he us'd no oath but truly:
And zealously to keepe the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eu'n was drest.

And least the custome that he had to steale,
Might cause him sometime to forget his zeale,
He giues his iournyman a speciall charge,
That if the stuffe allow'd fell out too large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
He then should put the Banner in his minde.
This done, I scant the rest can tell for laughter,
A Captaine of a ship came three daies after
And brought three yards of Velvet, and three quarters
To make Venetians downe below the garters,
He that precisely knew what was enuffe,
Soone slipt away three quarters of the stuffe:
His man, espying it, said in derision,
Remember Master, how you saw the vision!

Peace (knaue) quoth he, I did not see one ragge
Of such a colour'd silke in all the flagge."

MORTON. That is told with great point and spirit;
but it undoubtedly only resembles an epigram in
ending in a point.

ELLIOT. I do not know that the word epigram
has ever been very strictly limited or defined in
English: it is now generally understood to mean a
short poem ending in a point.

BOURNE. Formerly in England they seem to have
had no precise notion of its meaning and application.
Timothy Kendall, in his "Flowres of Epigrammes,"
1577 (a book of great rarity, an imperfect copy of
which lately sold for between fifteen and twenty

guineas), includes, if my memory serve me, Ascham's address on the death of his friend John Whitney, also to be found in his "Schoolmaster." No epigrams that I have seen, however, run quite so much into humorous anecdote and narrative as Sir John Harrington's.

MORTON. The epigrammatists have always been a numerous tribe.

BOURNE. Especially between the years 1590, we will say, and 1620: a long catalogue might be formed of them, but I have purposely excluded them from our view, though, as satirical epigrammatists, not a few of them might have some claim to be noticed.

MORTON. Since, then, we are to have nothing to do with them, why may we not proceed to that curiosity of which you have said so much, and shown so little?

BOURNE. And I never can show much, since it is a book of very small dimensions both in size and thickness.

ELLIOT. You say it is an unique copy of English satires.

BOURNE. I have reason to think so, both from inquiry and the high price that was given for it at the sale of the late Mr. Bindley's books. You see here are not more than twenty leaves of it, and they are very small octavo, with from ten to twenty lines on a leaf.

MORTON. But it is in good preservation: what did it produce at the sale?

BOURNE. Only 24*l*.

ELLIOT. That is all; not much more than a thousand times the price it would have sold for if published within the last twenty years.

BOURNE. But then you will recollect that if published within the last twenty years, you might probably have procured as many copies as you liked.

ELLIOT. Very true—this is an unique, I had forgotten that.

BOURNE. It is surely very ungrateful to treat it with sarcasm, when I have been at the pains of borrowing it for our purpose.

MORTON. We are much obliged both to you and to the owner.

BOURNE. And let me add, that if it contained scarcely a line worth reading it would be valuable, recollecting how recently satires, so called, had been introduced into our language.

ELLIOT. I admit the truth of what you say. Did you mention the name of the author?

BOURNE. I did not, and cannot, though his initials are given (at least, most probably, they are those of the author), at the end of a prefatory address.

MORTON. And what are they?

BOURNE. We shall come to them presently in due course: in the first place, I presume, you wish to know the title of the work, which is not mentioned

in any of our bibliographical miscellanies that I have examined.

MORTON. If you please, the title.

BOURNE. You will understand it better by looking at the mode in which it is arranged.

“*Micro-cynicon.*

S I X E S N A R-

ling Satyres.

Insatiat	<i>Cron.</i>
Prodigall	<i>Zodon.</i>
Insolent	<i>Superbia.</i>
Cheating	<i>Droone.</i>
Ingling	<i>Pyander.</i>
Wise	<i>Innocent.</i>

Ad sis pulcher homo canis hic tibi
pulcher emendo.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Creede
&c. 1599.”

MORTON. I do not find the title page very intelligible, though now I see exactly how it is arranged.

ELLIOT. I suppose the first list denotes the subjects of the satires, and the second the names by which the characters are called.

BOURNE. That is, I believe, the correct explanation; but even a perusal of the work does not render this quite clear. Immediately after the title comes the following, without any address to the reader, or other explanation.

“ His defiance to Envy.

“ *Envy* which makst thy selfe in commō guise
To haunt deseruers, and to hunt desarts,
Hard-soft, cold-hot, well-euill, foolish-wise,
Misse contrarieties agreeing parts,

Auant I say, ile anger thee inough

And fold thy firy eyes in thy smaskie snufe,

“ Defiance, resolution and neglects,
True trine of barres against thy false assault,
Defies, resolues defiance and reiects
Thy interest to claime the smallest fault.

Thou lawlesse landlady, poore Prodigall,

Sowre solace, Credits Crack,

Feares Festiuall.

“ More angry Satyr-dayes ile muster vp,
Then thou canst challenge letters in thy name:
My Negrum true borne inck no more shall sup,
Thy stayned blemish, charracterd in blame.

My pens two nebs shall turne vnto a forke,

Chasing old *Envy* from so young a worke:

I but the Authors mouth bid thee auant,

He more defies thy Hate, thy hūt, thy haunt.

“ T. M. Gent.”

MORTON. You suppose then, that “ T. M. Gent.”
whoever he might be, was the writer of these “ six
snarling satires.”

BOURNE. I should have concluded so without any
hesitation, but for the two last lines, in which T. M.

calls himself "the author's mouth;" but whether that it is to be understood *mouth-piece*, I do not know.

ELLIOT. And another remark arising out of them is, that T. M. says, that the author *more defies* the hate, and so on, of Envy than he himself does.

BOURNE. That observation did not before occur to me, and it increases the difficulty in ascertaining the author, if, indeed, T. M. be not his initials.

MORTON. Is there no internal evidence on the point? You showed, in reference to Webster, that you were an adept in getting up a case of authorship.

ELLIOT. We certainly found him guilty of turning puritanical preacher.

BOURNE. I do not think there is a line or a sentiment in all the six satires, that can enable one to form even the most distant guess at the author of them.

MORTON. T. M. is not a misprint for I. M. is it? If it were, it might be John Marston.

BOURNE. That is not in the least degree probable: Marston would not publish satires as W. Kinsayder, in 1598 and 1599, and at the latter date bring out some new ones with his own initials; especially when, some years afterwards, in his play of *What you will*, he alludes to himself under his assumed name.

ELLIOT. Is there any resemblance in point of style?

BOURNE. I think none; but upon that you shall yourself decide presently.

ELLIOT. Does not Bishop Hall begin with "a defiance to Envy?" I think he calls it so.

BOURNE. And you think rightly, and this is another reason against supposing Marston to be the author: he was an enemy, or, at least, rival of Hall, and would therefore be the last to imitate him. Hall's "Defiance to Envy" is a very striking production, and it called forth the particular hostility of Marston, who quotes some lines from different stanzas, and endeavours to turn them into ridicule.

ELLIOT. It deserves very high admiration, not only for force, but dignity and beauty; I should feel disposed to say, that neither that applause, nor any other, is due to T. M. for his poor imitation.

MORTON. It is very affectedly obscure in some places. I remember three good satirical lines by Warner, in his "Albions England," very applicable to such poets.

"Some modern Poets with themselves be hardly
inward so,
Not intellectually to write is learnedly they trow,
Whereby they hit capacities as blind man hits the
crow."

ELLIOT. And that forms another imitation of Hall; with this difference, that T. M.'s obscurities are not worth unriddling, supposing he understood them himself.

BOURNE. Now you are too severe: the "contrarieties agreeing parts" in the first stanza, or the opposite objects that at the same moment make Envy "bite her bitter lips," are well-expressed.

ELLIOT. Admitting that, who can understand the last line of that stanza?

MORTON. Or the two last lines of the next stanza? It is mere nonsense.

ELLIOT. Then what are "angry satyr-dayes?" Does he intend to pun upon the last day of the week—*Saturday*?

MORTON. It may be a misprint for *Satyr-dogs*, in allusion to his title "*Sixe Snarling Satyres*."

BOURNE. Those are "mysteries I know not of"—difficulties I cannot pretend to solve: even the title seems adopted in a degree from Hall, who calls his "toothless" and "biting" satires. It seems to have been the fashion to insert on the title page of satires, some allusion to dogs: thus H. P. (probably Henry Parrot) calls his book "*The Mastiue or young Whelp of the olde Dogge*," and another work of a similar kind was named "*The Mastif-whelp*."

ELLIOT. It was intended, of course, to indicate the nature of the performance.

MORTON. You have twice mentioned Parrot's production, but you have not given us the date of it, that we may assign it to its proper period.

BOURNE. None is inserted on the title page, but it is usually said to have been printed about the year 1600. I think it was most likely later.

MORTON. For what reason?

BOURNE. Because in June, 1599, Marston's satires were burnt at Stationers' Hall, at the instigation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was then ordered that no satires should be thereafter printed, which of itself proves that the "certaine satyres," and the "Scourge of Villanie," had cut some of the great to the quick, and it is not likely that so soon afterwards as 1600, any author would venture to disobey a command from such high authority.

MORTON. How then do you account for this "*Micro-Cynicon*, Sixe Snarling Satyres," being printed in 1599?

BOURNE. They were in all probability published before the order was made, as well as the second and enlarged edition of Marston's "Scourge of Villanie."

ELLIOT. As the order for burning was not made till June, that was very possibly the case.

BOURNE. It is a plausible conjecture, that T. M.'s satires were printed not because they were good, so much as because the kind of writing was then popular, and the stationer imagined that they would sell readily. Perhaps they were included in the order, and burnt with Marston's, and that may have occasioned their extreme rarity.

MORTON. There is another reason for thinking that T. M., in "*Myro-cynicon*," was only the

author's friend, because I see that his "defiance to Envy" is followed by what bears the title expressly of "the Author's Prologue."

BOURNE. And which you will find has no signature or any indicative mark: but we may pass that as really not worth reading; and as we are not going through the whole, if you will give me the book I will read to you such selections as I think most deserving of notice.

ELLIOT. Do so, and I hope it will improve in your hands.

BOURNE. It is to be remarked that the body of the work opens with the words "the first Book," as if there were more than one, but all the six satires are included in the first book, which is closed by an "Epilogue to the last satire of the first book," as if to point out that it was to have been followed by others.

ELLIOT. We need not enter into those *minutiæ* in order to form a correct estimate of the value of the work.

BOURNE. Perhaps not; I will, therefore, not delay you further, but read an extract from "Insatiate Chron. Satyre I." to which is prefixed as a motto, "*Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite,*" so spiritedly improved in Pope's translation, as Lord Woodhouselee has justly observed in his Essay on Translation.

"Time was when downe declining toothless age
Was of a holy and diuine presage;

Diuining prudent, and foretelling truth,
In sacred points instructing wandring youth.
But oh detraction of our latter daies !
How much from veritie this age estraies !
Raunging the bryerie desarts of blacke sin
Seeking a dismal caue to reuill in.
This latter age, or member of that time
Of whom my snarling muse now thundreth rime,
Wandred the brackes vntill a hidden Cell,
He found at length, and still therin doth dwell :
The house of gaine insatiate it is
Which this hore aged pesant deemes his blis."

ELLIOT. That seems quite on a par with the
"Defiance to Envy," harsh and incomprehensible.

MORTON. A meaning can just be sifted out, and
that is all: but what an absurd line is that, "Of
whom my snarling muse now thundreth rhime."
In the first place the muse is represented as snarling,
not very muse-like certainly, and in the same breath
she both snarls and thunders.

BOURNE. Be patient a little while, and do not pre-
judge.

ELLIOT. Patience seems a very necessary qualifi-
cation in reading this tract.

BOURNE. Then I will give you no more of Satire
I., for it is all in much the same strain; I am sure
you will allow that there is some improvement in
the following from Satire II.:

“ What, is it lawfull that a mounted begger
 May vncōtrolled thus beare sway and swagger ?
 A base borne issue of a baser syer ;
 Bred in a cottage, wandring in the myer,
 With nailed shooes and whipstaffe in his hand,
 Who with a hey and ree the beasts command ;
 And being seuen yeares practizde in that trade,
 At seuen yeares end by *Tom* a iournyes made
 Vnto the Citie of faire *Troynouant*,
 Where through extremitie of need and want,
 Hees forct to trot with fardle at his backe
 From house to house, demanding if they lacke
 A poore yong man that's willing to take paine
 And mickle labour, though for little gaine.
 Well some kind Trojan, thinking he hath grace,
 Keepes him himselfe, or gets some other place.
 The world now god be thanked's wel amended
 Want that erewhile did want, is now befrended.”

ELLIOT. I am ready to admit that what you have just read is better than the preceding extract.

MORTON. It has some character in it, though not a superabundance of it. I suppose after the hero is once established in London or Troynovant, he begins his accumulations.

BOURNE. He does : this has reference to *Insatiate Cron*, but his wealth is soon dispersed by *Prodigal Zodon*. Did you observe the word *swagger* in the second line ?

ELLIOT. I heard it; but is there any thing remarkable in it?

BOURNE. It is one of the few words of which we can ascertain the period of its introduction into our language.

MORTON. How is it ascertained?

BOURNE. By a very decisive passage in the Epistle to the Reader prefixed to Chapman's translation of the Shield of Achilles: speaking of *swagger* he says, "it is a new word amongst them, and round-headed custome giues it priuiledge with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeia without etimologie or deriuation." This was written in 1598, and the word repeatedly occurs in writers about that time.

MORTON. Does the Rev. Mr. Todd notice that quotation in his new edition of Johnson's Dictionary?

BOURNE. He does not.

ELLIOT. Yet I take it, that in general he gives the oldest authorities that can be found for words, does he not?

BOURNE. If he did his work would be much more valuable than it is, as a sort of history of the progress of our language. Another instance of the same kind as *Swagger* is afforded by the word *Be-leaguer*. Sir John Smythe, in his "Certaine Discourses, &c. of diuers sorts of Weapons," 1590, talks of it as a foolish, needless, and affected innovation from the Dutch or Flemish: he complains

that military men would not then say that such and such a fort was besieged, but that it was *beleaguered*.

ELLIOT. Those are curious instances. Can you add to them?

BOURNE. No doubt they might be multiplied by time and knowledge; but the cases are very numerous where the reverend editor has omitted to give the oldest authorities: for example, for *Dandiprat* he quotes the "World of Wonders," 1608, when the word occurs as early as 1556, in Heywood's "Spider and Flie," and for aught I know earlier:—for *Dag*, he quotes Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," when he might have found it in Churchyard's *Chippes*:—for *Incontinent* (meaning immediately), he gives Spenser, when it is used in a very old interlude, printed by Copland, called *Iacke Iugeler*. It would be wearisome to extend this list further, though it might be done without much difficulty.

ELLIOT. Yet as far as I can judge, from very imperfect means certainly, his work seems to be one of great labour and learning.

BOURNE. Unquestionably it is; but a well-read and industrious editor would take it as no compliment for any man to assert that it was without defects and omissions. To make it complete will require not years but generations.

MORTON. In old English literature the Rev. Mr. Todd seems particularly well-informed.

BOURNE. He is, and he has bestowed great pains upon that part of his production; but even here are some omissions, such as the word *Fele*, which is of Saxon derivation, and signifies many: it is thus used by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, Liber 5.

“ But now a daies there ben *fele*
That wol no labour vndertake.”

For the word *Steven*, a voice, the same authority may be cited.

“ Thei ben that with so sweete a *steven*
Like to the melodie of heauen:
In womens voice thei sing.”

Gower, *Conf. Am.* Lib. I.

Now Mr. Todd only introduces this last word, as signifying “ a cry or loud clamour.”

MORTON. I do not think we have any right to expect that a dictionary of this kind should serve all the purposes of a glossary.

BOURNE. That may be disputed, but not entering upon the point now, I may just add that Chapman, in the 5th book of his *Odyssey*, uses the word *Helm* as signifying a *handle*, the handle of an axe, yet Mr. Todd furnishes no such signification. Even old Heywood, in the book I before mentioned, has this line, “ But though flies but cowardlie stucke to the *helme*,” meaning the handle.

ELLIOT. In all probability the helm of a ship is so called, because it is the handle.

BOURNE. No doubt. I may notice that in allusion to the word Pretence, Mr. Todd says that Shakespeare uses it with more affinity to the Latin than other writers, as if it were a sense peculiar to himself; when it is to be found as signifying a *threat* in Parke's History of China, 1588, and several other books earlier and later. *Night-crow*, in Churchyard, means a Nightingale, and not merely "a bird that cries in the night."

MORTON. After all, these imperfections are but slight and immaterial.

BOURNE. They are small defects, but not at all immaterial to philologists. However, nobody can deny that we have gone out of our way to find fault; a single word "swagger," has led to a tolerably long digression. We will now go back to "*Mycrocynicon*."

ELLIOT. Is there any thing more in the second satire worth reading?

BOURNE. Certainly not: in the third there is a somewhat lively and minute description of a splendid banquet, but it is not satirical, and we should gain nothing by reading it. The fourth satire, called "Cheating Droone," contains some sketches of the adventures of a swindler by profession.

MORTON. An adept in what used to be called the art of *coney-catching*.

BOURNE. One might suppose that this contained a few lines worth reading, from the singularity of

the subject, but it would only weary you to listen to a single passage in it.

ELLIOT. Then pass it: what is the subject of the fifth satire?

BOURNE. It is called "*Ingling Pyander*," which, I apprehend, is a misprint for *jugling*; it seems here that "*jugling Pyander*" is at different times a Parasite, an Hermaphrodite, and a Courtezan. Nearly the whole, I confess, is a mass of inextricable confusion, and, of course, without any point: the following are some of the best lines in it, and they are more didactic than satirical.

"Rash headed Caualiers learne to be wise
And if you needs will do, do with aduise;
Tie not affection to each wanton smile
Least doting Fancie truest loue beguile:
Trust not a painted puppet as I have done,
Who far more doted then Pigmalion.
The streetes are full of iugling parasites,
With the true shape of Virgins counterfets:
But if of force you must a hackney hire
Be curious in your choise; the best will tire:
The best is bad, therefore hire none at all,
Better to go on foot, then ride and fall."

ELLIOT. Very sound moral advice unquestionably, and apparently given by a sufferer from the ladies.

BOURNE. Nothing more sagacious or grave could have issued from that author, who wrote "A warn-

ing for young men to flye the flattery and shunne the deceiptes of dissembling dames." (Forest of Fancy, 1579.)

MORTON. In Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess is one of the most severe attacks on women that I any where remember.

" Men ever were most blest, till cross Fate
Brought love & women forth—unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles
Whose actions all are double, full of wiles."

BOURNE. And we might go on citing authorities and counter-authorities upon this subject to eternity: what think you of these lines from Robert Greene's "Orpharion," 1599?

" Women (quoth he) are harbours of mans health
Pleasures for night & comforts for the day:
What are fair women but rich nature's wealth? ***
Women are sweets that salve mens sourest ills:
Women are saints their virtues are so rare!
Obedient souls that seek to please men's wills,
Such loue with faith, such jewels women are."

MORTON. Yet if the stories regarding Greene are true in relation to his conduct to his wife, he was very far from showing that he thought what he wrote.

ELLIOT. That does not at all follow: a man may think his particular wife a bad one, and all the rest of the sex angels: perhaps the worse his own wife

is, or he supposes her to be, the better all other women will appear to him.

BOURNE. This was certainly the case with Greene: according to the old Spanish proverb, “there is but one bad wife in the world, and every man thinks her his own.”

MORTON. Chaucer, in his Man of Law’s Tale, I remember, has a pretty passage in praise of a good woman.

“In her is hie beautie, without pride
Youth without grenhed or folie;
To all her workes vertue is her guide:
Humbles hath slain in her all tyrannie:
She is a mirrour of all courtesie;
Her heart is very chamber of holines,
Her honde minister of fredome & almes.”

BOURNE. But that is by no means equal to his description of a good and obedient wife, and the comfort to be derived from her, in his Merchant’s Tale.

“A wife! ah saint Mary benedicite!
How might a man haue any aduersitie
That hath a wife.”——

And so on for about ten lines farther, but my memory does not serve me to repeat them.

ELLIOT. I recollect it goes on thus—

————— “ Certes I can not say
The blisse that is betwixt hem twey.”

But the wife of Bath could have told him.

MORTON. You have a knack of finding out ambiguities never dreamt of by the pure simplicity of the author :

————— *Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas.*

BOURNE. Chaucer's “ pure simplicity,” as you call it, upon those subjects is very questionable. But if we were to go on multiplying quotations on this fruitful and favourite theme, we might wait till to-morrow, or perhaps next day, before we finished them. The difference between good and bad women is pointedly and eloquently drawn by Robert Greene, in his “ Never too Late,” Part I.—“ What are women? If they be honest saints—the purity of nature, the excellence of vertue, the perfection of earthly content! If they be Curtizans and Strumpets! Oh! let me breath before I can utter the depth of such a monstrous description! They be in shape Angels, but in qualities Devils—painted sepulchres with rotten bones: their foreheads are calendars of misfortunes, their eyes like comets, that when they sparkle fortell some fatal disparagement.” And this brings us back to our satirist T. M. and his “ warning to beware the witty wiles of wicked

wanton women," to express it in the then fashionable alliterative style.

MORTON. You quoted just now from Robert Greene's "Orpharion." I never hear any work by him mentioned without a strong desire to inquire further about it. I take it for granted it is a rarity.

BOURNE. Yes, and of much intrinsic merit: you may further judge of it by the following translation of a well known ode by Anacreon. Herrick has also attempted it in his "Hesperides," (1648), but I prefer Greene's version, though more antiquated.

" Cupid abroad was lated in the night

His winges were wet with ranging in the raine,
Harbour he sought, to mee hee tooke his flight

To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complaine,

I opte the doore & graunted his desire,

I rose myselfe & made the wagge a fire.

" Looking more narrow by the fiers flame

I spied his quiver hanging by his backe:

Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame

I would have gone for feare of further wrack.

But what I drad, did me poore wretch betide

For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

" He pierst the quick & I begun to start

A pleasing wound, but that it was too hie,

His shaft procurde a sharp, yet sugred smart,

Away he flewe, for why, his winges were dry;

But left the arrow steeking in my brest,
That sore I greevde I welcomd such a guest."

I apprehend that this was the first time any thing from Anacreon had appeared in an English dress.

ELLIOT. And it undoubtedly appears to advantage, though I do not think the stanza and the length of the line exactly suited to the subject. There is one thought in it, (to which I need not further allude) not to be found in the original.

MORTON. This is another specimen of your skill in finding "meanings which were never meant." To me it seems a very pleasant and easy translation. But not to delay further, let us conclude the satirist before us.

ELLIOT. We had arrived at his fifth satire.

BOURNE. We had, but I have nothing more to offer from it, and the sixth contains still less that is worth reading: in it the author says of attempts to stop him in his career of satire writing;

"It is impossible! streames that are bard their
course

Swel with more rage, & far more greater force;
Vntil there full stuft gorge a passage makes
Into the wide mawes of more scopious lakes.
Spight me! Not spight it selfe can discontent
My steeled thoughts, or breed disparagement."

Appellez vous cela fureur poetique? says *Panurge*.

ELLIOT. T. M. alludes, I conjecture, to certain

threats of punishment which had been held out to satirists.

BOURNE. Very likely, before the extreme measure of burning Marston's two books was resorted to.

MORTON. Those in authority had no occasion to proceed with any peculiar severity against this comparatively feeble author.

BOURNE. After the close of the 6th Satire we have the following, which winds up the small volume.

“ *Epilouge to the last Satyre of the first booke.*

“ Thus may we see by folly of the wise
Stumble and fall into fooles paradise ;
For iocund wit of force must iangling bee,
Wit must haue his will and so had hee :
Wit must haue his will, yet parting of the fray
Wit was enioynd to carrie the foole away.

Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.”

MORTON. And thus ends your curiosity, the Satires by T. M. Gent.

ELLIOT. And I think it would be but a needless employment of time to make any further remarks upon them.

BOURNE. Excepting one, which, indeed, I anticipated some time ago, that T. M. was a satirist who throughout his book has not mentioned, nor alluded to, a single contemporary author.

ELLIOT. Nor does he, apparently, cast much light on the manners or history of the times in which he wrote.

MORTON. In these respects he widely differs from Lodge, Hall, and Marston, but especially from the two last.

BOURNE. The stale proverb says, you know, "*non cuivis homini contingat adire Corinthum*."

ELLIOT. True, but T. M. never once sets his foot on the right road. Who comes next among English satirists?

BOURNE. Your haste is too great for speed: before we enter upon a fresh satirist, I wish to show you a piece of impudent plagiarism from one we have already dismissed; I mean Lodge, who, you may remember, begins his "Fig for Momus" with these remarkable lines:

"Digbie, whence comes it that the world begins
To wink at follies and to sooth vp sinnes?
Can other reason be alleadged then this,
The world soothes sinne because it sinfull is."

MORTON. I recollect them very well.

BOURNE. Now, here is a fellow named Anthony Nixon, a paltry pamphleteer, who in his "Scourge of Corruption," 1615, has introduced some stanzas by this sentence, "Whence comes it (say you) that the world begins, when each hath cause another to reprehend, to winke at follies and to sooth vp sinnes; and draw their daies to disaster end? Can better reason be alleadged then this, The world soothes sinne because it liues in sinne."

MORTON. A palpable theft.

ELLIOT. He absolutely quotes Lodge's lines, with a few insertions, as if to make them his own by mere variation.

BOURNE. The sentence though printed as prose runs in rhyme, excepting the two last lines. Nixon has mauled Lodge, and the printer has mauled Nixon. Here is another piece by him, called "A straunge Foot-Post with a packet full of straunge Petitions," 1613, which is not only more original, but in every respect better, besides having a good many more verses in it, which in old tracts is a point of first-rate importance: they are not very bad, as you may see from the subsequent lines addressed by Fortune to a forsaken lover, who had presented one of the "straunge petitions" to her.

" You are too hot, too eager and to keene
Gainst those who loue so well, the female kinde,
Bolting outrageous termes, orelog'd with spleene,
From the distracted passions of your minde;
Sincerely vertuous many may be found,
Though some with many vices do abound.

If one haue wrong'd you, wrong not all for one,
Nor dote on her that hath forsaken you;
One precious stone doth cut another stone;
Thers plenty yet abroad, goe get a new:
Seeke with discretion, and doubt not to finde
A constant mate that may content thy minde."

This piece has not been quoted nor mentioned by any of our bibliographers.

ELLIOT. I suppose the disappointed lover had been railing vehemently against the whole sex?

BOURNE. He had, for from his petition we gather that he had been jilted. Whether any such motive actuated the satirist whose work we are next to take in hand, does not appear—I mean William Goddard.

MORTON. That is a name I have never heard coupled with poetry either ancient or modern.

BOURNE. He is mentioned by Warton, in the fragment of his 4th vol. of Hist. of Eng. Poetry, as the writer of satires under the following curious title, “A Mastif-Whelp, with other ruffiland-like currs fetcht from amongst the Antipedes, which bite and barke at the fantastical humourists and abusers of the time. Imprinted at the Antepedes and are to be bought where they are to be sold.”

ELLIOT. Very clear and satisfactory information indeed, “to be bought where they are to be sold.”

BOURNE. Though you may laugh at those words, they have their importance, because they seem to fix the date (for the year when the book was printed is in no part of it inserted), which must have probably been after the order I have already noticed for burning Marston's Satires. If it were printed in England, which I believe it was not, the printer and stationer did not dare to affix their names.

MORTON. The order was not only for burning Marston's Satires, but that no more books of the same kind should be printed.

BOURNE. It was, and therefore I am of opinion,

as well as from internal evidence, that this "Mastif-Whelp" had his birth in the Low Countries, where a number of English books were printed.

MORTON. Marlow's and Davies's Epigrams, &c. were printed there.

BOURNE. They were, and many others. But as Warton has said something of Goddard's "Mastif-Whelp," I am not about to quote from that book, but from another by the same author of still greater rarity and value.

ELLIOT. According to your account, every thing you show us is a wonderful curiosity. All I hope is, that this curiosity will not turn out like the last—*Monstrum nullo virtute redemptum*.

BOURNE. I do not think it will, but you shall see. After all the inquiries I have been able to make, I do not find that a single critic, historian, or bibliographer has given even a hint of its existence.

ELLIOT. I conclude that it is a satirical work?

BOURNE. It is, or it would not have come within our design: the title of it is this, "A Satyricall Dialogue, or a sharplye inuectiue conference, betweene *Allexander* the great and that trulye woman-hater *Diogynes*. Imprinted in the Lowe cuntryes for all such gentlewomen as are not altogeather Idle nor yet well occupied."

MORTON. It is an attack upon the female sex, I suppose?

BOURNE. You suppose rightly, and a very vehe-

ment "invective" it is: apparently written by as determined a woman-hater as Diogenes himself. Yet that is a little singular, if what Warton says of the author be true, that Goddard was a soldier. They are not generally such bitter enemies of the fair sex.

ELLIOT. In what order then do you place Goddard as a satirist?

BOURNE. I presume that T. M. wrote his *Microcynicon* just before the order was promulgated for burning Marston's satires; and from the work now before us, it is not difficult to show that the author wrote just after it, and had his book printed in the Netherlands because he did not dare to have it put to press in England.

MORTON. How do you establish that fact?

BOURNE. From internal evidence. You will observe that the dedication is in some lines addressed "To the vertuous, bewteous—to the all-illustrious & most puissant creatures of the earth Woemen."

MORTON. One would not guess from thence that the author was a woman-hater.

BOURNE. That is only accumulative irony; and the epilogue or "Apology" is in the same strain, where Goddard, after having, through the mouth of Diogenes, heaped all kinds of abuse upon the female sex, pretends to lament that the cynic was so severe upon the "choisest creatures" of the world.

ELLIOT. But you are giving us the epilogue before we have heard the prologue.

BOURNE. Your reproof is just: the dedication opens with these lines,

“ Starrs of this earthlie heaun, you whose essence
Composd was of mans purest quintessence!
To you (to vertuous you) I dedicate
This snaggy sprigg hew’d from a crabby pate:
Wherein (Celestiall bewties) you shall see
Howe old *Diogynes* extolleth yee.”

MORTON. But in what way do these lines fix the date?

BOURNE. I do not pretend that they do, but I mentioned them as introductory to the four following lines, which in my view fix it very unequivocally. I should premise that the author is speaking in them of certain men who have been galled by the writings of satirists, and have endeavoured to revenge themselves upon their productions.

“ Badd are these men, such is their perverse kind,
They burne all books wherein their faults they find;
And therefore (earthlie aungells) my desire
Is you’l protect this *from consuming fire*.

The euer-faythfull honourer
of your celestial Sex
Willyam Goddard.”

ELLIOT. That seems very plainly to allude to the sentence passed and executed on Marston.

BOURNE. And fixes the date of Goddard’s book

somewhere about the year 1600, for had not the order been recent, allusion would not probably have been made to it.

MORTON. The type looks older, and the paper is very bad: both, I suppose, are to be attributed to their coming from the Low Countries.

BOURNE. Yet that was by no means always the case; some of the English books printed at Middleburg are excellent both in the letter and paper: here is no insignificant specimen of the press, of Richard Schilder's, printer to the States of Zealand, in 1587, called "The Song of Songs, that is the most excellent Song which was Solomon's," translated out of Hebrew into English metre by Dudley Fenner. You see it to great advantage, because it is an uncut copy, in the original vellum wrapper, and some of the leaves not even opened.

ELLIOT. Which would indicate that the owner, whoever he might be, did not think it worth reading.

BOURNE. If so, he was in the right: therefore we will say no more about it. I think we have pretty accurately ascertained the date of Goddard's "Satirical Dialogue," a matter of some importance as connected with the progress of satirical poetry.

MORTON. This class of writers seems to have been fond of beginning with some sort of *defiance*: it was a fashion with them, and accordingly Goddard, I perceive, has some lines "to the senseless Censurer."

BOURNE. Which we may pass over without any loss. The dialogue between *Alexander* and *Diogenes* opens with some spirit.

“ *Allexander.*

“ Why, howe nowe, Cynnick, what dust do a daies
That thou in tubb art coopt-vp thus alwaies ?

Diogynes.

What doe I doe?—not daunce from howse to howse
To bibb in wyne sweete Iuice eache dambd carowse;
Nor doe I gallop it from place to place
To viewe each faire bewitching painted face;
Nor studdye how this populous world to wynn;
My studdys howe to beate and conquer synn.
I studdye not wherewith my gutts to cramm;
On what soe ere I feede, well pleasd I am.
To mee’s all one the fyn’st and grossest meate
So’t wholesome be I nere care what I eate.
Within my selfes a world” —

ELLIOT. That is strenuous though coarse; is the whole in a similar style?

BOURNE. Nearly so, though the author, as you may perceive already, was not very skilful at versification: he generally contents himself, like his predecessor Marston, with being nervous without making any distant attempts at harmony or grace.

MORTON. If a satirist can say with Persius, *sum petulanti splene cachinno*, it would be difficult for him to write smoothly: the orthography seems more crabbed and uncouth than usual.

BOURNE. That, I fancy, arises from the acknowledged carelessness of writers, from the absence of any fixed rules, and from the circumstance that the book was printed by a foreigner, or, at least, in a foreign country. Although the author makes no attempts at artificial versification, yet you cannot deny that the following lines run tolerably easily: they are a part of Diogenes' reply to an invitation by Alexander to pay a visit to the court.

“ I cannot tell the great foole hee is wise,
Nor tell fowle ladies they are wondrous faire;
I nere applaude aboue heauns-spangled skies
The curld-worne tresses of dead-borrowd haire:
Like Northern blaste I breathe my crittick aire.

I am no Mimyck ape—I loathe and hate
Each light-braind giddy-head to Imytate.

“ I cannot brooke to sucke the liuing's bloud
Of these old Vsrer's ritch-left prodigalls;
I nourish not with such sweete-bitter food:
I hate to rise by other mens downe-falls. * *

To make short worke, I neuer loud 'vaine sportes
And therefore I'me vnfitt for Prynces Courtes.”

MORTON. But as yet he has said nothing particularly against women: his satire, or rather his abuse, has been quite general.

BOURNE. Never fear, you will have enough of that presently: what we have referred to is only, as it were, introductory of the main subject. A few sentences afterwards Alexander urges Diogenes to

marry, and then the cynic opens upon the soft sex most furiously.

“ A wife ! oh fellowe, th’art a younge man yet
There’s much sowre sawce belongs to that sweete
bitt * *

He that doth wiue for pleasures sole intent
Tis tenné to one but soone he will repent.

Who would be bound to scrape, pinch, carke and care
For brattes (perhapps) that got by others are ?

Not I—Ile’ none of this thing cald a wife !

Let him take one that’s wearie of his life ;

For he that alwaies will supplie’s wiues lacke,

Must vnto Nature goe for a steele backe—

A wife ! Ile ha no wife.”——

ELLIOT. He is quite as severe upon the ladies as Juvenal.

“ *Semper habet lites, alterna jurgia lectus
In quo nupta jacet : minimum dormitur in illo.*”

BOURNE. As a contrast and antidote to what I have just read, hear the following short but pretty description of a faithful and affectionate wife, from Chapman’s “ Gentleman-Usher,” 1606.

“ Oh what a treasure is a virtuous wife !
Discreet and louing : not one gift on earth
Makes a mans life so highly bound to heauen :
She giues him double forces to endure
And to enjoy, by being one with him ;
Feeling his ioyes and griefes with equal sense.” (A. 4.)

ELLIOT. Very good, but not equal to the passage of the same tenor we heard a little time ago from old Chaucer.

BOURNE. We will not now discuss their comparative merits, though I would not willingly give up my old friend Chapman.

MORTON. On reading this satire a little further, I see that Diogenes after all confesses himself in love.

BOURNE. Yes, like George Wither in his Mistress of Philarete, with Virtue in her purest essence. Diogenes says ;

“ Oh my loues fairelie white without a spott,
Such is hir hue no staine hir hue can blott—
Vertues that Dame, in hir sweete grace I sitt,
Tis shee loues me, she'es womans oppositt.”

In opposition to the assertion of Diogenes, Alexander insists that maidens are modest ; and the former, to prove that he is mistaken, relates a conversation he had overheard between three sisters, observing,

“ I, fellowe, fellowe, till theire by themselues
Maydes in talke are modest bashfull elues,
But being from the companie of men
The law of modesty is broken then.”

ELLIOT. What is the subject of the conversation Diogenes overhears ?

BOURNE. You may easily guess, or if not, you can read here the three dreams of the sisters, which are told in the plainest language, and have little force or humour to compensate for their indecency.

MORTON. At any rate Diogenes seems to have had no objection to listen, and he narrates, apparently, with considerable zest.

BOURNE. He does, introducing the dreams by minutely describing the young ladies, and the indecorous state of their dress, while sitting round the fire, as he calls it, "in pleasing plight;" but prudently adding immediately, "pleasing I meane vnto fond younge mens sight."

ELLIOT. I dare say the old gentleman had no objection either to what he saw or heard.

BOURNE. You judge him hardly. How he came where he was he does not tell us, but no doubt his motive was the best and purest in the world. He seems to have played another prank or two, in order the better to become acquainted with the real characters of women; for in his youth he states, that he disguised himself (like another Clodius, though with a different purpose) as a female, and obtained admission into a meeting of a number of wives of all ages: he tells us;

"As at our meate we satt twas hard to knowe
Whether our teeth or tongues did fastest goe.
At tables vpper end in chiefest place
Sat Maddam *Will*, in reeling drunken case;
Light in attire shee was, shees womens God,
They hir true subiects be; but shee's mans rodd.
Nothing by *Will* at anie time is saide,
But is by wiues and widdowes still obayd."

MORTON. Making a female a *God* is rather a slight inconsistency.

ELLIOT. Unless Goddard could show that in English, as in Latin, it means either God or Goddess indifferently.

BOURNE. The word *prince* was formerly so used, but if we descend to these *minutiæ* of criticism, we shall find a great deal too much food for our remarks. "*Maddam Will*" makes an oration to her subjects, and sits in judgment on the various cases laid before her, for the wives all have some complaint or other to make against their husbands: the young wife "against her iealous headed old husband," the gossiping wife "against her riche churlish husband," and so on.

ELLIOT. Are any of the stories which the wives relate to Madam *Will* worth reading?

BOURNE. They have nothing very peculiar to recommend them: the remedy which *Will* suggests to the young wife, who objects that her old husband is watchful and suspicious, is rather curious, viz. to give him some substantial cause for his jealousy.

MORTON. Do they make no discovery of Diogenes in his disguise?

BOURNE. No, not until he discloses himself, and he is careful only to do so when he has gained the door, and is able to run away from their pursuing vengeance.

MORTON. Both his expedients want an appearance of probability about them.

ELLIOT. Perhaps they do, but I do not think that the author is by any means bound to give us what appears like absolute reality; his purpose is not to delude us by a story, but to instruct us by a satire, and it is enough generally, that there is nothing revolting in the manner in which it is conveyed.

BOURNE. I confess it always struck me, notwithstanding, as a clumsy contrivance: but we are now very near the end of this "Satirical Dialogue;" and excepting the conclusion, perhaps there remains nothing particularly worth notice. It is in these lines, Diogenes having told Alexander that he thinks himself the greater commander of the two, inasmuch as he governs himself, and has conquered the love of "worldly trash."

"I will not begg to rule and gouerne landes,
Onlie thy absence Ile begg at thy handes.
I prethee pack thee hence and gett thee gone;
'The companie still is best where is but one:
Goe seeke thee out an other world to wynn
And putt the women of this world therein;
But let that world be farr enough, and then
Learning and virtue will encrease with men.

Naught else haue I to begg, graunt but this suite
Then henceforth euer shall my tongue rest mute."

This, with the "Apologie" which I before mentioned, concludes that part of the pamphlet which consists of the dialogue between Alexander and Diogenes.

ELLIOT. And it is a work well worth preserving : the author is certainly a vigorous writer, though commonly more abusive than severe. You are fortunate in the recovery of this production.

BOURNE. I do not reckon the discussion between " the great Emathian Conqueror " and the cynic, the best part of the book.

MORTON. What is there besides ? nothing else is mentioned on the title-page.

BOURNE. True, but at the close of the " Satirical Dialogue " is appended what is expressly called *a satire*, and is, in truth, a satirical apologue or fable : the precise title is this, " A morrall Satire Jntituled the Owles araynement : " it begins on a new leaf, and I somewhat wonder at the author's boldness in publishing it.

MORTON. Perhaps he lived abroad, and there superintended the printing of his production : he would then be out of the reach of the arm of the law.

BOURNE. Your conjecture is plausible, for this " moral Satire " is a bitter attack upon the great, under a figure aiming, perhaps, at royalty itself.

ELLIOT. He must be a daring satirist who would venture, even living abroad, to attack Elizabeth with her foreign influence.

BOURNE. He must, if the fact be so : the short story of the apologue is this. The Bat and Thrush summon the Owl before the throne of the Eagle (who represents the sovereign), for killing small

birds, and disturbing the kingdom at night by her vociferations. The Owl defends herself from the first charge by recriminating upon the Hawk, and other favoured nobles of the court, who, she asserts, are doubly guilty of shedding innocent blood. The Eagle, sitting in judgment, struck with the justice of the accusation, calls upon the Hawk and nobles to reply to it, which they do, by charging the Eagle herself with murder, tyranny, and cruelty to such as are inferior in strength. This retort so enrages the Eagle, that she immediately makes war upon her subjects indiscriminately, and the Owl, during the civil strife, contrives to escape.

ELLIOT. The fable is cleverly conceived; but I agree with you, that it must have been, at least, of dangerous application, and would probably not have been printed if the author could not have circulated it with impunity.

MORTON. If we knew more of the circumstances of the life of Goddard, it might throw some light on the obscure subject; for it is not impossible that a part of what he says in the "moral Satire" might have a personal application to himself, and that he had been driven from his country by unjust persecution.

ELLIOT. By the same mode of reasoning, we might arrive at the conclusion that he had been jilted, and on this account, for revenge upon the whole sex, published the dialogue between Alexander and Diogenes.

BOURNE. Were we to begin we should find no end to conjectures of that sort, but at present we have not the slightest clue to guide us: all we know is, that Goddard was probably a soldier, but as to whether any pique against his sovereign, or otherwise, induced him to write "the Owls Arraignment," we must remain quite in the dark. I will now read you a few extracts from it, and I think you will agree with me in thinking that it is better written than any part of the "Satirical Dialogue." Goddard never could be a writer of any great facility or harmony, nor is "the Owls Arraignment" at all remarkable for its smoothness of versification: but without further preface, you shall form your own opinion. The Owl first answers the accusation why she disturbs the kingdom of the Eagle at night by her cries.

" Sometimes I daringlie presume to peepe
Within your Court when all your courtyers sleepe
Where when I see the prating parratt grac'd
And birdes of better worth for him displac'd;
Or when I see the plumy peacocks pride
To striue to lie by 's sou'raigne Princes side,
And se the valiant Cock with swaines to liue,
That sight much wonder to my eyes doth giue;
With admiration then awaie I flie,
Then *lo ho ho*, then *wo ho ho* crie I.

" Sometimes I flie ore Neptunes glassie soile
To view the shipps of our sea-girt-in Ile;

But when I see how nakedlie they bee,
 Howe like they are to th winter-shaken tree,
 And howe from them all braue sea birds are fledd,
 Then like a malecontent I hang downe head;
 With admiration then awaie I flie,
 Then *lo ho ho* then *wo ho ho* crie I."

MORTON. Those lines seem to have reference to the political state of the country at the time the author wrote them.

ELLIOT. Unquestionably. The lines are rather happy, and are certainly caustic.

MORTON. The resemblance of a ship dismantled to a leafless tree is not new.

BOURNE. It is not new now, but I do not remember any writer before Goddard who used it; and the epithet "winter-shaken" is well chosen and well compounded. After all, this part of the satire may be general, and the author may have intended no particular allusion to his own country or times.

ELLIOT. I should find it difficult to arrive at that conclusion, although, doubtless, the neglect of merit,
*"Tantum admirari, tantum laudare desertos,
 Ut pueri Junonis avem,"*

has been the common theme of all satirists. But let us hear more of it.

BOURNE. The reply of the Owl has hitherto referred only to the minor charge of disturbing the kingdom of the Eagle at night by her hooting; but she afterwards thus adverts to the heavier accusation.

———“ Nowe where they doe indight
 Me for a murtherer, your grace shall find
 I'me least of all your nobles so inclind;
 Guitles I plead, or if I guiltie be
 With me must die your whole nobility!
 Your Hawkes (dread souraigne Prince) doe dailie kill
 And dailie doe deuoure eat-vp and spill
 Your honest subiects; yet theres no ataint
 Laies hold of them, 'gainst them there's no complaint.
 Great-peares nere to Princes should not doe soe,
 By their steps we track which waie Kings doe goe:
 As *Phebes* light from *Phebus* doth proceed,
 So doth a great Lords act from Princes deed.
 Yf Kings encloud with vice their Virtues sunn
 That selfe thicke-foggye course their peeres will
 runn.

If I doe murther, they doe murther too—
 What waie I goe, that way your hauks must goe;
 Else gracious Prince your lawe giues waye & place
 To such as are, or are not in your grace.”

If you are not too fastidious about the measure, I think you will acknowledge that the greater part of that is above mediocrity.

ELLIOT. In some respects it is; but without being very fastidious or hypercritical, in point of construction some of the lines are the worst and most unmusical I ever read. The sentiment expressed is good enough, and it cannot be denied that the Owl makes a tolerably good defence.

BOURNE. For Goddard's versification in general, you know, I do not contend, and least of all perhaps in some parts of the quotation I have read; but a few lines may be excepted from the objection.

MORTON. Certainly. As for the sentiment of what we have just heard, Shakespeare in his *Tarquin and Lucrece* has said more in two lines than Goddard in twenty; I mean with reference to the example which princes ought to set to their subjects;

“For Princes are the glass, the school, the book
Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.”

This is a part of the most eloquent appeal of *Lucrece* to her ravisher.

BOURNE. Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, in his strange unequal book, called “*Troia Britannica*,” 1609, C. II, has a good stanza upon the same topic: he says—

“Princes are earthly Gods & placst on high
Where euery common man may freely gaze;
On them the peoples uniuersal eye
Is howerly fixt to scan their workes & waies;
They looke through spectacles your deeds to spy,
Which makes the letters of your shame or praise
Grosser to be discern'd, and easier scand:
A King should be a light to all his land.”

MORTON. It would be much better without the conceit of the spectacles.

ELLIOT. Or, at all events, he might have found a more poetical word.

BOURNE. If he could, perhaps he would not have used it, for he loved simplicity, and wrote with the utmost rapidity. I think it has been calculated that he must have penned more than a sheet a day, for a great number of years, in order to complete the many plays and other productions of which he was either the author or the compiler.

ELLIOT. He must have been a man of most astonishing resources.

BOURNE. He was: he appears to have been very well read in the Latin Classics, and in a great many Latin writers besides, and freely made use of them, though not in the way of plagiarism. He published some curious and very entertaining volumes. One of the most amusing, and at the same time a performance of much research and learning, is his "*Γυναικεῖον*, or Nine Bookes of various History concerning Women," 1624, which is filled with very laughable tales, and among them that of the two Friars, which Mr. Colman has versified but not improved.

ELLIOT. I should like to read the book at my leisure.

BOURNE. I will lend it you, but it is not of such rarity or singularity as to deserve particular notice now; only if you refer to p. 443, you will find the story on which Mr. Southey founded his mock-

ballad of "The Old Woman of Berkely." You will see too that the mode in which it is told is extremely similar.

MORTON. Had Mr. Southey seen Heywood's book?

BOURNE. It is not improbable, or some quotation from it, the resemblance is so exact: you may judge from the few following sentences: The old woman, having been warned by her raven, sends for "the Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun," and thus addresses them:—"This therefore I enioyne you, instead of a Winding-sheet, sowe my bodie in the skinne of a Hart, or Bucks Leather, then put me in a coffin of Stone, which couer with Lead, and after bind it with Hoopes or Barres of Iron, to which fasten three strong Chaynes. If my Bodie thus coffin'd lye three dayes quiet, burie me the fourth day, though I feare the Earth for my manifold Blasphemies will scarce giue entertainment to my Bodie. For the first two nights together, let there be fifty Psalmes sung for me, and as many Masses for so many dayes. Which said she gaue vp her last breath. Shee dead, the Brother and sister were carefull to performe the mothers last will, and did all things accordingly. The first two nights when the Quires of Church-men sung Psalmes about the Bodie, the Deuils with much ease broke open the Church doores, which were bolted, barr'd, lockt, and propt, and broke two of the Chaynes by which the

Coffin was fastened, but the third remained stedfast. The third night, about the time the Cocke begins to crow, the foundation of the Temple seemed to shake with the noyse of the Deuils who clamoured at the doore: one of the rest, taller of stature and more terrible in countenance than his fellowes, knocked with more violence than those which attended him, till he had broken the doore to shiuers, when stalking to the Coffin, he called the woman by her name aloud, and bad her arise and follow him."

ELLIOT. The resemblance is exact, and it is not unlikely that Heywood and Southey copied from the same original.

BOURNE. Perhaps so: Heywood quotes *Guillerimus* in *Specul. Histor.* lib. 26. cap. 26. He afterwards relates, as Southey, that the devil placed the old Woman of Berkely before him on a black horse, and that her screams were heard four miles off.

MORTON. I have seen that book of Heywood's, and I recollect that in it is contained the original hint on which Dryden seems to have founded his alteration of the Tempest.

BOURNE. Yes, and the incident in the travels of the renowned Baron Munchausen of frozen sounds, with a mention of several English Poetesses, and much other curious matter. Mr. Southey took his ballad of Rudiger from another story of Heywood's, in his "Hierarchie of Blessed Angels," 1635.

MORTON. A ballad, in imitation of Wither's celebrated song, which Ben Jonson thought worthy of a parody is in his *Γυναικεῖον*.

BOURNE. In the British Bibliographer are enumerated the writers who have followed Wither in this song, but among them Heywood is not included: his last stanza is quotable, though some of those that precede it are not remarkable for their decency.

“ But if my mistresse constant be,
And loue none aliue saue me,
Be chast, although but something faire,
Her least perfection Ile thinke rare,
Her Ile adore admire preferre
Idolatrize to none but her.

When such a one I find & trye
For her Ile care, Ile liue, Ile dye.”

ELLIOT. Wither's song is one of the most celebrated in the language, and has been reprinted in Percy's Reliques, and I believe in many other books.

BOURNE. And it merits the distinction: Heywood's imitation is written with quite as much ease.

ELLIOT. Well, as I am to have the reading of this *Γυναικεῖον* it is not worth while to quote more of it now, especially as it interrupts our progress with Goddard.

MORTON. We left off, you may remember, with the Owl's defence on the charge of murder: what follows?

BOURNE. The royal Eagle, struck with the apparent justice of the charge brought by the Owl against the Hawks and other nobles, calls upon them to give answer to it, and the satirist thus proceeds.

“ Silence being made, the guiltie nobles
Seing themselues to growe to dangrous troubles
Thus (despratly) replies: oh King, quoth they,
I hope vnto our murthers youl giue waie:
Yf we make spoile and other birds vndoe
We take thexample, souraign Prince, from you:
We nerest Princes Imitate them still,
We be the emblems of your good or ill:
Yf you slaie, we slaie; yf you saue we saue;
All Kings about them manie shadowes haue.
For this our fault we seeke not make excuse,
Cause from your selfe sprang first this faults abuse;
And therefore, King, yf you'l haue subiects awe
You must not onelie make but keepe the lawe.”

ELLIOT. Very good indeed.

MORTON. A very fair reprehension of the ignorance of princes, not only of the mischiefs they themselves do, but of those which they permit their underlings to do under the warrant of great example.

ELLIOT. What says the Eagle to this unexpected and rebellious attack of his nobles?

BOURNE. Webster, in the 5th act of his *Vittoria Corombona*, exclaims;

————— “ Misery of Princes
That must of force be censur'd by their slaves!

Not only blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all, that all men will!"

and perhaps the conviction on the part of the Eagle that he could not satisfy all by any explanation, or more probably the knowledge that what he was accused of could not in truth be answered, induces him to forbear attempting any reply.

MORTON. Then how does he get out of the awkward dilemma?

ELLIOT. He might have answered,

————— *et quæ*
Turpia cerdoni, Volesos, Brutosque decebunt;

and set them at defiance.

BOURNE. He does, only in a different way. Goddard tells us;

"This peremptorye aunswere so incenst
His maiestie as twene them wars commenst :
But while as they were soe in Ciuill strife
The Owle, that malefactour, saues hir life.
She being loose awaie from keeper scudds
Lurking all daie in thickest woods,
But eu'ry night about the outlawe flies
Joying hir escape—*wo ho ho, she cryes.*"

Which ends the satire, subscribed by the initials of the author.

ELLIOT. A most summary mode of getting out of the difficulty certainly.

MORTON. The Eagle thought with Cinna, as Corneille has drawn him ;

Le pire des états c'est l'état populaire,

and as it seemed probable that his kingdom, from the rebellious and revolutionary symptoms displayed, was likely to degenerate into that form, he resolved at once to put an end to it.

BOURNE. " Truths words, like iewels hang in the ears of Kings," says my old favourite, Chapman ; but they are ornaments they are seldom fond of wearing, and this seems to have been the case with the royal bird.

ELLIOT. I suppose we may now dismiss Goddard, upon whom we have certainly dwelt long enough.

BOURNE. And proceed to some other satirist :—we will. I would only just remark, that after the year 1600 satires became much more numerous, and were rather a fashionable kind of writing. Goddard's work appears to be distantly alluded to in the title to one of these by Samuel Rowlands, a celebrated pamphleteer of that day. His production is called " The letting of Humours blood in the head-vaine ; with a new Morisco daunced by seauen satyres vpon the bottome of Diogines tubbe," 1600.

MORTON. The mention of that book puts me in mind of a discovery I made the other day (not of any great importance, to be sure, but just worth noticing), connected with Samuel Rowlands and

the late reprint of "*Cornu-copiæ*; Pasquil's Night-Cap, or an Antidot for the Head-ache," 1612.

ELLIOT. I have seen it in the shop-windows. What is your discovery?

BOURNE. It is only attributed to Rowlands by conjecture, and without any evidence excepting what is derived from the style.

MORTON. But the evidence that it is not his is distinct, because another writer expressly claims it.—I mean N. B. in his "*Pasquil's Passe, and Passeth not*," 1600.

BOURNE. That N. B. is usually believed to be Nicholas Breton.

MORTON. I suppose so; and in the address to the reader before the tract I have just mentioned, he says, "*Pasquill commends him to all those that loue him, to whom he giues to vnderstand that after his pains taken in his Mad-cappe, and in his Fooles-cappe, laying them both aside, thinking to take a little rest, gat him his Night-cappe, vnder whiche, in steede of sleepe many idle humors came into his head*," &c.

BOURNE. That is as clear evidence of authorship as can be expected, and if it be believed, it shows that besides the editions of "*Pasquil's Night-cap*" of 1612 and 1623, there must have been a still earlier one, before 1600, the date of "*Pasquil's Passe and Passeth not*."

MORTON. Very true, and which probably has not

been preserved with the others, which we are told are both "of singular rarity." The "Passe and Passeth not" was, I remember, sold at Mr. Bindley's sale for four or five guineas.

BOURNE. In reference to those neat reprints of ancient humorous poetry, I may mention that there was an edition of "Tis Merrie when Gossips meete" as early as 1602, "printed by W. W. and are to be sold by George Loftus," &c. That from which the reprint is made is dated in 1609. This fact is not noticed in the introductory matter. As a slight confirmation that Rowlands was the author, it may be added that Deane, whose name is upon the title page in 1609, printed several pieces acknowledged to be the works of that prolific writer.

MORTON. That can hardly be considered any evidence, especially when the edition of 1602 was printed by a different person.

BOURNE. Your remark is well-founded, and perhaps my observation was scarcely worth making.

MORTON. As "Pasquil's Night-cap" is the work of Nicholas Breton, there is quite as much or more reason for attributing to him "Tis Merrie when Gossips meete," than for giving it to Rowlands.

BOURNE. Breton wrote a great variety of productions of different kinds, as may be seen by Ritson's imperfect enumeration; and the only reason why I would refuse to assign to him "Pasquil's

Night-cap" is, that I think it is too humorous and clever for him. But to this is opposed the positive testimony you have adduced.

ELLIOT. Have you any thing in your possession by him?

BOURNE. In the British Bibliographer, and other works of that sort, you will find quotations from some of his productions both in prose and verse; but here is one from which I do not recollect to have seen any extracts made: it is of rare occurrence, and especially the first edition in 1603. It is called "A mad World my masters."

MORTON. Thomas Middleton wrote a play under that title, inserted in Dodsley's collection.

BOURNE. He did, but it has no other resemblance to this tract by N. Breton. What I read is only the first part of the title, the whole of which is this: "A mad World my masters, Mistake me not. Or A merry Dialogue betweene two Trauellers, the Taker and Mistaker." The date here is 1635; and we are besides told on the title-page that it is "very delightfull, pleasant and profitable to all."

ELLIOT. In which assertion the author, very probably, over-estimates his own work.

BOURNE. A very usual predicament; but it is not unlikely that the printer inserted that inviting character of the work in order to sell it. It consists of a long conversation between two old friends, who meet after they have both travelled in various coun-

tries. Lorenzo, the *Mistaker*, relates his adventures, and by *mistakes*, he means blunders, into which he fell in the course of his peregrinations, by supposing that the great were charitable, when he finds them supercilious; that women were kind, when he discovers them to be treacherous, and so on. Dorindo's, the *Taker's*, narrative has still less to recommend it. He has *taken* many professions, such as the courtier, the physician, and the lawyer, and is at length convinced that he is fit for none of them.

ELLIOT. In this outline there is room for both satire and humour.

BOURNE. There is; but little of the first, and none of the last is to be found in the book, and I do not think that I can point out any extract that is worth detaining ourselves to read. To the dialogue is subjoined, in this edition, another tract, called "The Mirrour of Compliments," which is more curious as well as more entertaining, and in which certain forms are given "to offer service to the King" and to the Queen—"to giue due respect to a Nobleman," &c.

ELLIOT. These instructions for those ignorant of court forms are laughable enough, I dare say.

BOURNE. They are: for instance, the King is to be told "Heauen hath his *Ioue*, the Gods the Sunne and the Stars, but your virtues are so vniuersally adored of the people, that you fill the Gods with iealousie and emulation." But the most ridiculous

part of this second tract relates to the subject of love, and consists of instructions how “to salute a gentlewoman with an intention of marriage and to offer her his service.”

ELLIOT. Let us hear something of that by all means: it may be of the greatest utility, for there can be no situation so embarrassing; and any hint how one ought to conduct oneself under such painful circumstances must be valuable.

BOURNE. It is much more than a hint, I can assure you: we have the whole dialogue word for word. The conversation is conducted between *Aleander* and *Clarinda*, and it commences thus—“Gentlewoman.”

ELLIOT. “Gentlewoman!” A strange word for a love-sick swain to use to his mistress at such a time; but go on.

BOURNE. “Gentlewoman” (says *Aleander*), “I doubt not but you will repute my addresses, both too bold and too presumptuous, but I hope your heart is as full of bountie as your eyes of beautie, and will not be vnapt to pardon that resolution which (proceeding from my loue) hath encouraged me to come and offer you my most humble and most affectionate service.

“CLARINDA. *Sir, I am sorry I haue not had the honour to know you sooner, and I wonder that you offer service to a person that is so vnworthy of it.*

“Mistresse, it is the excellencie of your disposition which makes you speake so.

“ Excuse me, Sir, for truth commands my tongue to use this phrase.”

MORTON. A very modest, well conducted damsel ; but, methinks, they are rather starched and cold in their style of courtship.

BOURNE. They have hardly begun, and the opening of such a conversation is generally chilling enough : you will find them warmer presently. Alexander resumes.

“ Mistresse, I see so many noble and honest virtues expressed in your courtesie, as perswade my affectionate hope that my intentions shall be acceptable, and that in time I may attaine to some thing in your good fauour.

“ Sir, if I had any good fauour in me, it should be wholly at your dispose, but hauing none you cannot hope for any.

“ Mistresse, You have so many gracefull beauties that I should be most happy to possesse and enioy them. And I should be much preferred in my owne esteeme, if I had the fauour to be affected by you as much as I loue and honour you.

“ When I condescend to your affection, it must be so well disposed that it exceed not the termes of ciuill honestie.”

ELLIOT. Ay, now they are coming to the point.

MORTON. How can you interrupt so delightful a conversation, at the very instant the awful declaration has been made ?

BOURNE. The gentleman then protests that his

intentions are most honourable, and the lady, who, after all, is not one of the shyest, replies; "*Sir, my affection shall be the pledge of my gratitude wherewith I thanke you for this and all your other undeserued fauours; I am your humble seruant.*"

MORTON. That is to say, she accepts his suit.

BOURNE. Yes, and the lover applies to be allowed to visit her, to which she gives her consent; and then follows a very pathetic scene of separation. "*Mistresse (says Aleander) I assure you that in going hence I depriue my selfe of a most faire day, to be imprisoned in such horrible darknesse as I know not to expresse. For I protest that without you I haue neither day nor light,*" &c.: the lady rejoins, "*These are excessiue phrases, but I hope you are not so passionate as you pretend. Farewell, Sir, we shall see you some other time;*" and so, after a few more sighs and flourishes on the part of the agonized swain, they tear themselves asunder. This is succeeded by what passes at the "Review."

ELLIOT. Is there any thing very edifying in that?

BOURNE. It is just in the same strain of formal and ridiculous foolery.

MORTON. I wonder whether it is a fair specimen of the mode in which our ancestors of the olden time made love?

ELLIOT. It is about as like, I dare say, as the representations of most tender interviews in our modern novels are to the scenes of real life.

BOURNE. But, without joking, here is something that might be profitable, if we had time to read it. We all know what a nuisance it is to meet an acquaintance in the street, to whom we are obliged to speak, when we have really nothing to say. The stale expedients of observing upon the fineness of the day, the coldness of the weather, or of inquiring after people whom one does not care a farthing about, may in future be all avoided, and rendered totally unnecessary, by following the rules of conversation laid down by this author, "when one meeteth a friend in the street by accident."

MORTON. Read it by all means: the former colloquy only interested persons in particularly delicate situations, but "this imports the general good of all."

BOURNE. You shall have the exclusive advantage of it; for as we must now separate, you may take the book with you, and, if you please, get the dialogue by heart for your use the next time you encounter an acquaintance.

ELLIOT. I am satisfied with what I have already seen: the instructions for courtship are enough for my purpose.

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